Price 15 Cen

Outdoor America

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

VOLUME III NOVEMBER, 1924 NUMBER 4

EARL H. REED
STEPHEN T. MATHER

ZANE GREY

EL COMANCHO

Speaking of Christmas Presents—

Christmas is almost upon us and the Christmas dollar is spreading its eagle wings in the old time fashion.

NOW is the time to stop at least one of them in its flight and give your friends the greatest value ever offered in a gift that will last through the entire twelve months.

Don't be selfish. You know how much you enjoy reading Outdoor America and you know how much your friends will enjoy reading your magazine.

Remember the guide who served you so well in the past, remember the natives who face long snow-bound winters, remember that man who gave you his card on the train and asked you to see that he received a subscription to this magazine, remember the old timers at home who first showed you how to bait a hook or fire a gun and countless others whose very life would be brightened throughout the coming year by the pens of the greatest living American authors and illustrators.

Don't hesitate! Just take your knife and cut out the attached coupon and mail it in to National Headquarters with your check, knowing that your friends' hearts will be gladdened by the greatest Outdoor Magazine ever published and that you are helping in this way to save some of the old time outdoor recreation in this country for the little chaps to come.

Even you will be surprised with the December issue. Read this list of writers and artists and ask yourself if you ever saw such a constellation of stars in any magazine in the world:

ZANE GREY—GENE STRATTON PORTER—DR. HENRY VAN DYKE—EARL REED—EL COMANCHO—DONALD HOUGH—BEN EAST—CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL—FRANK STICK—LEONARD CRONIN—EVERETT E. LOWRY

And there is a big surprise—in fact the surprise of surprises, the successful culmination of months of effort—Don't miss it yourself and see that your friends are in on this treat.

The Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00 for one year's subscription to Outdoor America, to be sent to the following:

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1653 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than three years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore
for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

COPYRIGHT 1924

EDITORIAL STAFF

WILL H. DILG—*Editor*

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
DR. HENRY VAN DYKE
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
HAROLD T. PULSIFER
M. L. GOCHENOUR
ZANE GREY
DONALD HOUGH
WARREN H. MILLER
THOMAS AMBROSE
HAROLD TITUS
E. H. ROSS, *Associate Editor*

Owned and Published by
The IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217
Chicago, Ill.

Issued Monthly
Single Copy 15c

Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the U. S. and Canada. Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

Volume III NOVEMBER, 1924 Number 4

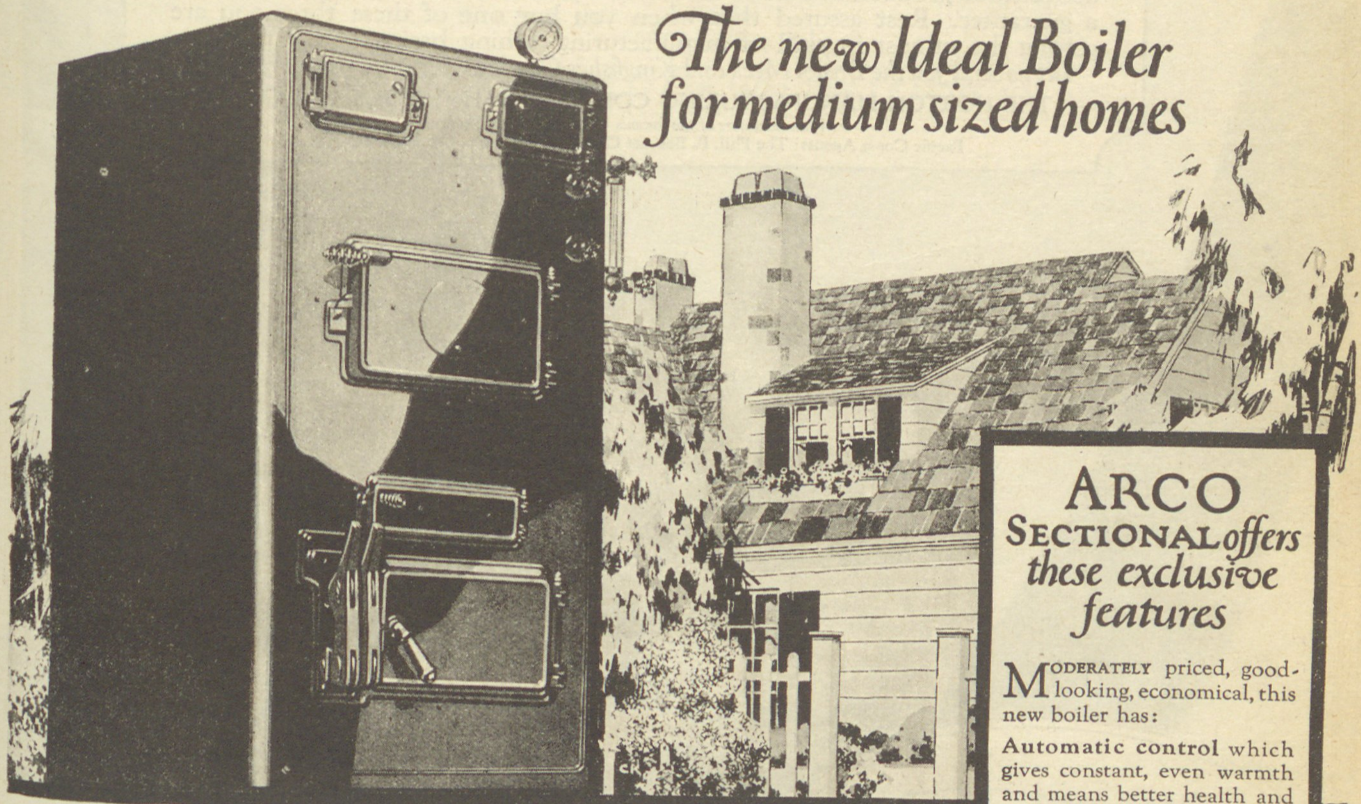
CONTENTS

Cover: Canvasback Ducks . . . *William Schmedtgen*
A Warning to California . . . *Zane Grey* 5
Photos Courtesy U. S. Forest Service.
Bill's Evening Call . . . *Earl H. Reed* 8
Illustrations by the Author.
Pollution . . . *Edited by Dr. James A. Henshall* 11
Cartoons by Everett E. Lowry.
Are Kaibab Deer Doomed? . . . *Stephen T. Mather* 14
Photos Courtesy Nat. Park Service.
The Swimming Hole . . . *El Comancho* 18
Illustrated by C. Otis Wilson.
Solitude . . . *Fannie Hunter Clark* 20
Sport or Slaughter . . . *Shady Lane* 21
Photos by George H. High.
The Doc's Prescription . . . *A. Whitehead* 24
Grey Ghosts . . . *Edwin C. Hobson* 25
Illustrated by David M. Newell.
Our Game . . . *John B. Burnham* 27
Photos Courtesy American Game Protective Association.
The Spirit of Autumn . . . *Sherman Brown* 31
Mesa Verde . . . *Lilian White Spencer* 32
Photos by Author.
Mud'lin' Thru . . . *Charles J. Hansen* 35
The Eleventh Elk . . . *Alfred Powers* 37
Photos Courtesy Biological Survey.
They Planted a Bass . . . *Merton S. Heiss* 39
Photos Dr. Elmer J. Stephens.
The Exact Status of the League's Mississippi River Bill . . . *Will H. Dilg* 40
Quail Production . . . *Aldo Leopold* 42
Illustrated by C. Otis Wilson.
The Grizzly King . . . *James Oliver Curwood* 44
Illustrated by Frank B. Hoffman.
When Game Was Tame . . . *Edited by M. L. Gochenour* 46
News of Our Chapters.
The Promised Land . . . *William A. Wyatt* 46
EDITORIAL . . . 47
The Waltonian Nook . . . 48
The Proposed Mena National Park . . . *K. E. Merren* 49
Iowa Prairie Chicken . . . *E. T. Grether* 50
Outdoor Literature . . . *Thomas Ambrose* 52
Superior National Forest News . . . *Paul B. Riis* 56
Trap Shooting Department . . . *Conducted by George C. Franklin* 60
Herman Pope Passes On . . . *One of His Pupils* 62
Angling Memories . . . *Edited by Will H. Dilg* 66
Kennel Department . . . *Andrew Brooks* 72

30 days' notice must be given for change of address.

The new ARCO Sectional

The new Ideal Boiler for medium sized homes



ARCO SECTIONAL *offers these exclusive features*

MODERATELY priced, good-looking, economical, this new boiler has:

Automatic control which gives constant, even warmth and means better health and comfort. The little attention required saves steps and worry. And all this is possible at a saving in fuel because of the

Water-surrounded, air-tight ash-pit, which shuts the fire in an air-tight vault. No air can enter except past the

Patented automatic damper, which opens and shuts in response to the temperature of the water.

Metallic jacket, lined with several layers of air-cell asbestos; high efficiency and attractive appearance.

Let your Heating Contractor demonstrate the IDEAL ARCO Sectional.

- - - - - - - - - - - -

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Dept. 248-A, 1803 Elmwood Ave.
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

My home has______rooms. Send me the book describing the IDEAL Boiler that will increase comfort and save money in a home of this size.

NAME________________________

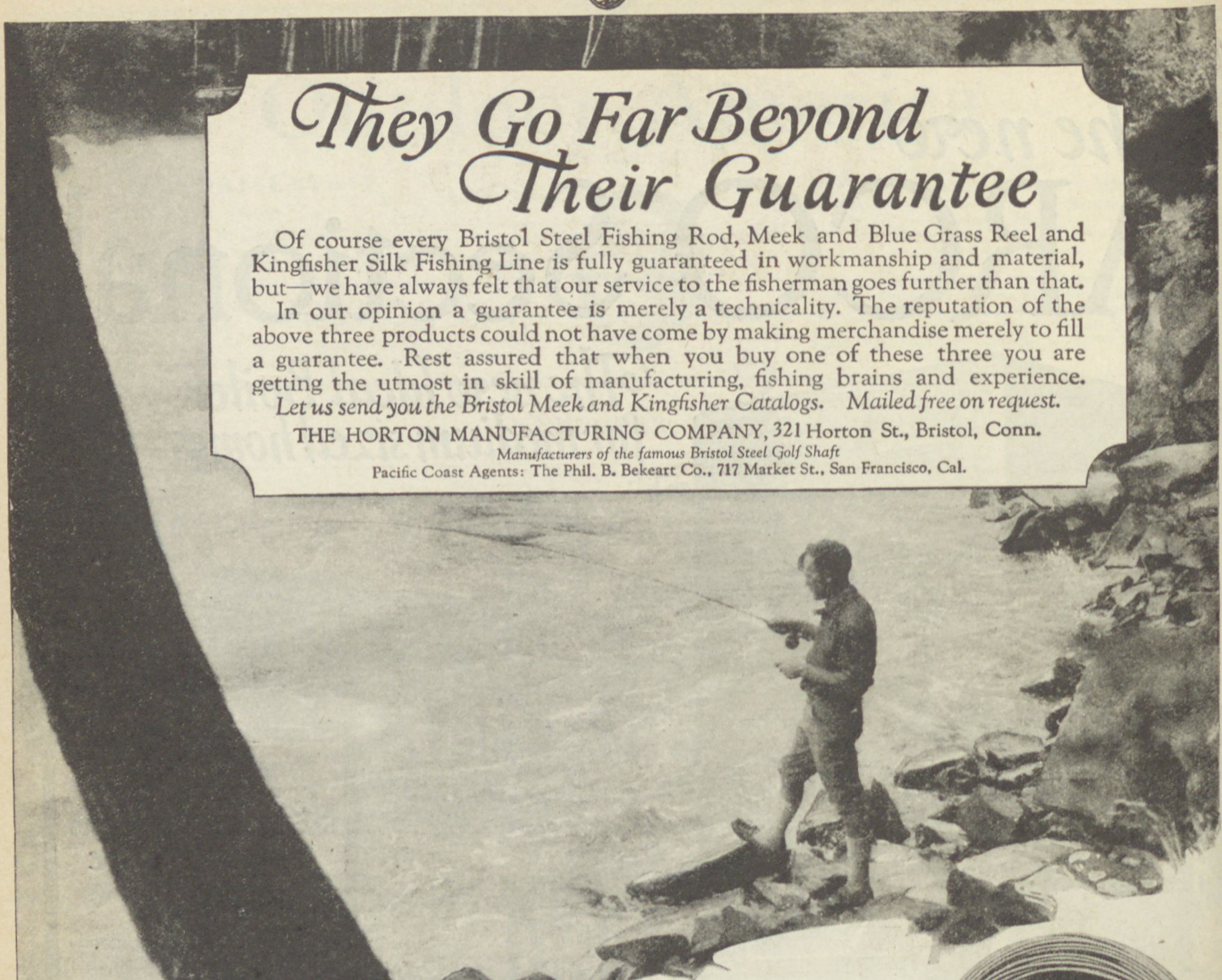
ADDRESS______________________

TOWN, STATE___________________

IDEAL BOILERS
COAL · OIL · GAS
and AMERICAN RADIATORS
save fuel

Home Owners
Home Builders
Home Planners } Send for this Book

The IDEAL ARCO
SECTIONAL BOILER



They Go Far Beyond Their Guarantee

Of course every Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, Meek and Blue Grass Reel and Kingfisher Silk Fishing Line is fully guaranteed in workmanship and material, but—we have always felt that our service to the fisherman goes further than that.

In our opinion a guarantee is merely a technicality. The reputation of the above three products could not have come by making merchandise merely to fill a guarantee. Rest assured that when you buy one of these three you are getting the utmost in skill of manufacturing, fishing brains and experience.

Let us send you the Bristol Meek and Kingfisher Catalogs. Mailed free on request.

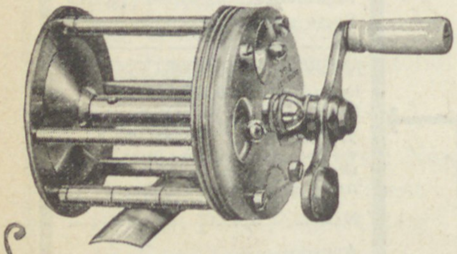
THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 321 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.
Manufacturers of the famous Bristol Steel Golf Shaft
Pacific Coast Agents: The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

MEEK and "Blue Grass" REELS
"Bristol"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Steel Fishing Rods
Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines

KINGFISHER DE LUXE
KINGFISHER BRAND
TEST 45 LBS.
No. C 25 yds.
THE HORTON MFG. CO. MANUFACTURERS BRISTOL, CONN. U.S.A.

"KINGFISHER" De Luxe Line has great durability, smoothness of finish, beautiful casting qualities and wonderful suppleness. Most perfect of all our heavy enamel lines. 25 yds. in coil, 4 connected—100 yds. in box. Color, light olive mist. Price per 100 yds.: 12 lb. test, $5.50; 15 lb. test, $6.00; 20 lb. test, $7.25; 27 lb. test, $8.25; 35 lb. test, $9.60; 45 lb. test, $12.00.

No. 3 "BLUE GRASS" Reel is one of our most popular reels for bass, pickerel, trout. Often used for muscallonge and salmon. Capacity, 120 yds. of No. 5 Kingfisher Line. Nickel silver; quadruple multiplier; click, drag and screw off oil caps. Diameter end plate, 2 in.; diameter spool head, 1½ in.; length spool, 1⅝ in. Price: plain bearings, $20.00; jeweled bearings, $25.00.



No. 3 "BRISTOL" Telescopic Bait Rod is an exceedingly strong and serviceable rod. Handle mountings nickel—line runs through center of rod—reel seat above hand. Length, 10 ft.; weight about 10½ oz.; when telescoped, 37 in. long. Each length is banded at smaller end. Price: with Maple Handle, $4.00; with celluloid, $4.50.

DEDICATED TO THE SPORTSMEN OF OUR NATION

Outdoor America

OWNED AND PUBLISHED BY THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

A Roaring Furnace Destroying Thousands of Acres.

A Warning to California

By Zane Grey.

Photos Courtesy U. S. Forest Service

I LOVE California. There are many other parts of our native land that I love, yet I have chosen to live in the Golden State. California is indescribable. It is vast, wild, and grand. It has desert, mountain, sea, forest and stream—ghastly valleys of desolation, gray, terrible, painted in many hues—great white-capped peaks—the heaving blue Pacific—green and purple forestlands where the beautiful swift waters wind their lonely and shaded ways.

Therefore it is with dismay and terror that I realize that something is happening to this wonderful California. Indeed it has been happening for many years, but of late it has struck home and struck with a terrific vengeance that hurts.

Tonight I saw from my home in Altadena, a long zigzag line of flame flaring up the mountain slope back of us. Forest fire! It has raged for eighteen days. Thousands of acres have been destroyed. Mt. Lowe and Mt. Wilson, with their forests and observatories, are in danger of burning over.

All summer forest fire has raged in California, north and south, east and west. The destruction has been incalculable. A few more years like 1924—and the beauty of California will be devastated.

The fish of the beautiful streams are going, the quail, that

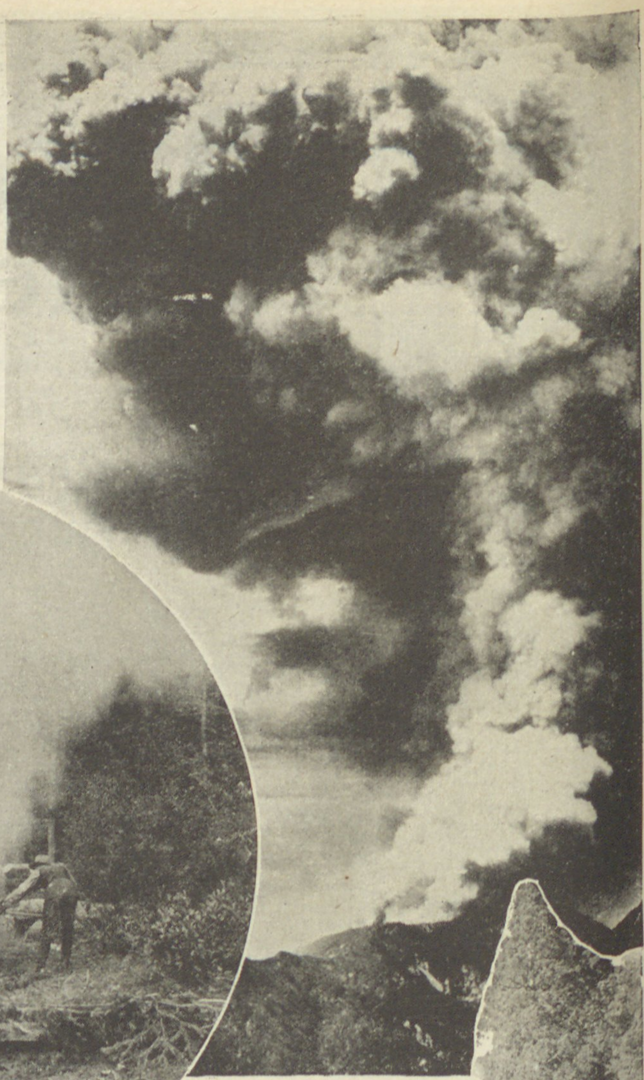
Every Waltonian is expected to bring one new member into his Chapter this fall.

once were numbered in immense flocks, are gone—the wild fowl are gone. The grand redwood trees are going. For years the forests have been cut and burned, cut and burned. Why? Are they a heritage? Greed and carelessness! The rush of a few powerful men to get rich, and the blindness of the people!

The fish and the birds and the forests are vastly more than they seem to casual observers. They are more than food and beauty. Soon California will be as desolate as China. Naked slopes, stark valleys, dead rivers, dry streams! The despoilers, and others who have means, will move away to another state. But there will be millions left behind. And of these millions there are many who love nature, who can be made to see clearly, who will be appalled at the barren prospect.

To these I speak. Let us save what is left of California—of its forests, and its streams. Let us band together and organize Izaak Walton Chapters throughout our beloved state, for in righteousness and unity there is tremendous power.

The hunter, the cigarette smoker, the automobilist—to these belong the crime of starting most forest fires. How appalling to face the Juggernaut in the automobile in an attempt to educate, to soften! But it can be done somehow Let us save what belongs to us — our beautiful Golden State! Let us be Californians—and Americans.



Doom!

Digging trenches to prevent further spread of the fire.

"Are these magnificent old trees to be fodder for the flames?"

Zane Grey Issues a Call to Arms

STUNG to the quick by the terrible devastation wrought annually by fire in California's magnificent forests, Zane Grey will lead a state wide drive in November to establish Izaak Walton League chapters in every community in the state and awaken citizens to the awful fact that unless immediate action is taken, California once the greatest hunting and fishing paradise in America is doomed to utter desolation.

"California must be brought face to face with its peril now!" Mr. Grey said in a telegram to national headquarters, "I will lead the Izaak Walton League drive here providing the League stands solidly behind me in trouble sure to follow." Assurance that this League to a man would not only stand solidly behind but push his every effort was given Zane Grey in a return wire.

Everyone knows Mr. Grey is an acknowledged authority on things pertaining to the out-of-doors. He has for years studied this problem from every angle and has reached the conclusion that three hundred thousand California Waltonians is the only solution.

Gene Stratton-Porter, Stewart Edward White and other peerless leaders in the field of outdoor literature will give their support to this California movement as will the leading newspapers of the state.

Forest fires have been raging in California for months. The state is stunned. An immense pall of smoke striking terror to the hearts of all living things hangs like a gruesome shroud above the lurid grave of magnificent old trees crucified with their branches raised to the heavens beseeching an all-wise creator for a sportsman's chance to remain a cover for the creatures of the wild and a thing of grandeur to the eye of mankind.

No man can profess a love for the out-of-doors nor masquerade under the abstract title of sportsman, whose very blood does not boil when he learns that thousands of acres of California's age old trees—patriarchs when Izaak Walton compiled his immortal philosophies—are feeding the hungry maw of that national scourge, forest fires.

Unless the patriotic men and women who feel in their hearts that existing conditions are wrong awaken and get together now to put up a fight for their wild places and wild things, this Eden will shortly become but a melancholy memory, a sad monument to lassitude and procrastination.

Californians are fighters when aroused and, with Zane Grey to lead, the November drive will be a glorious awakening and it will be a glorious California Division of the Izaak Walton League of America that will play an important part at our third national convention to be held in the LaSalle Hotel, Chicago, on April 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, 1925.

ANOTHER INSTALMENT OF "THE FISHERMAN" BY ZANE GREY WILL APPEAR IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF OUTDOOR AMERICA. THIS ANGLING CLASSIC CONSIDERED BY MANY THE "COMPLEAT ANGLER" OF AMERICA IS BEING WRITTEN AND CONTRIBUTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THIS MAGAZINE BY ITS AUTHOR.

Bill's Evening Call

By EARL H. REED

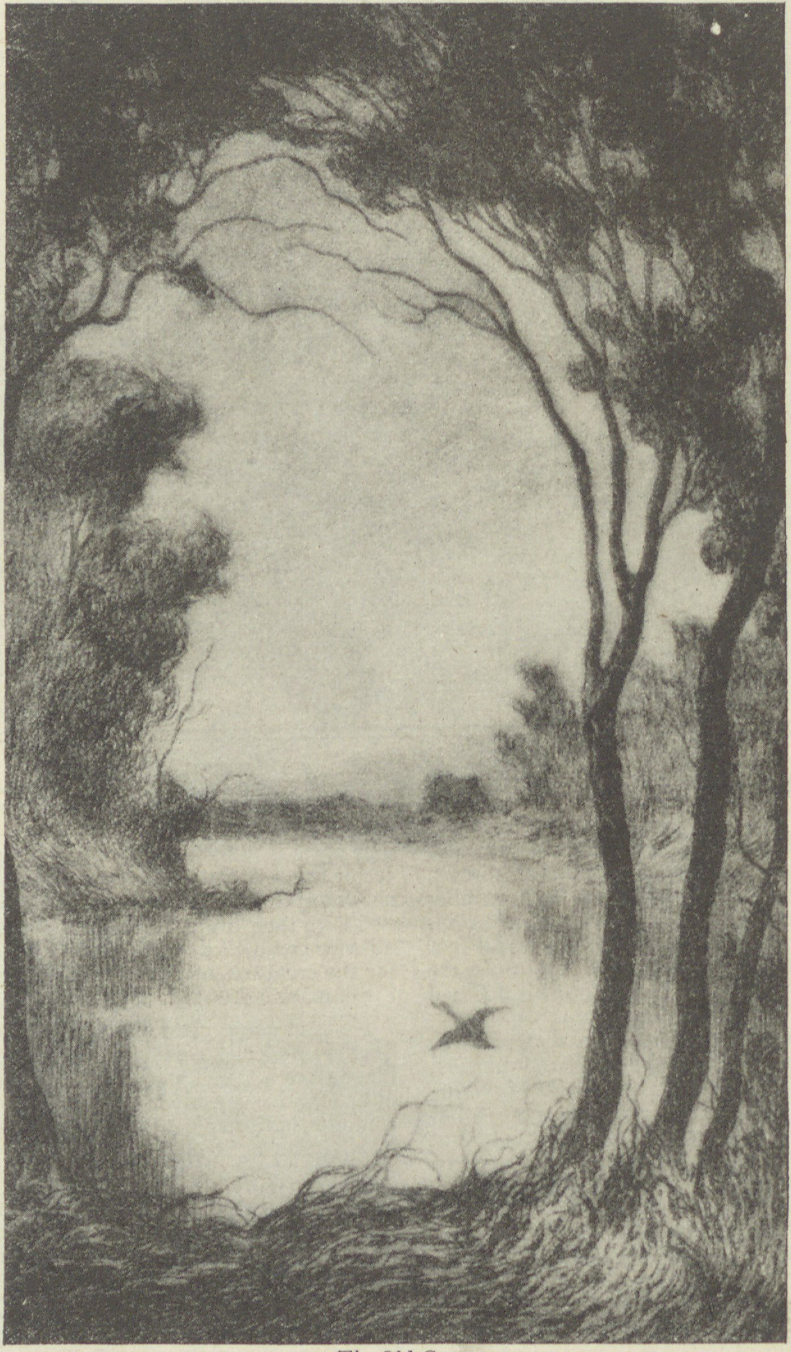
Illustrations by the Author

WHEN Bill came into the Platte Lake country, Northern Michigan was mantled with countless millions of lofty pines. Their green crowned tops serrated the sky-lines of the enfoliated hills and held the winter snows in the thickly wooded hollows, until a merciless array of despoilers—one of the advance squadrons of that ghastly illusion that we fondly call civilization—came into the wilderness and laid the noble forests low.

Bill was in this profaning crew, and his gnarled and hardened muscles were a part of the desolating forces that turned the fronded monarchs into dim memories. Remote from human ken, he battled in the temples of the forest gods and helped to reduce their shadowed mystic aisles and spires to sordid cash. Dead stumps now spread over the vast areas—blackened by fire, clinging desperately with their failing roots to a soil that once gave luxuriant life—deformed derelicts, suggesting weary miles of broken and decayed tombstones. Scars of the axes that spelled the ruin of the trees are discernible in the rough gray wood that still defies the passing years.

Bill seems in some ways to be a natural associate of these old relics of the past, for he has met the vicissitudes and tempests of life where its edges have been raw, and its paths strewn with jagged rocks. The years have not softened the outlines of the ghostly stumps, and social attrition has not softened the outlines of Bill. The wildness of ancient days still mingles with the kindly gleams in the old gray eyes. His face—grim, wrinkled, and weather beaten—has a wind defying texture. His scattered gray hair clings to his rugged skull like the sparse vegetation on one of the denuded hills that he helped lay bare to God's quiet skies. His six foot figure has begun to bend a little, like an old tree that begins to find its burdened top harder to bear. The symmetry of his lean face is usually interrupted by a rotund wad of natural leaf that he carries in the lower part of his right cheek. From it copious juices exude that Bill sprays indiscriminately into the outer world. His profanity is rhythmic, picturesque, and at times seems to have almost a poetic quality. His lurid flights of imagination have often exposed him to accusations of mendacity, but he has always declared that he was strictly truthful with his friends. He loves the country he lives in, and has often quoted with much relish the lines of a Benzie County bard:

"They are no sceneries so grand and rich
As them at Platte Lake, near Beulah, Mich."



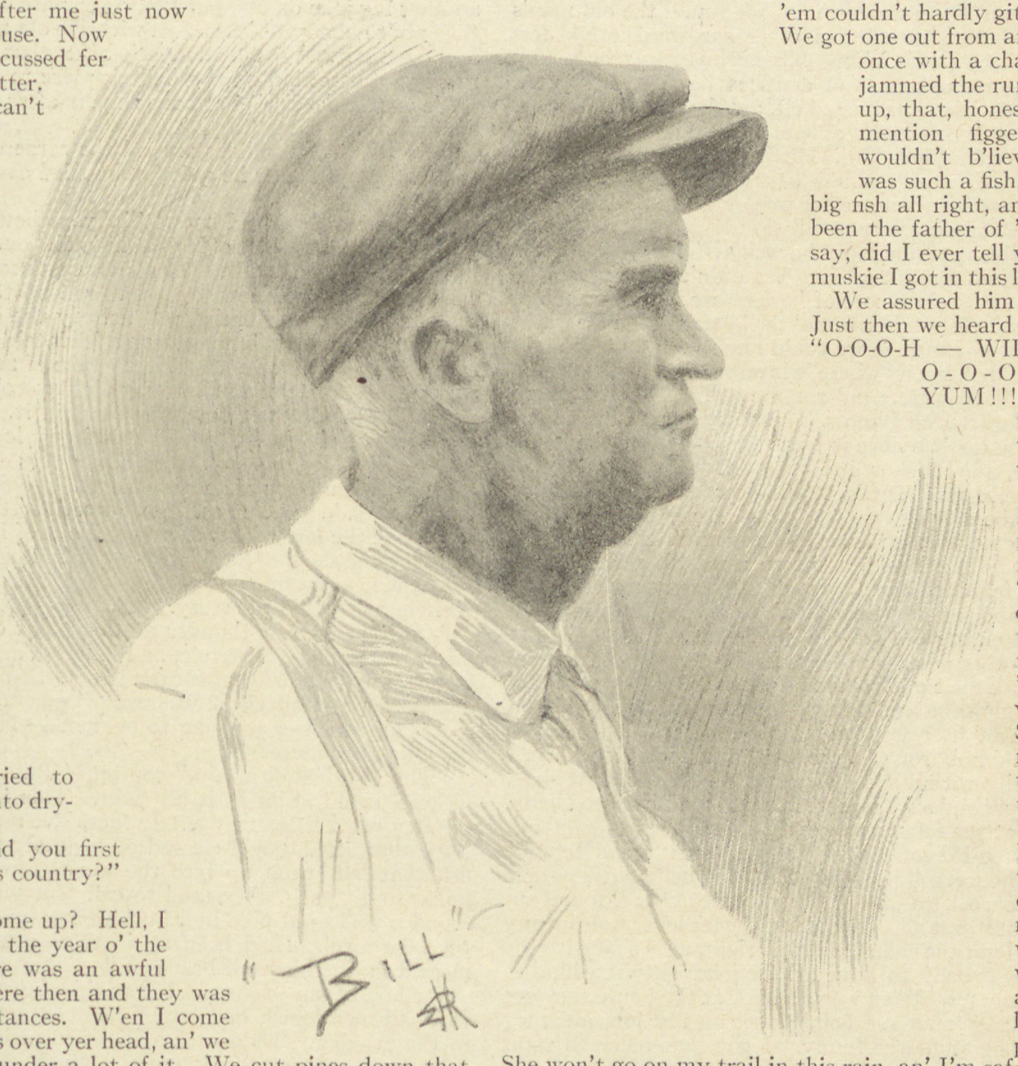
The Old Cove.

During his mottled career he was a lumberjack, hunter and trapper, soldier, and an expert distiller. Some of the present day gossips are mean enough to say that Bill has never forgotten anything he learned in the distillery, and that somewhere in the matted forests that creep from far away to the edges of the clear waters of the lake, a certain still exists, evidently constructed by an expert, but those who really know Bill do not believe he would be guilty of anything that he himself did not think was strictly right and proper. This, however, is neither here nor there.

He lived in a big log house, of his own construction, near the edge of the lake, not far from our shack. He kept a rather nondescript resort for fishermen, and near-fishermen, for whom he often acted as guide and counselor—principally counselor. He knew of many special spots on the surrounding waters that generally produced bass, and we had often visited them together.

He came to us one torrential night, when the war drums of the storm were crackling over the distant hills, to find congenial company. His domestic relations had become acute early in the evening on account of his alleged failure to produce something he had been sent for, and a lot of other accumulated sins—real or fancied—with which he had been charged. He writhed under a sense of injustice and longed for human sympathy. The atmosphere of his home was, from his account, distinctly hostile, and his hearthstone would have been sprinkled with his innocent blood if he had not left when he did. Usually when trouble came upon him at night he would leave his undulant pillow to go out and weep under the silver star spattered skies, but when it rained he came to us. In the peaceful repose of our shack he claimed to experience relief.

"You're the only friends I got now," he declared pathetically, as he settled his lanky form into the hickory arm chair before the open fire. "That damned old girl don't understand me at all. She bosses me to death. She's got too many notions, an' she's got more curley ways than a cattymount. She's up at all hours o' the night snoopin' 'round to find sump'n I ain't done, an' then all day long she makes me hop the hurdles fer a lot more things I have done, an' it looks to me like I was goin' to hell in a hand basket if this thing keeps up. She got offended this mornin' 'cause I called 'er a damned ol' pickle tank, an' I ain't goin' to stand it no longer. She trun a platter after me just now when I left the house. Now I s'pose I'll git cussed fer bustin' the platter. It's gitt'n so I can't say nuthin' without gitt'n called down or up. Yisterday she drivin' some little nails, half way in, up an' down, on a big stick, an' I don't like the looks of it. I'm goin' to let you pick out my next wife. Say, you don't happen to have sump'n to drink over here, do you? I feel awful weak."



Unfortunately we were unable to strengthen Bill, and we tried to divert his mind into dryer channels.

"Bill, when did you first come up into this country?" I asked.

"W'en did I come up? Hell, I come long before the year o' the Big Wind. There was an awful lot o' miles up here then and they was some terrible distances. W'en I come here the snow was over yer head, an' we come in tunnels under a lot of it. We cut pines down that you couldn't see after they fell till the snow begun to go off. Then we trimmed 'em up an' logged 'em into the river over the ice we had to make to skid 'em to the water. Say, they wasn't no luxuries in them days, an' we mostly had to live on bark sometimes w'en the grub gave out."

Here Bill arose, opened the door, expelled fuscous juices out into the storm, and continued.

"You don't know what I went through up here, but I never had no real trouble 'till I got married," he remarked sadly, and his weary eyes glimmered with a sense of wrong.

We again hastened to divert him from his domestic affairs, that were evidently a mental irritant.

"How was the fishing in this part of the country when you came here, Bill?" I asked.

"Fishin'? Hell, they wasn't no fishin'. It was murder. We took 'em out with pitchforks w'en we needed 'em to cook. It was years before we ever saw a hook an' line up here, or ever had any use fer 'em. In the spring the fish used to come up the Platte River to spawn from the big lake, an' they'd raise the water a couple o' feet, 'cause I measured it once. We used to watch 'em sometimes w'en they'd git jammed in the narrow places in the river, an' once I walked across 'em. Before I got married—"

Here another quick interruption was necessary to fend off the pangs of his anguished spirit, and I asked him about the sizes of the fish of those days compared with some of the big ones we sometimes got out of the lake now, hoping that Bill would rise properly to the occasion.

"They's a lot o' wrong impressions about that," he replied. "I don't aim to tell nuthin' but the truth, an' all them stories you hear about awful big fish in early days is mostly exaggerated. As a matter o' fact, they didn't average more'n twice as big as the big ones do now. Of course we had the five pound black bass, 'cause that's about as big as a black bass ever gits. In them days we'd git some ol' graybeard that 'ud weigh seven or eight. They was an exception, but, hell, you ought to 'ave seen some o' the muskies. Some of 'em couldn't hardly git up the river. We got one out from among the logs once with a chain, w'en he'd jammed the run tryin' to git up, that, honest, I wouldn't mention figgers, fer you wouldn't b'lieve they ever was such a fish, but 'e was a big fish all right, an' 'e must 've been the father of 'em all. And say, did I ever tell you about the muskie I got in this lake last fall?"

We assured him he had not. Just then we heard a loud call of "O-O-O-H — WIL-YUM!!! — O-O-O-H — WIL-YUM!!!"—trumpet tones battling with the night wind.

"That's her," remarked Bill meditatively. "She's blowed down half o' the small trees 'round 'ere with that voice o' hers. She cleared most o' the timber off fer the tract 'round the house that way. She don't want nuthin'. The wood an' water's all in, an' she's just lett'n off surplus volts. She won't go on my trail in this rain, an' I'm safe as long as it lasts. As I was sayin', before I was married—"

"You weren't talking about your wedding, Bill, you were talking about the muskie."

"Oh, yes, but then they aint so much difference after all, 'cept w'en I got married I was a fish all right, but that muskie was a whopper from Whopperville. He'd prob'ly been in the lake since it ever was a lake. Old man Bittler come in one night an' told me he'd lost 'is biggest spoon hook on sump'n that broke 'is line an' left. I told 'im I'd go out in the mornin' an' git it fer 'im. He'd used that spoon fer years an' he'd scratched 'is 'nitials on it. I rigged up an eighteen foot cane pole an' eighteen feet o' chalk line, with a foot o' wire an' a big hook an' a sinker, an' I went on the war path. Just before sun up I put a seven-inch sucker minnie on, an' rowed out to the edge o' the rushes, about where the old man said he'd lost 'is spoon. I monkeyed 'round quiet fer an hour or so, an' then I got an awful strike. Sump'n had swallowed the minnie an' was towin' the boat. Then all of a sudden the pole was yanked away from me an' I seen it scootin' 'long the surface out to'ards deep water. Then it up-ended. The fish 'ad gone down in about thirty feet, an' of course the pole stuck up. I rowed out to git hold of it, but I couldn't do nuthin' with the cuss without bustin' up the pole.

"I left 'im where 'e was an' went back to the house to git a revolver, thinkin' I might git a shot if I got that damn brute anywheres near the boat, but 'e wasn't there w'en I got back.

A couple o' days after that a feller that come down the lake told me 'e seen a long cane pole float'n up near Birch Point. I rowed up there an' spent an hour with that fish, but there was nuthin' doin'. I couldn't git 'im near me. He got away with the pole ag'in an' went off down the lake. They was some wind comin' up, an' I knowed 'e couldn't chew the wire in two, an' some'rs on the lake I could always find the pole floatin', so I went home. The next day the lake was calm, an' me an' Bittler found the pole layin' quiet on the surface way over where the old lumber mill used to be. The damn fish 'ad got the line tangled in some water soaked timber on the bottom in shallow water, an' there we got 'im. We found the old man's spoon hook, mixed with a lot of other hardware 'e had festooned along 'is jaws, that 'e'd prob'ly been years gatherin' up. They was all sorts o' makes of artificial baits. Mostly the hooks outside the jaws was busted off, an' the paints was gone, an' mebbe 'e'd swallowed a lot of 'em, but 'e'd cert'nly been up ag'inst a lot o' latter day fishin'. He didn't seem to give a damn about any o' the fringe o' trinkets 'e was carryin' 'round, an' 'e fit like an old married woman after we got 'im in the boat, an', say, speakin' o' married women—"

"Hold on, Bill, how much did he weigh?"

"Weigh? Gosh, I don't know. We didn't have no scales, but we had that fish in a sort of harness we rigged up under water an' we pulled sunk logs out o' the lake with 'im fer weeks after we got 'im confined so we could manage 'im. One night 'e got away, an' hell knows where 'e is now. He may be comin' up out o' the deep waters an' robbin' the hen roosts 'round 'ere w'en it's dark, fer all I know. This story may sound a little fishy, but if you don't b'lieve it I got the pole up to the house fer a keepsake, an' I'll show it to you tomorrer."

Here Bill made another trip to the door, and mingled more nicotine with the driving rain.

"I've had some wonderful experiences up in this section o' the country," he continued, as he resumed his seat. "Once they was a fat feller, with some big whiskers, come up 'ere in the winter to see about some timber, an' 'e told me that, to win a bet, 'e wanted eight pike weighin' just eight pounds apiece to send to some other feller that lived in the town 'e come from. He said 'e'd give me eight dollars fer them fish if I'd go out an' ketch 'em through the ice. I knew 'bout where to go. I cut a hole in the ice an' let a wooden minnie down with a sinker, so the outfit would bob 'round an make the fish curious. Then I laid on my belly with a spear an' watched fer the right sizes. I had to keep shooin' away them that was too big er too little, so's to git what the feller wanted. I guess I laid there about five hours. W'en I'd got the fish I started to git up an' found I was froze to the ice, solid. I yelled to beat hell an' they come out with a lot o' rock salt, an' I got out o' the mess. I found out afterwards that it was all a joke about the fat feller wantin' any such fish, but I got the eight dollars all right, an' I s'pose it's the priv'lege of ev'rybody to have all the jokes they're willin' to pay eight dollars fer. W'en we was back at the house they got off a lot o' slang 'bout me bein' stuck on my job, an' they thought all that stuff was funny. I got that feller all right later, durin' the summer, w'en 'e was up 'ere fishin', fer I told 'im where they was a still in the woods at the south end o' the lake, where 'e could git some nice, fresh moon liquor if 'e'd go down there an' set by it fer a cert'in length o' time on a cert'in day. The moon man 'ad left the place weeks before that, but I got a deppity sheriff to go down there an' find the fat feller, an' 'is whiskers, an' 'is thirst, in solitary possession of some mash I'd put there, an' all the illegal fixin's I'd put in proper order. W'en I know'd 'e'd be there, me an' the deppity just happened to be fishin' in the neighborhood. Some people said afterwards it was my still, but of course I wouldn't do nuthin' that was ag'inst the law. The feller that froze me to the ice had a fine time gitt'n thawed out with them damned authorities that looks after the laws, an', by the way, if you want some nice clear fluid, they's a moon man comin' 'round tonight late that knows where some is. Serpents is hissin' out in them woods. You may want it to take fishin', 'specially if you're goin' after muskies."

Bill sat for some time looking thoughtfully into the fire, and, absent mindedly, he seemed to swallow part of his tobacco. Finally he replenished his cheek and resumed his reminiscences.

"Speakin' o' freezin', I want to tell you about a wild turkey hunt I went on once, about twenty years ago. They was a feller had a big corn field, all shocked up, where 'e said wild turkeys was comin', an' I went up there one awful rainy mornin', an' hid in one o' the shocks. It rained to beat the devil fer awhile, then it turned cold all of a sudden. I set so still watchin' fer turkeys that some field mice in the shock et through my side pocket an' got all my lunch. I shot three turkeys that come marchin' solemn up the field. It kept gitt'n colder, an' all the water on the corn shock froze. I found, w'en I tried to go out an' git the turkeys I'd shot, I had to take the whole damn corn shock with me, fer I couldn't get the stalks loose. W'en I'd got the turkeys and got rid o' most o' the stalks, the feller that owned the field come. He'd heard the shoot'n an' seen the corn shock walkin' 'round. He claimed the turkeys, an' said they was 'is tame ones, an' I'd have to pay fer 'em if I wanted to take 'em 'long. I s'pose that was another big joke on me, but I got even with that feller too, fer they ain't nobody that can fool with the old man much an' git away with it. Within a month after that they wasn't no turkeys of any kind on that feller's place to fool people with, an' 'e wasn't never able to keep none in after years, prob'ly on account o' the climate."

Here the little wrinkles around the corners of Bill's mouth twitched playfully as he quietly chuckled over pleasing memories.

"In them early days I been tellin' you about," he continued, "they was an awful lot o' log stealin' goin' on. I s'pose you've heard all o' them Paul Bunyon stories that used to be told in all the lumber camps—how 'e used to roll up the river at night w'en 'e was through fishin', so's nobody else could use it—an' all them other yarns, but they was a feller told me one once that ought to go in that bunch. He told me of another feller that was havin' logs stole from 'im ev'ry night out o' the woods, an' 'e made up 'is mind to find out who was doin' it. He went out one night an' set straddle o' one o' the biggest logs near the river. He waited a long time, an' then accident'ly dozed off fer a few minutes, w'en 'e found there was nuthin' doin'. Mebbe after ten minutes, 'e woke up an' found 'imself sett'n on the bark all right, but the log 'ad been extracted out of it, an' 'e was just sett'n on the shell. The skinned log was found a mile down the river the next mornin'. That was awful slick work, an' so was the feller that told the story."

A sudden clap of thunder at this point emphasized Bill's mirth at the end of the tale, and he arose again to contribute brown stain to the downpour out doors. Sometimes the succulent narcotic in his cheek was worked convulsively, and often it was quiescent—according to his mood—but always it gave forth its abundance.

"This is a hell of a rain," continued Bill. "Small bass an' pickerel could swim in it all right. This is an awful moist country when it ain't froze. In fact, I've seen fogs up 'ere so thick that after they'd cleared off we'd sometimes run across fish that 'ad swum up into the woods after insects an' 'ad failed to git back. We used to call 'em bush fish. Once I found a wall eyed pike in a huckleberry bush four feet above the lake level. He'd been up in there after berries an' got messed up in the small branches."

We had begun to suspect before this that the "moon man," Bill had mentioned, had established contact with him earlier in the evening. There was a slight suspicious odor, and his conversation seemed to have too much of a romantic and imaginative tinge for unfortified faculties. Bill had long ago declared that the eighteenth amendment was unconstitutional, and that human thirst was beyond the pale of the law. His breath has often testified the sincerity of his convictions. Occasionally he has run afoul of somebody charged with the enforcement of offensive statutes, but the difficulty has been usually smoothed over, for everybody is fond of the old man.

"They seems to be a lull outside," he remarked, "an' it's 'most midnight. Mebbe a cert'n party at my house is asleep. I hope I'll be able to git in without makin' no noise, fer if I don't, hell'll begin poppin' an' they'll be more crockery in the air. She'd git sore an' throw stuff at the Holy Ghost, if it was around. I sent to a mail order house fer some false teeth she wanted, an' she says them mail order fellers sent men's teeth instid o' women's an' you bet I'm gitt'n it hot right along fer that too. Well, I guess I'll be goin', but I hate the voyage."

He paused, with his hand on the door knob, to tell us a rattlesnake story, but as some parts of it did not seem to bear the semblance of truth, I omit it.

We reluctantly bade him goodnight, and he went forth into the rain and gloom to the battle ground before his little fireside at home.

He is a picturesque old character, tempered and hardened by life's bitter ironies—but with many kindly and lovable traits—a loyal friend and a relentless enemy, with all the little foibles of an untrained and rugged

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 75]

Hi Michael,

Thanks for the OWAA photos you sent a couple months ago.

New request.

Cal Johnson (aka Wisconsin Cal Johnson) was one of OWAA's co-founders. I think he also may have been editor of IWLA's magazine, Outdoor America.

Is there any chance your archives would have a photo of him?

Thanks,

Phil Bloom
OWAA Life Member

Pollution—A National Menace

The most important problem the I. W. L. A. will have to solve

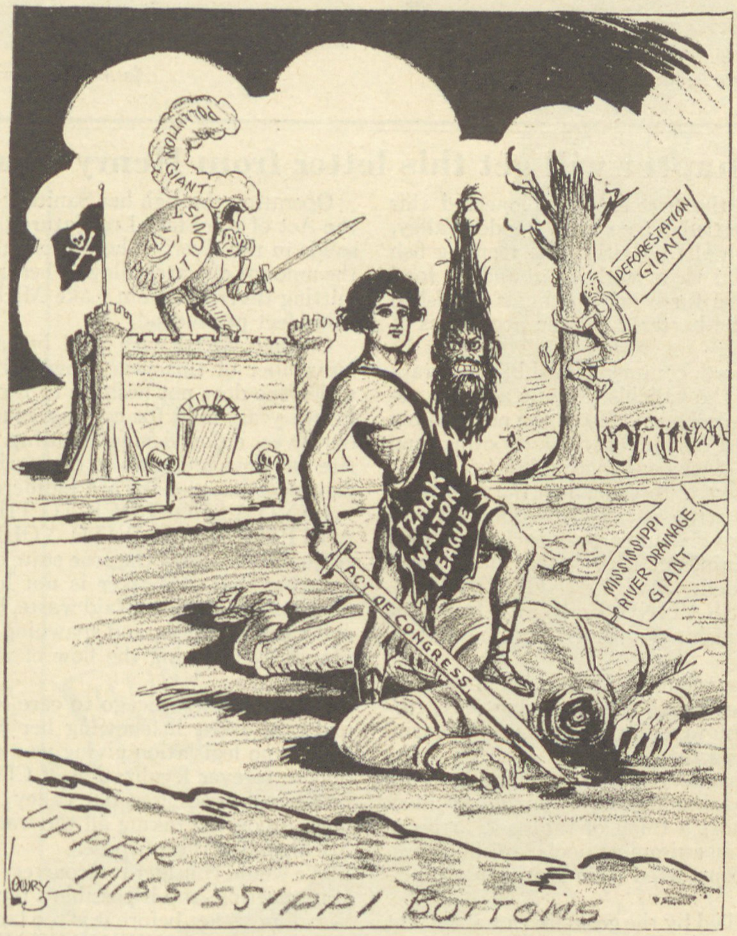
Concerning Public Health and the Protection of Fish, Fishfood and Public Waters.

Edited by
DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

Cartoons by Everett E. Lowry

League Opens Campaign to Save the Illinois River

POLLUTION NEXT



LED by scores of Izaak Walton League Chapters, thousands of citizens of the Illinois Valley have announced a strenuous campaign to stop further pollution of the Illinois River by the city of Chicago via the sanitary district canal, which makes a loathsome cesspool of a once beautiful stream.

This campaign is not being started in the name of sport but in the name of PUBLIC HEALTH. So great has the menace of this sewage become in many of the communities touched by the river, that little children are being sacrificed to the selfishness of a great metropolis, innocent victims of indifference or ignorance.

True, Chicago must dispose of its sewage, but not at the expense of the comfort and health of the downstate communities.

Politicians are wont to "point with pride" to the removal of that sluggish sewer once known as "Bubbly Creek," the very memory of which is revolting to the strongest stomach. True, "Bubbly Creek" is gone—but, where has it gone?

Some of the offal and filth of the Chicago stock yards is being properly disposed of in sewage disposal plants but the rest of it has gone downstream and "Bubbly Creek," a germ laden menace, is now flowing through the entire Illinois Valley, killing the children—answering the urge of normal childhood, who are deceived by the river's appearance, endangering the lives of thousands of grown folk, poisoning live stock and destroying all signs of wild life touched by its leprous hand.

London, England, is a larger city than Chicago, yet right through the very heart of London runs the Thames River, as pure and free from pollution as was once the Illinois and its many tributaries, the Fox, Kankakee, DesPlaines, Vermilion, and many others.

Fish are caught daily in the Seine River where it runs through Paris, France, and in scores of other European cities like conditions prevail.

The scientists of Europe are no greater than the scientists of the United States. The engineers of Europe are no greater than the engineers of the United States and the health authorities of Europe are not one whit more conversant with the evils of pollution than are the health authorities of this country.

THEN WHY CAN'T CHICAGO AND OTHER CITIES OF ILLINOIS BUILD SEWAGE DISPOSAL PLANTS TO ADEQUATELY HANDLE THE SEWAGE OF THIS GREAT STATE?

Obviously it is not through lack of funds, for very recently millions of dollars were appropriated by the city council of Chicago to relieve the congestion of South Water street so that the wholesale produce district could function properly, without a quiver of the municipal eyelash.

Millions have been appropriated and will continue to be appropriated in Chicago for a "City Beautiful Plan." It doesn't seem possible that the citizens of Chicago, who naturally want their city to be the most beautiful in the world, wish to make these improvements at the expense of the health of their brothers and sisters downstate.

Think it over, then act.

Go to Starved Rock, that great historic monument to the courage of the fathers of Illinois. Stand on the edge of the rock and look at the beautiful country, which has been described by people who have traveled the world over as unexcelled. Marvelous rolling land, with here and there a grove, cattle grazing peacefully on the surrounding gentle slopes.

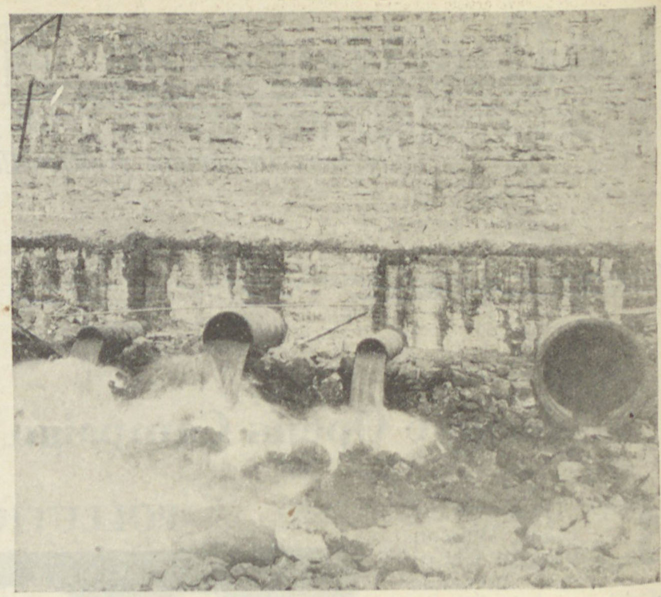
Then let your eyes drop to the river. From this point it is a beautiful stream coursing down like a ribbon of silver and on its banks two or three little chaps with bamboo fishing poles who have not yet learned that which they seek is gone and the beautiful silver ribbon is in reality "Bubbly Creek"—a ribbon of death and destruction to health and God's great out of doors.

Europe has solved the problem.

We ask in all fairness—WHY CAN'T ILLINOIS DO IT?

THIS OR THIS

As Nature Made It.



As Man "Improved" It.

Each Illinois Chapter will get this letter from Henry Chapter I. W. L. A.

Many years ago, when the first settlers pioneered this country of ours, numbers settled in a peaceful wooded valley, along a beautiful river, the ILLINOIS. The teeming fish life of this stream furnished them with an abundant food supply, while the millions of fur-bearing animals furnished clothing as well as fur to be bartered for the necessities of life.

As the population increased, commercial fishing and trapping flourished, increasing the valley's revenue and the nation's food and fur supply. Sportsmen from the neighboring towns and cities came to enjoy the fine duck shooting, and ardent anglers pursued the black bass, pike and pickerel.

In winter, supplies of ice were stored against the approaching summer, which would witness camp sites dotted with tents, and hilarious scenes at the numerous beaches. Valley farmers harvested their grain, cut their hay or drew home their winter's supply of wood. SWIMMING, BOATING, FISHING, HUNTING, SKATING held sway from one year's end to another, furnishing most wholesome recreation.

Today this gift of a benevolent Maker has been made an open sewer. This river, second to the Columbia only, furnishing one-fourth of all fish taken in the Mississippi basin, is fast becoming a barren waste.

Our fish have almost disappeared, our spawning beds are overflowed, our farm lands submerged, and our timber killed. Commercial fishing is almost a thing of the past, artificial ice plants are necessities, and swimming pools forestall sinus, malaria and skin disease contracted from swimming in polluted waters.

Our very health is imperiled by the germ laden waters sent down upon us by Chicago, a city of which we should be very proud.

Operating through her Sanitary Commission, she violates the Act of the State Legislature passed in 1889, by placing solids in the river. She floods our valley by taking double the amount of water allowed her under a federal ruling, permitting diversion from Lake Michigan at the rate of 4167 cubic feet per second.

Chicago, faced with trial before the Supreme Court in November of this year, howls about a typhoid epidemic, which she does not hesitate to threaten us with. What do future years hold for coming generations, who would, like ourselves, enjoy fishing, hunting, boating and swimming? Are our boys and girls to be deprived of these pleasures and privileges because we are indifferent to present problems?

LEND A SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL AND HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH YOUR REPRESENTATIVE! Acquaint him with the true state of affairs and work harder knowing that this river is not lost forever, like oil fields pumped dry or forests laid waste, but that it can be restored, restocked with fish, and spawning beds and duck refuges replaced by lessening the flow of water coming through this valley.

We only ask Chicago to care for HER OWN SEWAGE and you assist in showing her where her duty lies. We oppose no legislation giving us a clean waterway, but must oppose forever legalization of Chicago's law breaking, polluting and flooding of our valley, by sending all her sewage down upon us, taking all the water she wishes out of Lake Michigan for this purpose.

We would consider it a courtesy if this letter is read before your meeting, and if possible a reply regarding action taken. We all must act before it is too late.

CHIEF SENACHWINE CHAPTER I. W. L. A. No. 85
Henry, Illinois.

DEAR DR. HENSHALL:

Upon reading your article in the March issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA on "The Shell Rock Is a Sewer," and also your note "Information Wanted," I thought perhaps you would be further interested in the development of the clean-up of conditions in Lime Creek, which stream flows into the Shell Rock just below Rockford. It is Lime Creek into whose waters the beet sugar factory at Mason City discharges the sewage which has killed practically every fish (including carp) for 70 miles down stream from point of pollution.

I am enclosing three marked copies of the Rockford Register containing articles on the results of our campaign to clean up this river and the other streams of our State.

The local Rod & Gun Club, which organization is at present circulating a petition for charter in the Izaak Walton League of America, mailed marked copies of these issues to Governor Kendall, The State Board of Health, and all State Senators and Representatives; also to all Izaak Walton chapters in the state, a total of about 250 copies. It was the first copy which resulted in the hearing called by Gov. Kendall and his attitude is shown by a letter reproduced in the second marked copy under the heading of "Letter Giving Governor Kendall's Attitude." A restraining order against the beet sugar factory resulted as shown in this issue of the Register.

I might state that the law under which the beet sugar company was restrained from discharging further sewage into Lime Creek was passed in the fall of 1922 as a result of an investigation that fall, of conditions in this stream, by Senator Brookins and Representative Garber, both of this county, who

A comprehensive article covering the pollution of the Illinois River, compiled from the statements of authorities living in cities and towns along its banks, will appear in the December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

These authorities—doctors, scientists, chemical engineers, city officials, sportsmen and others—will in brief statements present the awful condition of this once most beautiful of streams.

Perhaps the most poignant of all will be the story of a mother whose little boy died from the effects of a day at the "Ol' Swimmin' Hole."

Picture it, if you can, your own boy, laughing gaily with "the bunch" as he scampered merrily to the river for a little of the fun which is the God-given heritage of every American boy.

Then picture this same lad smiling pitifully in a futile attempt to stave off the grim hand of death which seized him in its gruesome clutch from the river, which runs through a land which apparently has forgotten its childhood.

Picture the revolting necessity of closing all the windows of your home and being forced to remain indoors on a warm night because of the obnoxious stench arising from the river.

Listen to the farmer who tells of the ruinous effect of the stream on his cattle-land and crops.

Read of the once marvelous fishing and sport along the old Illinois where now only an occasional carp swims lazily and in many instances floats by belly up, unable to withstand the water.

Give us your views on the condition of this river. Go to your local chapter and enlist in this drive, get your friends to enlist. Tell them the story and tell them what the Izaak Walton League of America is trying to do for the Illinois Valley.

MORE MEMBERS MAKE BIGGER CHAPTERS—MORE CHAPTERS MAKE A BIGGER AND MORE POWERFUL LEAGUE—A BIG AND POWERFUL LEAGUE WILL RESTORE THE ILLINOIS RIVER TO ITS FORMER BEAUTY AND USEFULNESS TO THE STATE.

DON'T PUT IT OFF—DO IT YOURSELF AND DO IT NOW!

were called here by the Rod & Gun Club to see the thousands of game fish, mostly black bass, pike and pickerel, whose carcasses were lining the banks as a result of about two weeks of polluting of this stream by the beet sugar factory after its opening about October 15th (this plant operates only about 3 months each year).

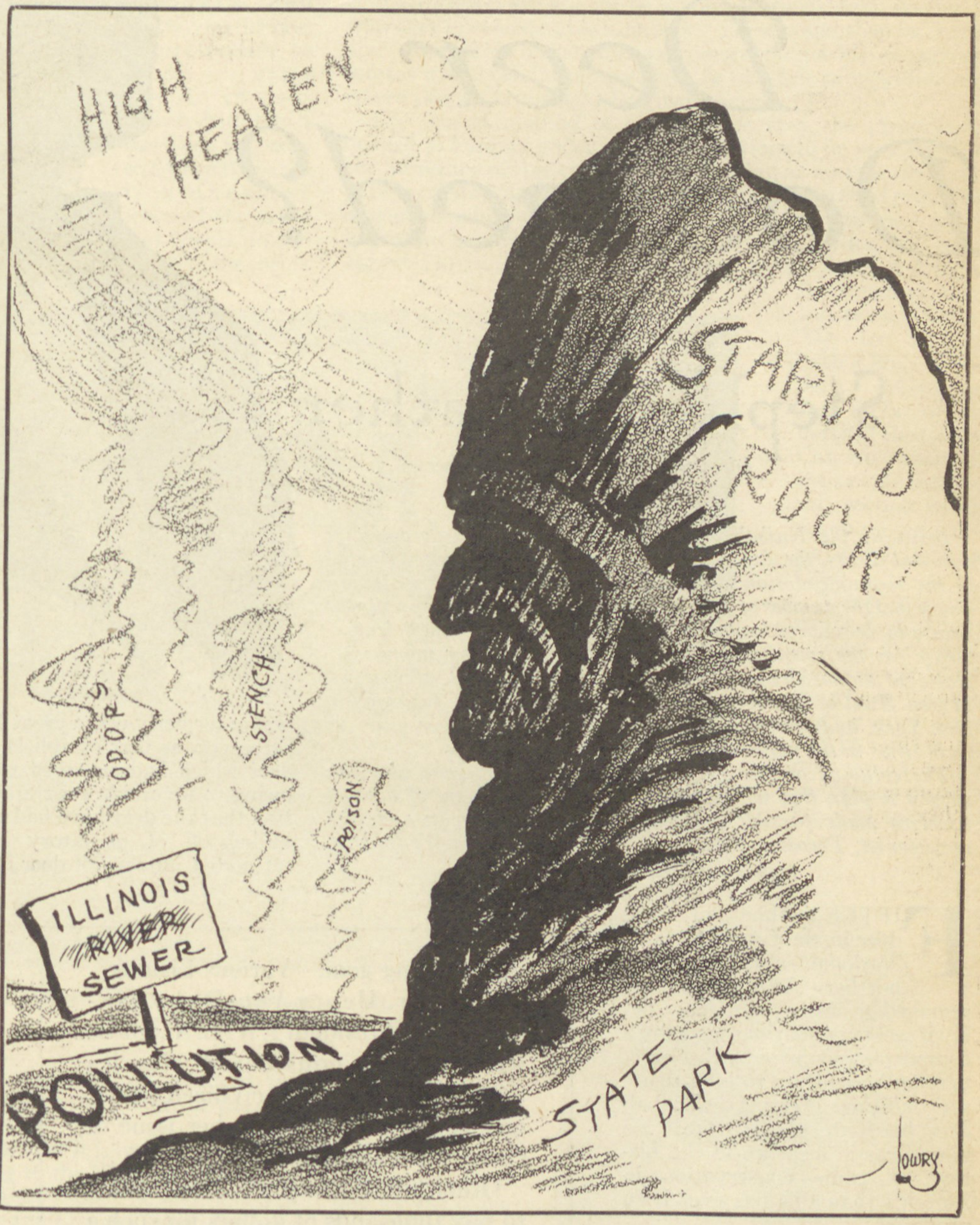
Our chief problem, we have found, was to get past the barrier of the small official or investigator sent out by the state, and who probably had interests other than clean up in view, and place the information into the hands of those higher up. This was accomplished by sending the marked copies of the paper to which I have referred. For the printing of these copies we are indebted to Mr. F. E. Trigg, editor of the Register and also Pres. of the Rod & Gun Club.

I am not forwarding this information for the purpose of receiving any special credit for our organization but to show what just a few can accomplish by energetic and well directed effort.

Along with the copies of the Register I am also sending a marked copy of the State House Journal containing a letter from Governor Kendall, to both Houses, and also an amendment by Representative Garber to put penalties into the pollution bill passed in 1922.

Trusting this material will be of some value to you,

Yours very truly,
A. W. LOHR,
Sec. Rod & Gun Club.



"Civilization—Ugh!"

DEAR DR. HENSHALL:

In response to your "information wanted" in the last issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, I will try to give you briefly a history of the Pollution of Thorn Creek, and its results. This stream has its source a little beyond the town of Crete in southern Cook County and after a tortuous course of some 20 miles empties into the little Calumet River. This was formerly a stream of pure water abounding in animal life, as any other stream under natural conditions would—a delight to the sportsman and a source of pleasure and profit to those fortunate enough to live on its banks.

About ten years ago the growing city of Chicago Heights began dumping its refuse and factory wastes (chemicals) into this stream. The result is that all animal life is extinct and our beautiful stream has become a stagnant cesspool, the odor arising from its slimy waters being at times well nigh intolerable.

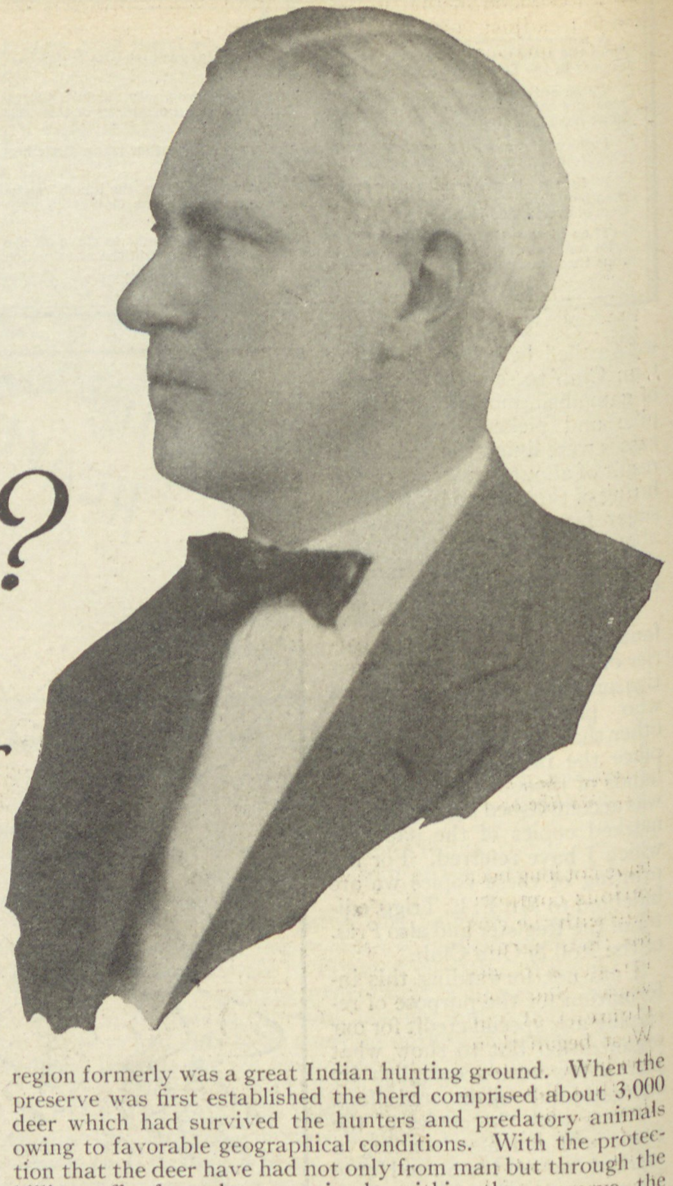
Since that time we have individually and collectively used our best efforts to induce the officials to stop the nuisance, and have only been fed on promises and no results obtained. We have petitioned the attorney general, the governor, the division of waterways as well as the local officials. I should be pleased to hear from your office what we can do to stop this nuisance and have our stream reclaimed.

Thanking you in advance for any efforts you may make in our behalf, I beg to remain,

Yours very respectfully,
N. J. PAARLBERG,
South Holland, Illinois.

Every Waltonian is expected to bring one new member into his Chapter this fall.

Are Kaibab Deer Doomed?



By Stephen T. Mather

Director of National Park Service

Believing the Kaibab deer herd to be one of our greatest national assets, the Izaak Walton League is vitally interested in the recommendation recently made by an investigating committee that the number of deer, estimated at approximately twenty thousand, be reduced to one-half that number to insure sufficient forage for the remaining deer throughout the winter months. National authorities on the situation, including Mr. Mather, Myron Hunt of Los Angeles, California; Stephen S. Johnson, New York, and Governor W. P. Hunt of Arizona, have given us their views in the following article.

The columns of this magazine are open to anyone who can suggest a plan that will save this marvelous remnant of outdoor America made possible by that far-sighted sportsman and conservationist, Theodore Roosevelt. *W. H. D.*

Photos Courtesy National Park Service

FIFTEEN thousand mule deer in the Grand Canyon National Game Preserve of northern Arizona must be removed or destroyed without delay if recommendations made by a committee appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture to investigate the conditions affecting the Kaibab deer herd are carried out. No more drastic measure in the history of game conservation in America than this has ever been proposed.

The Grand Canyon National Game Preserve was established by President Theodore Roosevelt, November 28, 1906, under an act of congress approved June 29, 1906, for the protection of wild animals in the Grand Canyon Forest Preserve. This act authorized the President of the United States to set aside areas within the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve for the protection of game animals and to be recognized as a sanctuary and breeding place. For eighteen years the deer on this preserve have been protected, although the region formerly was a great Indian hunting ground. When the preserve was first established the herd comprised about 3,000 deer which had survived the hunters and predatory animals owing to favorable geographical conditions. With the protection that the deer have had not only from man but through the killing off of predatory animals within the preserve the estimated number of deer in 1923 made by forest officers and experts of the Biological Survey placed the number at 20,000. It was also estimated that the fawn crop had then reached the birth rate of from 5,000 to 8,000 a year, of which about one-half might be assumed to survive.

Using the estimate of 1923 of 20,000, with the survival of the 1924 fawn crop, the number of mule deer now in the forest would number about 26,000. Local people place the number at not less than 50,000.

While the game preserve includes approximately 800,000 acres, it is maintained that because of lines of natural drift, only a small part of the area is utilized by the deer and that range conditions, due to over-utilization, are so poor that the deer are actually facing starvation.

The increasing number of deer is not alone responsible for depleted range conditions. The entire area has for years been intensively grazed by livestock owned by cattle companies and local settlers, the latter being partly dependent upon this range

AN angling gem, "Various Fishing," by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, National Vice-President I. W. L. A., whose writings are considered classics throughout the entire civilized world, will appear in the December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Other publications would be willing to pay thousands of dollars for such a story from Dr. Van Dyke, who contributes it—as he has many others—to assist the Izaak Walton League in their plan to save the fragments of our out-of-doors.

Every thinking man or woman must realize the tremendous importance of the work of your League when such authors gladly contribute their almost priceless work without charge of any kind.

for a livelihood in that industry. While some effort has been made to adjust competition between cattle, horses and sheep, and the increasing wild life, reductions in the number of livestock permitted to graze having been made from time to time, the range has been poorly managed. While it is maintained that cattle and horses are not competitors of the deer for forage, as the deer feed largely on browse in preference to grass, the grass within the so-called drift limits has been so badly overgrazed that it is a question whether the cattle and horses, in addition to the sheep, have not long been serious competitors with the deer for their natural forage, and vice versa. Since settlement of the West began there has been constant conflict between domestic livestock and wild life for existence, and wild life has steadily lost. Fortunately a new attitude toward wild life has been developed by game conservationists and despite the drastic measures proposed by the Kaibab Deer Committee I am confident that they approached the problem with utmost sincerity and with the welfare of the deer paramount in their thoughts.

Where shall we see his like again?

The late President Theodore Roosevelt and a party of friends in the Kaibab Forest.

I am not, however, ready to agree that it is necessary to carry out their recommendations relating to the killing of large numbers of the deer. Another thing that should be mentioned in connection with handling of the Grand Canyon Game Preserve is man's mistake in destroying nature's own means of balance. If the cougars or mountain lions had not been so systematically thinned out they would have kept the increase of the deer down to a safe margin that the preserve could have carried, but the cougars were also destructive to the cattle and horses.

Referring again to the recommendations of the deer committee, it is stated that they are made solely for the purpose (1) of preserving the Kaibab deer herd for all time with the maximum number of deer that the area will support, and (2) of providing certain remedial measures in the existing emergency so that the range may recuperate. In view of the existing emergency, due to the severe over-utilization of the range, it is recommended that stock should at once be removed from the forest excepting the limited numbers belonging to local settlers, and the Grand Canyon Cattle Company, the largest users of the range, have been requested to remove the balance of their cattle at once and have agreed to do so under certain conditions. In view of the present situation the committee believes that no reduction of less than fifty per cent of the existing herd would be effective and recommends that one-half be removed as quickly as possible. This means a reduction of from 13,000 to 25,000 deer, depending upon the accurateness of estimates that have been made.

Three methods of reduction are suggested, and it is stated the committee is of one mind in the belief that: "The proper and logical method to be followed in reducing the Kaibab deer herd is to ship the deer alive to other localities. By this means other areas where deer are not native or from which they have been exterminated may be restocked. In certain places in the Kaibab Preserve it should be a comparatively easy matter to trap deer in considerable numbers. These could then be crated and shipped to other forests, preserves, parks, or private estates where conditions are suitable for their propagation and where proper care would be given them."

The second method of reduction is that the preserve be opened to hunting under careful regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of Agriculture, such hunting as may be necessary to be carried on along the lines of modern and approved principles of game management. It is recognized that to this there is one important practical difficulty in the administration and management of hunting—the price charged by the State of Arizona for a non-resident hunter's license. The fee is $20, with a limit of one deer. There are few Arizonians north of the Grand Canyon, most of the people local to this section living across an imaginary line in Utah.

The third method, which is recommended only as a last resort, is for the government officially to destroy as many of the deer as may be necessary. Here also many practical difficulties are admitted.

Regarding the first recommendation for the reduction of the deer, it is to my mind logical, sane, humane, and the one that should be completely tried out within reasonable limits of time and expense before any consideration is given to the opening of the preserve to hunting. The Kaibab Plateau is practically isolated by

A buck—one of many in the Kaibab.

almost impassable natural barriers although possible permanent lines of drift to the north and west are admitted. One is northeast across the desert valley between the Kaibab Plateau and the higher country of Utah to the north. In my four trips, the first in 1920, through this section of the country, I have talked with many of the local people regarding the possible drift of deer into the mountains of Utah and have been informed by reliable persons that an increasing number of deer in Utah is reported. These have undoubtedly followed this route, although it was freely admitted that any considerable drift is largely prevented by hunters along the route. However, so far as I am advised, no attempt has been made that would encourage such a drift by educational work among the Utah people as to the advantages to be accrued in permitting this drift to freely take place.

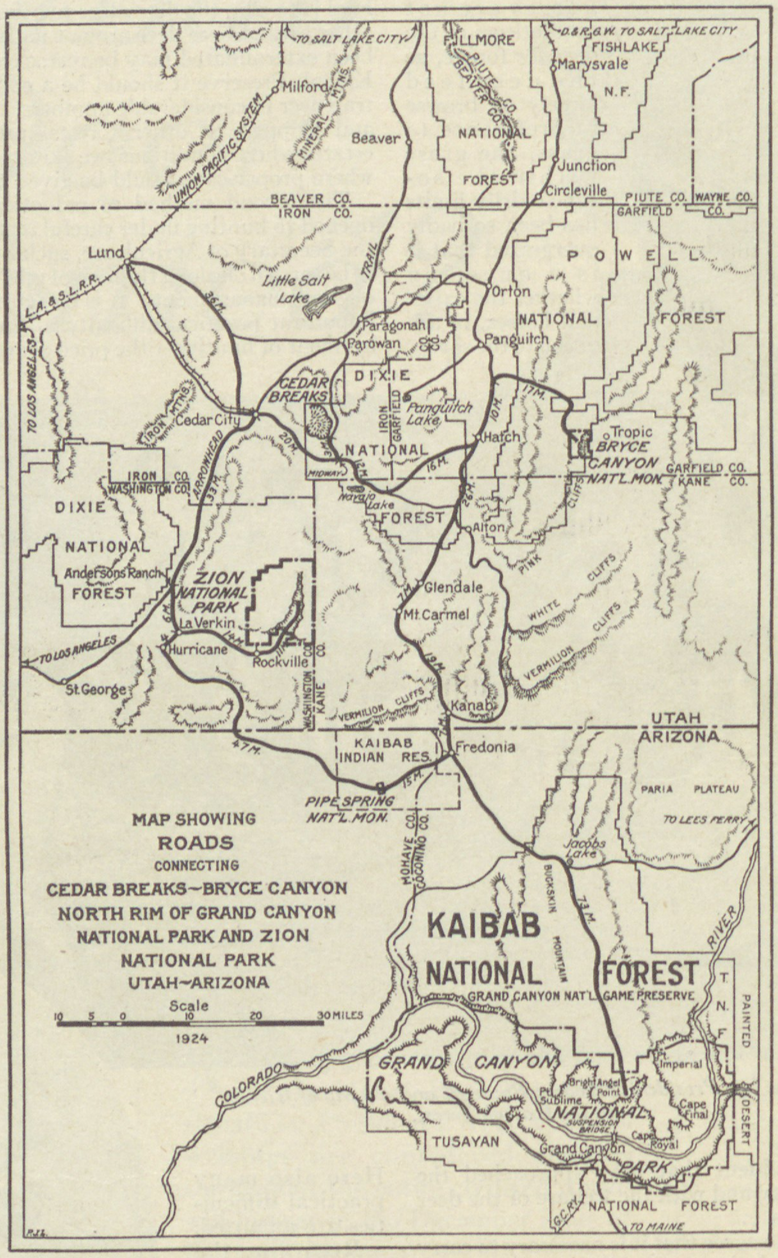
Another route is westward toward the Mount Trumbull district. President Anthony W. Ivins, of the Mormon Church, has known this country for the past fifty or sixty years and has gained from his own personal observation information that deer from the Kaibab Plateau work into the surrounding district. It is reported, however, that this year forage conditions are extremely bad on and around Mount Trumbull due to over-utilization of range by domestic livestock. While the Kaibab deer situation has been studied for several years no attempts have been made to induce drifts artificially from the Kaibab Plateau, and the only suggestions put forth in this connection have been that shooting would accomplish this. The local people are vitally interested in the deer and yet, except superficially, the local people have not been consulted, although a few of the local people who appeared at the conference held by the committee at V. T. Park in August had some very intelligent thoughts on the subject which might well be given careful consideration. The local cattle industry is not a paying proposition, yet no effort has been made to have the local people undertake the capturing of deer fawn for raising and shipment to other localities for propagating purposes. It is my belief that a profitable local industry could be built up in this connection with proper encouragement.

To my mind the greatest evil that would result in opening the preserve to hunting, no matter how strict the regulations placed into effect, or from an unthinkable wholesale slaughter undertaken officially, would be the disturbance of the present tame condition of the deer herd that would wipe out the work of eighteen years in protecting them.

I do not believe that proper realization is had of what a valuable asset this section has in this tame herd, which attracts a golden stream of tourist travel. Nowhere else in this country is it possible for tourists to see with so little effort the sight of wild game in such numbers living peacefully in their native habitat. As a tourist attraction alone the Kaibab deer herd represents an asset to the States of Arizona and Utah that will result in hundreds of thousands of dollars annually being brought into this section, and to disturb their condition by hunting or slaughtering them would be nothing short of a crime. My view is shared by President Ivins, long familiar with this section, who writes:

"I held the exclusive right for the ranging of cattle in the Kaibab Forest for a number of years, and in 1895 sold these interests to other stockmen. During that period there was no protection for the deer, and while they existed in considerable numbers, the constant inroads made upon them by Indians and white hunters, kept them in a state of terror, so that they were rarely seen and hard to approach. Since protection has been provided for them the deer have become gentle and have increased until there are a great number in the forest.

"One of the most interesting features of the trip to the north rim of the Grand Canyon is the great number of deer which are nearly always visible from the road. If the hunting of these deer were permitted they would again become wild, would retire from the traveled road and be rarely seen by tourists who visit the forest. Because of these, and for other reasons, I sincerely hope that no step will be taken which will allow the killing of deer at least in the forest. If it is to be allowed at all it should only be upon the ranges adjacent to the mountains to which they naturally drift when the mountain itself becomes overcrowded."


MAP SHOWING
ROADS
CONNECTING
CEDAR BREAKS—BRYCE CANYON
NORTH RIM OF GRAND CANYON
NATIONAL PARK AND ZION
NATIONAL PARK
UTAH—ARIZONA
Scale
10 5 0 10 20 30 MILES
1924
TO SALT LAKE CITY
FILLMORE
D.&R.G.W. TO SALT LAKE CITY
FISHLAKE
Marysvale
N.F.
Milford
UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM
MINERAL MTS.
Beaver
PIUTE
BEAVER CO.
NATIONAL
FOREST
Junction
Circleville
BEAVER CO.
IRON CO.
PIUTE CO.
GARFIELD
WAYNE CO.
CO.
Lund
L.A.&S.L.R.R.
Little Salt Lake
TRAIL
POWELL
NATIONAL
FOREST
Orton
Paragonah
Parowan
Panguitch
TO LOS ANGELES
CEDAR BREAKS
DIXIE
Panguitch Lake
IRON
GARFIELD
Cedar City
Hatch
Tropic
BRYCE CANYON NAT'L MON.
NATIONAL
MIDWAY
IRON CO.
WASHINGTON CO.
GARFIELD CO.
KANE CO.
DIXIE
FOREST
NATIONAL
Navajo Lake
ARROWHEAD
Alton
Andersons Ranch
FOREST
ZION NATIONAL PARK
Glendale
PINK
CLIFFS
WHITE
Mt. Carmel
La Verkin
TO LOS ANGELES
Hurricane
Rockville
VERMILION
CLIFFS
St. George
WASHINGTON
KANE
Kanab
UTAH
ARIZONA
KAIBAB INDIAN RES.
Fredonia
PARIA PLATEAU
TO LEES FERRY
PIPE SPRING NAT'L. MON.
MOHAVE CO.
COCONINO CO.
Jacobs Lake
BUCKSKIN
MOUNTAIN
KAIBAB
NATIONAL FOREST
GRAND CANYON NAT'L GAME PRESERVE
RIVER
T.
N.
F.
PAINTED
DESERT
COLORADO
GRAND CANYON
Imperial
Bright Angel Point
Pt. Sublime
NATIONAL
Cape Final
Cape Royal
TUSAYAN
Grand Canyon
PARK
NATIONAL FOREST
G.C.RY.
TO MAINE
P.J.L.

Map showing the area allotted to the deer for forage grounds.

These same views are held by many others who have known conditions before the preserve was created and who realize what a valuable asset these deer are now in their tame condition. *So far as hunting itself would be concerned, there would be no more sportsmanship in killing these tame deer than there would be in approaching a herd of tame cattle and shooting them.*

During the past several years immense strides forward have been made in opening southern Utah and northern Arizona to tourist travel. Only a few years ago this section was practically unknown, but since the creation of Zion National Park in southwestern Utah, Bryce Canyon National Monument in Utah, almost due north of the Kaibab, and the improvement of the road cross the Kaibab Forest to the north rim of the Grand Canyon National Park, the attention of the traveling public has been directed there and already thousands of people annually are bringing new life and development into this country through the dollars they are leaving.

It now only requires a motor trip of five or six days to view all of these outstanding features, and with the improved road conditions which are steadily being accomplished, it will be as comparatively easy to cover this section as it is now to tour Yellowstone National Park.

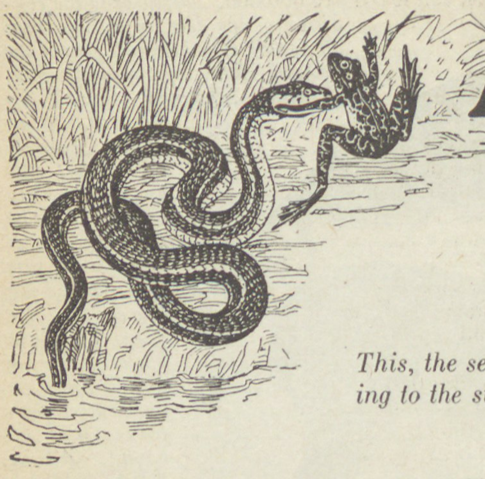
More than 140,000 people have toured Yellowstone Park this season in about a three months' period, and here the season will be longer. With the magnificent scenery and the picturesque wild life to attract tourists there will be an annual stream going through this country, 200,000 visitors who at the most conservative estimates will leave $10,000,000. *Disturbing the condition of the deer by killing them off would, it is believed, reduce the annual flow of tourist gold, through lessened travel, by $2,000,000 or more. Even by the wildest calculations this loss could not be made up through the sale of hunting licenses or directly from hunters who would come in for no other purpose than to hunt. AS A PRACTICAL DOLLARS AND CENTS PROPOSITION, THE KILLING OF THE DEER SHOULD NOT BE PERMITTED.*

If the deer herd ought to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 59]

The eyes that have caused many a gun to tremble and many a heart to jump—

Deer browsing in the Kaibab preserve. Are these animals worth saving?



The Swimming Hole

A Little River Story

By EL COMANCHO

Illustration by C. Otis Wilson

This, the second of the little river series, will bring hidden memories of boyhood rushing to the surface in the mind of every man who was a "regular" boy. —The Editor.

"FIGHT! Fight! Hey fellers! Fight! C'mon!"

From the river, rushing pell mell, came the trooping band of savages before David could get away from the sand bar where he had sent Ben Drum sprawling with a single lightninglike blow to the nose.

He was not a trouble hunter but by the same token neither was he a coward nor a dodger and he now dropped the clothes he had picked up and stood at ease in naked company, well knowing that by the unwritten laws of boyhood this two-man war must be settled by savagery of sorts that called for personal valor and give-and-take fisticuffs until one combatant should say he had enough, which was acknowledgment that the other was the better man.

A chorus of, "Aw, wha's a matter, Ben—you gonna let Dave Summers lick you? Aw, shucks! Eat him up! You c'n do it! 'Gwan, eat 'm up! Shucks!" greeted David as the crowd came on.

Ben, being just now the under dog, had his cronies and partisans who clung to him as much through fear as otherwise for Ben was one of those who smashed those who displeased him and bullied all comers alike as long as he could get away with it without coming to blows with any one who might turn the tables on him. He never hesitated to strike where he was safe.

David fought only when he was forced to and then he would fight his best whether his adversary were man or beast, regardless of race, color or previous conditions of servitude.

His known battles were few and his capacity was an unknown quantity yet he never dodged, never shirked, never avoided encounter when it was forced upon him or his sense of justice and fitness of things was outraged and imposed upon to the breaking point.

Then he never lost his head but he went into trouble like a tornado run wild; it wasn't a fight then; it was a clean-up that settled matters definitely and left the air clear.

Just now, by force of circumstances, he was face to face with war in its crudest form and he knew it and waited, very cool, very calm and very much ready for whatever should come.

"The gang" as a whole, had no particular use for Ben Drum because of his bully ways but he was down and the crowd always sympathizes with the man who gets the worst of personal encounter, whether to blame or not, therefore David not only had Ben to lick but he had to do a good job of it in the face of odds and be a gentleman while he was at it or lose caste.

Naturally Ben's story was as highly colored as Ben could make it.

David let him bluster until he had finished and then he quietly told exactly what had happened and why.

Boys as a rule are not much different from grown-ups and the level headed element in the crowd knew that David spoke truth but the radicals and extremists were not so much interested in truth and justice as they were in excitement; they wanted war at any price and they were now hostile toward David for the simple reason that he was, so far, victor and in the right.

Ben took heart from the showing of sentiment in the crowd and began to bluster and threaten again, first talking at David and then speaking directly to him.

He still sobbed and slobbered and he was boiling over with rage and desire for revenge.

Suddenly he picked up a piece of dead, dry, hard driftwood limb as large almost as his wrist and four feet long.

With this club in both hands he came at David, roaring, bull-like, that he'd break David's neck and using all the provocative language he was master of—and that was considerable.

The only noticeable effect of this onslaught was that David tightened up all over; it was a strange sight to see his relaxed, supple, young body snap to "attention" in every separate muscle that coiled as easily as a serpent under his smooth sunburned naked skin which now suddenly turned golden instead of the sun-bitten mahogany brown that it was when he was at ease.

Ben, blind with rage and with tears in his eyes still from the blow that had sent him down, did not see the sign of trouble when David's muscles tensed.

Ben was still four feet away and coming full tilt with the big club raised to bring down on David's head when David suddenly went into action with the swift ease and precision of a gray wolf.

He did not wait for Ben to come on but he sprang straight towards his adversary with one single cougar-like leap that met Ben half way and stopped him in mid-air, flat! Ben, under full headway, went limp and dropped straight down, to pile up in a grotesque, motionless heap on the sand.

Ben was knocked completely out and David stood beside him, grave faced, relaxed and with a sorrowful expression in his cool grey eyes.

Newt Burrows and Tod Ayers, both partisans of Ben's and members of the "Livery Stable Gang" that Ben was one of the leaders of, exchanged glances and sidled along until they were directly behind David and then they both rushed him from the rear.

Thus unexpectedly attacked, David was thrown off his balance and all three went down together in a struggling heap that seemed to be all legs and arms kicking and flailing the air in all directions at once.

Ben was forgotten by all but two or three loyal followers; he had ceased to be news and later action had developed to claim the attention of the public!

Out of the squirming, fighting human pinwheel on the ground David arose within a few seconds and he had Tod Ayers' helpless head within the loop of his curled left arm which had clamped around Tod's neck like a vise.

The river was ten steps distant and the intervening clay between the water and the sand bar was beaten hard and smooth under wet bare feet that pounded it all day long as the naked troop of swimmers came dripping from the River to wallow in the hot sand or rushed from the sand to plunge, frog-like, into the pool under the wide flung limbs of the old Cottonwood.

Across this distance David rushed his captive and then, stopping suddenly, he released his hold and picked his man up bodily in his strong arms; with an upward swing and a forward curve of body he flung the helpless Tod Ayers bodily straight out into the river and turned back—to meet the rush of Newt Burrows who had gotten to his feet and saw his chance for a surprise attack from behind.

Just in the nick of time David sensed his danger and sidestepped the rush; Newt, expecting resistance and meeting nothing more tangible than air, was overbalanced and went floundering on head first into the pool amid the laughter of the whole crowd.

David paid no further attention to any of them but turned his back on all alike and picked up his clothes from the ground where he had flung them at the foot of the tree. Stepping back to the edge of the bar where he could face the whole crowd, he proceeded, unhurriedly, to dress, which was a very simple procedure as nobody, David included, wore more in the summer than a "hickory" shirt and a pair of "pants," built long of leg but worn rolled up to the knee. A straw hat topped one's head —if he took trouble to wear any hat at all—and the shirt was never buttoned except at wrist band and these allowed one's hands to slip through without unbuttoning.

Nobody wore shoes from the first warm day in spring until the last possible day in fall for all boyhood loved the feel of good brown earth against naked skin and besides shoes were very expensive and also too much trouble when one "went swimmin'" from one to twenty times a day!

The crowd stood on the bank, jeering the two luckless huskies in the river and pelting them with mud as they swam shoreward, shamed and unable to explain why the two of them had not been able to "get Dave down."

Ben, neglected, had recovered his senses and now sat blinking and feeling his jaw while he stared, in silly, half dazed fashion, at nothing at all, focusing his unwinking gaze on a spot of hot sunshine ten feet away on the sun flooded bar.

The crowd, fickle as crowds always are, had completely forgotten him and passed him up for the last move of excitement for crowds, like the "Banderlog," are always eager for news and new sensations and the latest news event was the exertion of Tod and Newt who were trying to climb up out of the river over the slippery, wet clay of the "otter slide" while the gang pelted them with mud and their own wet bodies dripped water on the steeply pitched mud surface of the "slide" thus making it as "slick as grease" and in proper condition for naked bodies to slide into the river over, head first, exactly as the otter does.

"Let's go," said David, as he clapped his hat on.

Together we stepped into the jungle of dense growing willows that surrounded the sun drenched bar and thus we vanished silently, as a pair of Indians.

"I don't like to fight," said David, as we walked away, "it makes me sick to get mad, or fight either; a fight never settled anything; some day I'll have to beat Ben and his whole gang all up for they don't know when to quit unless you get the whole outfit afraid of you—and even then they will rush you like a pack of wolves if you are alone and they are in a crowd. I don't like it, but I won't run away nor I won't go around 'em. Reckon some day they'll get me," he added, philosophically.

We were walking down stream, following a cow trail.

"And all over a girl," David mused, "a girl I don't even know, only by sight, and that I don't like any better than any other girl, and I don't like any of 'em very well—not enough to bother about any way. I'd lots rather go fishin' or campin' than to go with a girl; they don't know much and they can't talk about anything much but their fellas and clothes. Once in a while you find one that likes flowers and things but most of 'em want to dance and go to parties or just play cards or somethin' foolish like that.

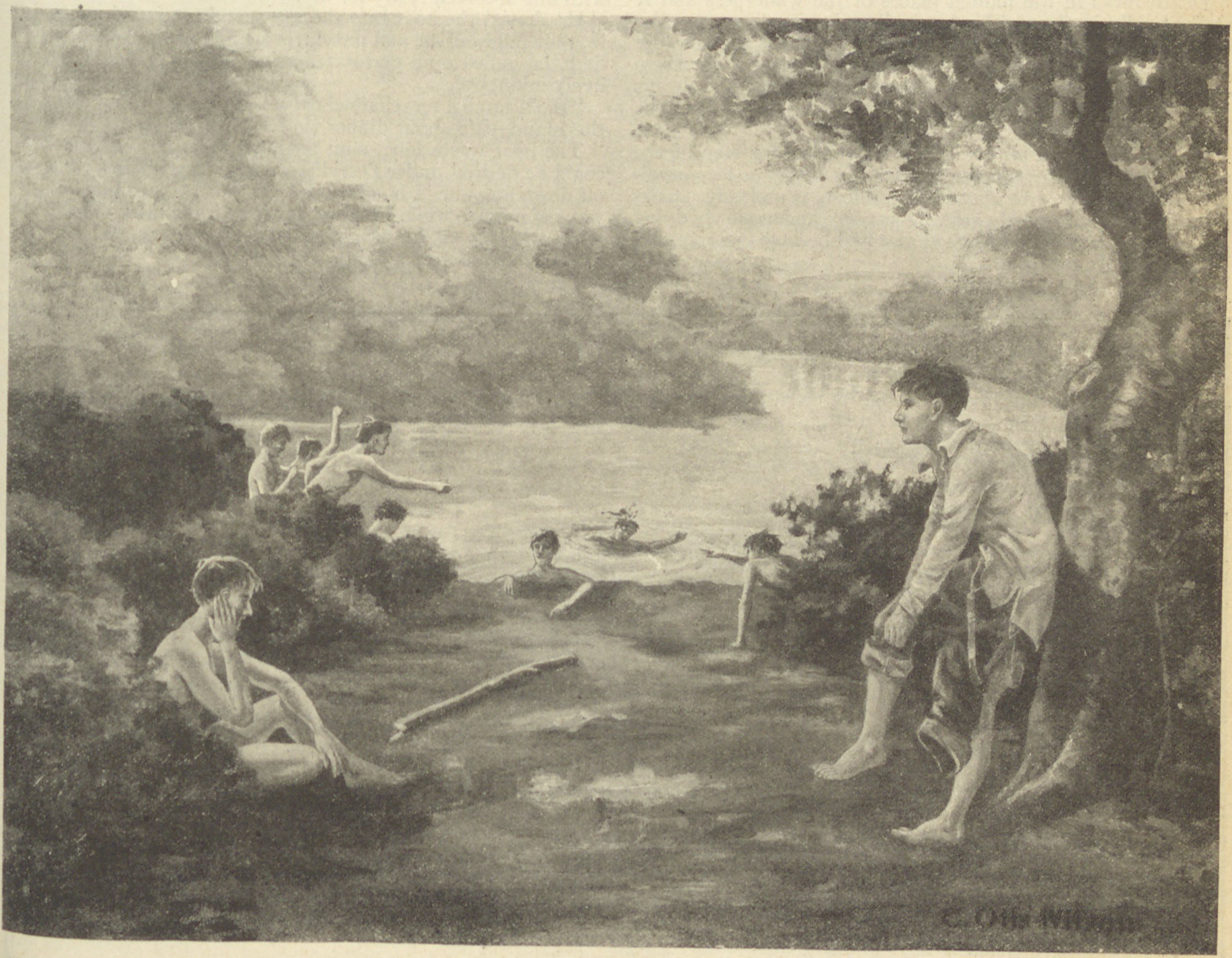
"I don't like to waste time that way; fellow don't learn anything doing such things—and there's such an awful lot to find out about that I wish every day was twice as long as it is.

"Hullo! Look!"

He had stopped short and was pointing to the muddy margin of an overflow pond where a big garter snake lay in the sun intent on the business of slowly swallowing a protesting frog.

David squatted on his heels: "Less watch 'em," he said.

Overhead the grackles chattered and gossiped among the old willow trees that sprawled about, rooted deeply in the mud and swamp water for we were at the down stream end of a bayou that reached back to the first bench of the river valley and carried some of the excess water of flood time but drained to stagnant pools at low water and thus were dwelling places and nurseries for frogs, pollywogs, countless crawfish, some small minnows, that somehow managed to live in the luke warm water in company with the orange-marked "turtles" (or pond tortoise) and the millions of "wiggletails" that later



"Fight! Fight! Hey, fellers! Fight! C'mon!"

hatched into swarms of mosquitoes for the darting Dragon flies to feed on.

Here also one always found short, viperish looking watersnakes, of an ugly mud-color, looped on drift stuff or festooned at ease over handy limbs, sunning themselves and ready to slip into the putrid water at first alarm. Gartersnakes, more active and cleaner of habits, made these back-water pools their hunting grounds and waxed fat and happy on the parent frogs that came here in spring time to deposit eggs and later on the swarms of pollywogs that these eggs produced.

Somewhere a Turtle Dove cooed to its mate, now covering two white eggs on a makeshift twig platform that passed for a nest.

A little Green Heron stalked unafraid along the soft mud margin of the pool and paid attention to his business of hunting.

We two squatted three feet away and watched the gartersnake.

He had a capacity job for he had caught a big frog and gone straight at the job of swallowing him whether or not and the frog was emphatically antagonistic to the whole procedure.

The snake seemed to consider protest and resentment on the frog's part as part of an every day job that he must finish; he likely would have been better pleased if the frog had accommodatingly crawled on down the line of least resistance but in the absence of such action the snake showed no signs of worry—he just hung on like grim death to every bit he gained and by eighths, quarters and sixty-fourths of an inch at a time he steadily hitched his jaws further and further along and the frog just as slowly, but just as surely, disappeared down the snake's throat, his big body distending the snake's jaws and throat in an unbelievable way that threatened to split the reptile open but did not bother it in the least so far as we could see.

For fifteen minutes we were interested spectators, watching one of the minor tragedies that old Nature pulls off every day in a million ways with a million actors—it is always the same in the end for "the big fish eats the little one" on every hand no matter what else may happen.

Death lurks in the hidden places of the wilderness and it stalks boldly in the sunshine as well and some there are who die, victims, like this frog, to those who kill and who, later, die by some method of violence that involves tragedy, for there are few peaceful deaths in the wilderness where death is always just a pace ahead and a pace behind all living things from the largest to the smallest.

David, silent and all attention, watched every step of the action while the gartersnake slowly, but surely as fate, swallowed the luckless frog, headfirst, protesting uselessly, struggling doggedly but slowly growing less able and as slowly dying as he went down the serpent's throat and became incorporated—a part of the reptile.

"It's queer what a body sees if he keeps still and keeps his eyes open, isn't it?" said David, as we started away leaving the half dormant snake on the mud. "That's the first time I ever saw as small a snake as he is swallow a great, big frog like that," he continued, "and I wouldn't have thought he could do it. I know their jaws are loose from their skulls but they sure have got a rubbery skin to stretch as far as that one did—haven't they?"

"Some snakes will take a victim considerably larger around than they are," I replied, "but they mostly belong to the constrictor family.

"Our common blacksnake is a good local example—he can swallow a rat or even a small rabbit without much trouble."

"Did you ever see an old snake swallow her brood of young ones?" he asked.

"No; did you?"

"No. I've heard they do it but I never saw it done; they may do it but I don't think so and I won't until I do see it. In the first place it isn't natural and, as far as I ever saw, an old snake don't take care of her young ones any more than a fish or a frog or a turtle does as far as I know; I never saw a brood of young snakes following a mother snake yet. I've seen a big snake around where a nest of snake eggs had just hatched but I don't think the old one was there to take care of the little ones; at least I never saw any indications of mother love or care on the part of either the old ones or the little ones; I think if we knew the truth about it we'd find that maybe the old one eats the young just as a big fish eats a little one if he can catch it and like as not it's one of his own children but he doesn't care.

"I think snakes are the same way—I'm not sure about it though."

We had reached the river bank again and David now hauled a boat out from a nook in a pile of driftwood where it had been snugly hidden from the gaze of any chance passer by.

Inside were oars, rowlocks, a long slim cane fishrod equipped with line and reel, ready for use.

He shoved the boat into the water and motioned me to get in, then followed me and untying a string from an overhanging limb, he pulled up a perforated minnow pail half full of very lively minnows.

"We'll catch a few channel cats and go to my camp down on the island—it's about dinner time."

The boat was a long, slim model that handled as easily as could be desired under David's expert oars and we journeyed off down stream. I handled the rod and David talked of the ways of cat fish while we went down with the brisk current, to land presently at his island camp with enough fine channel "cats" for a dinner in camp.

Solitude—*by Fannie Hunter Clark*

I will fly from the place
where the voice of men
Reechoes 'neath steeple and
dome,
Where the teasings of hunger
are never still,
In that shack its children
call home.

I will choose me the land
where the hills tilt high
And muffle the night hawk's
scream,
Where the froth of confusion
has not been spilled,
And its people are what
they seem.

Where the soft breath of dawn
from the fragrant grass
And the notes of the wood-
land choirs,
Accord with the tunes of the
singing trees,
And a worshipful prayer
inspires.

O then speed me afar from
the city streets,
From the halls where the
mighty trod,
And find me a place where
the truth unblurred
Will point me the way to-
ward God.

Photo by George H. High

Sport or Slaughter?

By
SHADY LANE

A tale of the Texas rice fields giving the northern and southern sportsman's views on the annual massacre of ducks along and below the southern boundary line of the United States.

IT was a tractor man's convention and representatives of all companies manufacturing tractors were assembled in Houston, Texas. We were demonstrating at a competitive meet in a rice field just south of the city and thousands of rice farmers from all parts of Texas and Louisiana were in attendance.

Anyone who has ever driven a tractor in mud of the Texas rice variety can readily appreciate that "tired feeling" experienced by the operators when the day's work was over.

About fifteen of us from Illinois and Wisconsin were gathered in the lobby of the Rice Hotel discussing types of guns, dogs and shooting boxes used in "our country." This discussion lapsed, as do all sportsmen's conversations into reminiscences of days in the duck blinds and partridge shooting.

My partner, whose sole ambition in life was to spend the entire duck season in a blind, with just enough money to supply the bare necessities of life, was leading the field in a controversy on the relative merits of a twelve and sixteen gauge in shooting ducks.

We noticed a tall rice farmer standing nearby. He had not entered the discussion but from the twinkle in his eye it was obvious that he was inwardly amused at the "stirring" accounts being related by my buddie.

Joe, being rather sensitive and hot tempered, looked up in the midst of his yarn and noticed the sinister expression on the farmer's face.

"Well," he demanded belligerently, "what's the matter, Brother, don't you believe it—or are you one of those wisecrackers who thinks he is the only duck man in the country?"

The Texan smiled good naturedly and drawled:

"Hell, pal—I more than believe you—but you've never seen any ducks. Why, listen, I can put you in my machine and show you more ducks in ten minutes than you have seen in your entire life."

A silence fell. The crowd looked from Joe to the Texan as though expecting a battle royal to start the next minute.

Joe swallowed hard.

"Brother, I think you're lying but I ain't saying so," he gasped. "I've been shootin' ducks ever since I was a little kid and believe me I've seen some ducks in this little ol' life o' mine. But I'm willin' to learn an' you don't look like the kind of a feller who'd make a crack like that without havin' somethin' to back her up with. I'm hog tired tonight and just couldn't make the grade or I'd call your hand right now. But this meet's over Saturday afternoon an' I'll just bet the dough I won in a penny-ante game last night, which amounts to about $50.00, that you're wrong."

The Texan with another charming smile nodded assent.

"Spoken like a li'l gentleman, Brother," he said, "let's get some of your buddies and we'll make it a real party. I'll call up home an' have some of the boys bring over a couple of extra cars so we'll be comfortable. I've got all the guns and dogs you want and boots an' coats galore—all you have to supply is a fairly cheerful disposition up to the time I pocket your fifty smacks."

"Atta ol' boy!" chorused the group, "we'll be there. Only don't forget we might be feelin' a little—just a little, out o' sorts an' some o' that antique corn emulsion we've heard they had around here wouldn't make us sore or mar the ol' holiday."

The Texan solemnly promised "complete equipment" and to demonstrate his good faith took the bunch to his room in the hotel.

The rest of the week dragged like a year for the bunch. At noon over the long lunch table at the grounds we discussed the promised hunt and spent every spare minute gleaning information from farmers about the duck shooting in the vicinity.

From the information gathered, it looked as though Joe's fifty dollars were already in the Texan's pocketbook, for each native laughed loudly when we told of the bet.

It poured rain all Friday night and the Saturday demonstration was called off. The demonstrators fairly flew at their machines and were soon hacking mud—gumbo—out of the tractor wheels with a hatchet and struggling to remove the mud from the plows.

By noon we had the tractors on the flat cars preparatory to shipping them back to Dallas and Fort Worth where a majority of the branch houses were located.

We packed our clothes and were waiting in the lobby for the Texan at two o'clock as he had said we would leave that afternoon. Presently we spied him coming through the south door with three other men. He greeted us warmly and announced the cars were waiting around the corner.

Having seen the mud in which rice farmers have to work, each of us had made a mental picture of the machines in which we were to ride to the plantation. These pictures were no compliment to our host and one of the more cautious souls of our party had left out a blanket to pad the seat in which he was to ride.

As we turned the next corner, however, our mouths opened wide and that look of weird astonishment worn by a man caught in the act, covered the faces of the group.

There stood four of the finest machines I ever hope to see and the cautious comrade who had brought the blanket dropped it on the sidewalk.

The Texan noticed the effect and smiled.

"Well, boys—here they are, let's go!" was his only comment as he seated himself in the front seat of the leading car.

We stumbled in and were just comfortably mingling with the luxurious cushions when the cars moved off at a goodly rate of speed.

Out through the residence district we went, then we started off in a southeasterly direction on a macadam road of glossy smoothness toward Bay City.

The cars purred along through beautiful vistas of level country which terminated abruptly in river bottoms where the old Spanish moss hung low from the trees.

Suddenly the lead car stopped.

"There's some of 'em, boys!" our host shouted waving his hand toward a swamp a half mile to the east.

"What do you mean?" we asked.

"Take a good look," he replied, "those are ducks."

Another look in the direction indicated resembled nothing so much as a pall of smoke issuing up from the ground and hovering above the swamp. It looked, to us, like an immense swarm of mosquitoes such as one occasionally meets while driving through low country.

"Get out!" Joe began. "You can't tell me those things are ducks!"

"All right, Joe," smiled the Texan tolerantly, "I'll give you a close-up for your money before I take it."

Again we started.

Finally after another hour we entered a private road and were whisked up to a house that should, according to all popular conceptions of a farm house, have been situated on Riverside Drive or Sheridan Road.

It was positively palatial.

As we alighted from the machine several colored servants took our luggage and conducted us to our rooms. The interior of the house was as perfectly appointed as the exterior.

As we were cleaning up for dinner the sun came from behind the clouds only long enough to again disappear in a beautiful splash of color in the west. Each of us was attempting to preen himself commensurate with the dignity of the setting and we were astonished when we reached the dining room to find our host in his hunting togs.

"Well!" he exclaimed as we entered, "where are you fellows headed for—a wedding? I was under the impression we were going duck shooting."

"What do you mean, duck shooting?" demanded Joe, still impressed with the fact that he had started this party and was therefore the spokesman for us. "What do you birds in Texas do—go out in the evening before so as to get to the blind in time for the morning flight?"

One of the negroes waiting on table nearly dropped a dish and our host threw back his head and roared—the table shook as he bellowed hearty laughter.

We stood looking at each other nonplussed. Could it be we had accepted the invitation of a madman who had transplanted a bit of New York to Texas? Events in this unusual drama were transpiring with too great a rapidity for us to grasp. It seemed like a dream. I for one pinched myself to make sure I was awake. In this pinch I encountered a particularly raw spot where the crank from the tractor had left its mark the day previous. This was indeed convincing.

After several vain attempts to control his emotions our host gasped:

"Shoot—ducks in the — daytime — haw!" and he roared again.

Finally he sobered sufficiently to inform us that we were indeed to shoot the ducks that night, and suggested that we don the hunting clothes which he had hung in the closets of our rooms. We complied with his request and ascended the stairs as his gasping laughter reverberated through the big house.

"Well, what's one more cuckoo, more or less, in a great big world like this?" queried Joe to himself as he slammed the door of his room.

The hunting clothes were in the closets just as our host had said. We climbed into them and hurried back to the table. It was an excellent meal perfectly served. Our host, it was revealed, was a bachelor who after graduating from Oxford university had inherited an immense rice estate. He was a charming conversationalist and talked well on every subject under the sun except the shooting of ducks, subtly dodging every attempt to lead him into this channel.

After dinner we entered his gun room. The walls, covered with glass doored cases, held every conceivable kind of a weapon. It was one of those rooms about which every sportsman has dreamed.

We were given carte blanche. Most of us picked 12 gauge double barreled guns. Again our host roared.

"What the devil are you going to do with those things?" he queried, "this is no quail hunt—we're going after ducks, boys. Here, let me pick out some real guns for you."

Reluctantly we submitted to his judgment. He gave us each an automatic 12 gauge and assured us they were the only guns for this kind of work. An automobile siren shrieked and we trooped from the house each feeling like chorus men in an insane drama and smiling to each other behind the back of our host.

There were five cars this time. The fifth—a truck—was loaded with spaniels.

"We need a few dogs," was the only comment of our host as we climbed into respective vehicles. We whizzed away.

The moon had risen back of some fleecy white clouds, lending an eerie touch to the bizarre venture. We left the main road and started up through a series of lanes. Three times we were forced to alight and help push the machines through the mud.

The machines stopped at the end of a long muddy lane and we silently followed our host through the mud to the first of a series of straw stacks. Three of our party were assigned to this stack with a man and three of the spaniels.

The rest of the bunch were distributed in other straw stacks in the vicinity, a man and dogs apportioned to each.

Joe, our host, and myself finally took our position in a stack about half a mile from the road. A slow drizzling rain started as we burrowed down in the top of the stack. Nobody spoke and the only sound was the occasional grunt of the man tending the dogs, admonishing them to be quiet.

The moon's rays penetrated the fleecy clouds in places, lighting the field with a peculiar brilliancy.

A sudden whir in the air attracted our attention. Our host gripped my arm and whispered:

"Here they come! Get your guns up."

Suiting action to the word he leaned back and aimed at the sky.

Suddenly with a roar of wings the largest flock of ducks I have ever seen or hope to see sailed within ten feet of our heads. So dense were they that they blackened the sky.

A battery roared from each stack and scores of duck bodies thudded to the muddy field. It literally rained ducks and the spaniels with joyous yelps were working their short legs off retrieving the fallen trophies. As the batteries plugged the bewildered birds—now starting to veer, I looked down from my seat in the straw and saw the man attending our spaniels piling up dead ducks. Guns from our stack alone had killed a pile four or five feet deep. Joe saw me looking and the expression on his face was eloquent in its disapproval.

"Here's the fifty, Brother," he said slowly handing our host a bill, "that's more ducks than I've ever seen in my life!"

"Hell," returned our host, "you haven't seen any ducks yet—sit down."

With deep misgivings we complied with his request.

Soon another flock passed—larger than the first one. Again the roar of guns and again the staccato thuds of bodies hitting the turf. I must say in fairness to Joe and myself, we only fired two shots into this flock. At that we must have brought down six or seven apiece as the shells were loaded with heavy shot and the ducks flying so close together and close to our blind, one could have thrown rocks into the flock and killed enough for a family of ten.

By this time Joe and I were thoroughly disgusted and while not wishing to injure the feelings of our host insisted that we call it a hunt and quit. He agreed.

It took us more than two hours to bring the ducks to the machines. Another truck had followed us out and this, a one ton vehicle, was filled to capacity and the rest were strung over the tops and piled in the touring cars in which we rode.

I never hope to see as many dead ducks again.

All of us were strangely silent on the return trip. There was

"And up from the marsh rose thousands of ducks."

none of the joy that accompanies a day's gunning in the north, none of that spirit of achievement when one comes in soaked and half-frozen with two or three choice mallards in his hunting coat.

A feeling of guilt hovered like a gruesome pall about the party which none of our host's beverages would dispel. We experienced the sensation which must follow the man who has committed a particularly obnoxious murder.

But we could not condemn our host. He, like other Texans, had acted the part of a true gentleman in every respect. It was not that he was lacking in that abstract quality "sportsmanship," as he vehemently condemned anyone who would "pot-hunt" quail.

To our minds his perspective was wrong. Yet he could not be wholly blamed for his views on ducks. One large flock of ducks such as the one which we encountered can literally destroy a rice field over night and in some districts it is necessary to keep search lights playing over the fields at night and men riding around the field shooting to frighten them away from the grain.

We later saw rice which had been knocked down by rain and which had been visited by large flocks of ducks trampled as though cattle had been allowed to run in it.

As we reached the house each of us made a hurried excuse that we must catch a train for Dallas that night. Our host was disappointed, as he had planned a duck feast on Sunday, but we were adamant. He packed four dozen of the birds in a crate and insisted that we take them with us.

As we were leaving he approached Joe and slipped the fifty dollar bill back in his hand.

Joe recoiled as though bitten by a snake.

"Nothing doin', partner," he exclaimed, backing up from the proffered money.

"You won it fair enough—only I wish to God I'd given it to you back at the hotel."

"Well," returned the Texan, "I'm awfully sorry you feel that way about it, Joe—you fellows don't get the same slant on ducks that we do. To us they are pests—destroying our grain and in many instances making the little fellow—the rice farmer who is operating on a shoe string—go broke and destroying his family's chance to wear decent clothes and eat proper food. You wouldn't think anything of killing a bunch of rats, would you?"

Joe thought it over a moment. He reached out and grasped the Texan's hand.

"I apologize, Brother," he said. "I guess there's something to what you say—only it gets a fellow like me to see so many killed without a chance for their white alley when we fellows from the north will sit through a snow storm to get one or two. Some of these days I want you to come to my place and give you a chance to see things that way."

"I'll be glad to, Joe," returned our host as we started for Houston.

As we whirred along the road I leaned over to the driver, "Well, buddie—I guess you'll be plenty sick of ducks by the time you and the boys back at the house get through eating that mess."

He turned his gaze full upon my face and with withering disdain replied:

"Eat 'em, hell! We feed 'em to the hawgs."

The Doc's Prescription

By A. WHITEHEAD

SAID my good friend the doctor, one morning in June
When the whole world was singing a spring-song tune;
(And although I ignored him and gave him no heed
He kept right on talking and doubled his speed.)

"Come along, come along, let us wander away
And go a-fishing this wonderful day,
Out where the balmy breezes blow
And whispering wavelets come and go."

"But, doctor," I said, "just listen to me,
I'm the busiest feller that ever you see,
Look at these letters all over my table;
Got to be answered as soon as I'm able."

"Aw, come on," said the doctor, "it ain't very far—
Nice pail o' chubs out here in my car,
Close up your old desk for high heaven's sake,
In less than an hour we'll be out on the lake!"

Business had come all that day in a bunch,
Didn't get time to come home at lunch—
And I put it across pretty tollable well,
But next day I heard the poor doctor tell—

"Just where have you been?" said his furious wife,
"You're enough to wear out a poor woman's life.
You said you'd be home long before dark;
I heard you had never been near Highland Park!

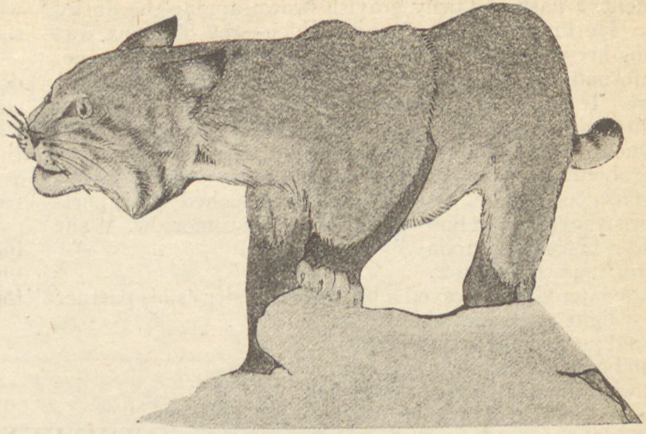
"Smith's boy broke his leg; Brown's wife is much worse,
Jones's wife's got to have a trained nurse.
I'll bet you've been fishin', for Jimminy Gee!
Your breath smells like a distilleree."

But he took it right quiet, with a shrug and a grin
"I have always advised 'take your medicine,'"
Said the doc; "You can scold just as hard as you wish,
While this old world turns 'round, us men-folks will fish."

Gray Ghosts

By
EDWIN C. HOBSON

Illustrated by David M. Newell



"Eyes that bore into the soul."

THE blueberry bushes moved suspiciously. A sinister, grayish-brown cat stepped like a shadow into the leafy opening and strangely luminous eyes swept furtively the gray line of the dim trail. The lynx bent her head and nosed a lingering scent that hovered over the ground. Man, her most implacable enemy, had passed down this corridor of the silent forest.

With teeth bared and ears laid back, she sniffed hurriedly, glared into the dusky growth, and suddenly went bounding up the trail. She was a big, stub-tailed, rough-haired, broad-padded creature whose movements were symbolic of something sinister and grotesque.

She paused abruptly under a dark spruce to nose the faint scent of man. Her whiskers twitched feverishly, and her tufted ears played back and forth, and she crept into the brush to work along the invisible scent left by worn moccasins. It led her some distance into the forest, then followed a singing brook, and suddenly, sharply, turned off up the rocky slope. A soft snarl escaped the cat and she went galloping in abandon through the undergrowth.

She shot into her den among the granite slides and down-timber, and emerged again fairly bristling with sheer excitement. Her young were gone, and the smell of man was rampant. She prowled impatiently, nosing the sign in the soft dirt in front of the den, growling low, savagely, between the loud measured sniffing of her nose. And then she vanished down the trail. Beyond the brook she came upon her mate sunning himself and together they went down the trail of the thief that led toward a log-cabin overlooking the sable waters of the Big Fish.

Amused, interrogatively, Tod Webster glanced at his partner and blew boughward a cloud of tobacco smoke. Talking and laughing softly Jock Golden squatted at a wire cage to tease with a grass straw four lynx kittens, then he stood erect and wiped badly scratched hands upon his worn trousers.

"Little devils, that's what they are," he cried, still keeping his blue Irish eyes upon the snarling kittens as they explored their strange prison-house.

Webster nodded solemnly a head heavy with iron-gray hair and settled deeper on the split-log bench running the side of the cabin. He was a heavy-set man with a smooth face, cold gray eyes, a strong mouth—a friendly sort of man, one a stranger might tell secrets and feel safe such information would go no farther.

His companion of their long partnership—trapping in winter and hunting yellow metal in summer—was a different man. He had much of the boyish spirit in his man's body, a wild and impulsive strain that made a play out of the rough spots of life. Such characteristics were easily noted in his youthful figure and smiling face, the feline grace of movement, an apparent inconstancy of concentration. Golden lived today, and let other days take care of themselves.

The younger man looked at his friend.

"What you thinking about, Tod?" he asked, curiously.

"Just wondering if you haven't made a mistake in life. You should have been an animal trainer 'stead of a no-'count miner."

Golden laughed as he washed and dried his hands.

"Sometimes I think it's just the kid in you," continued Webster, "you're not a man yet—just a kid."

"I get a lot of fun out of it."

"That is what I see."

"Remember the bear cubs over on the Loup one winter—the wolf puppies down on Gunstock? Webby, you took a whole lot of interest in those babies."

"I do, Jock," replied Webster, as he watched a flock of black ducks scuttle down the river, "they were sort of human. These wood cats! Bah!" and he smoked furiously.

"Of course cats are different."

"Cats are just cats. I'll bet the old mother is looking at you now and wond'ring when she can get her claws in the back of your neck. She won't forget. Every time she comes across your moccasin track, she'll follow and watch and wait. Look out for the hairs on the back of your neck!"

"She'll get over it," laughed Golden.

"You don't know a square-faced cat."

So matters stood.

The winter had been a successful one with the partners, and fur run plentiful. They ran their load into the settlement on the last snow and returned home with a grubstake and supplies for the green months. Prices were right, traders were generous, and with money laid by for a rainy day they looked toward the summer as a lazy time to loaf and prowl the streams.

They worked fairly industriously at the close of the season, putting their traps away in good order, making repairs to the cabin, and enlarging the clearing—a breathing space on three sides of the cabin which looked out upon the sliding river. The canoe was made water-tight, the toboggan and snowshoes packed to withstand the raids of white-footed mice, and May was stepping away northward when they heaved a profane sigh of relief and shed their heavy clothes.

There came one morning, limpid, buoyant, free. The forest birds sang up the sun. Winds had a persuasive whisper barely ruffling the evergreen boughs. The ridges behind the river loomed like quiet, velvety, verdant waves. The Big Fish was a length of watery peace. The silence was a splendid thing.

Like all men of the wilderness the partners were early risers, and the smoke of the breakfast fire trailed indolently into the boughs as the sun topped the spruce spires and sailed into the blue pool of the sky. Hatless, hands deep in pockets, legs spread in a restful attitude, Webster watched two red squirrels playing about one of the clearing stumps. Close by Golden was feeding his lynx kittens, savage little beasts who fought and snarled over bits of raw trout and hare.

The younger man lifted suddenly his head to look sharply at his friend.

"Don't look at me like that, old man," he cried, petulantly.

Webster turned in bland surprise.

"Look at you?"

"Sure! I don't like it."

"You're feeling things, Jock. What's the matter—meal don't set good?"

"I'd swear your eyes were boring right in my back. I never felt that way before," and Golden rose to his feet.

"Wasn't looking at you at all, Jock. Just watching two reds playing tag 'round a stump."

Golden snorted suspiciously.

"Maybe you was, Web. I know how I felt."

The stocky figure of Webster moved out among the stumps of the clearing where he swept the undergrowth at the frontier of the forest with a critical eye. He thought he detected a movement, a flash of tawny grayish brown among the dusky greens. He knew what bothered Golden—the old lynx was watching her young, waiting a chance to attempt their escape. The information amused him and he grinned with concealed pleasure. It was a joke on his partner, and he came rapidly to a conclusion to say nothing and let matters take their own way.

"I guess I'll drift down and look over that brook we was talking about, Jock."

"There's color there," said Golden, as he looked at his partner, "see what you can find. I'll go with you tomorrow. Want to build a bigger cage today."

"Sure," agreed Webster.

A little later Golden waved a hand to Webster as his partner tossed a light pack into the canvas canoe and pushed out upon the river. He watched him out of sight, then turned with the whistling of a gayish tune to the building of his cage. With a roll of wire brought from the settlement he soon lost himself in the pleasure of working on his plaything.

The sun swam higher and was heading toward the ragged sky-line of the west when he dumped the spitting cats into their big new cage. With a glad light in his eyes he stepped back to look upon his handiwork.

"Kittens, you've got a good home now," he said, half-aloud, as he watched them prowl in cat-fashion every running foot of their prison.

Suddenly he straightened. He felt a curling of the hair on the back of his neck, a cold sensation as of being looked upon, and swung swiftly to look behind. There was nothing in sight. A tongue of thick forest stood half a stone's throw from the cabin. Grasping a light axe he walked to the shadow-haunted trees, stood and listened, and then strode riverward where he looked up and down stream. Back to the cabin he made his way and dropped the axe.

"It's funny," he muttered, inaudibly, and looked long into the forest, "I wonder—I wonder," and he laughed to himself at his fears.

At sundown Webster came back to camp. They sat to the evening meal and ate in silence, then when the pipes were burning well they talked in fragmentary snatches of Golden's animal cage, of Webster's jaunt and its possibilities. When the black flies became unbearable they turned in for the night.

The rising sun found them on the trail, footing it overland. Silently they stumbled and slid along through the trailless forest, blazing trees as they moved toward the stream behind the hills.

"Say, Jock?" called Webster over his shoulder.

"What?"

"Had any more creepy spells?"

Golden's eyes snapped in undisguised anger as he muttered something profane, and then they relapsed again into silence. Webster walked heavily, smiling to himself, wondering.

No sound stirred among the lichen-draped trees, only the soft thump-thump of men's feet, the snapping of sodden sticks, the ring of an axe as it bit a little slab of bark out of certain trees. In pallid sheets like a golden fabric woven of almost imperceptible threads, the sun began to stream down between the boughs. The shadowy gloom fled into magic distance. From the trees dripped the night dews—a soft, inconstant rain.

At the loud singing stream tumbling down the open boulder-strewn valley, they dropped their light packs and looked about the primeval landscape. Finally they drew apart, Webster prowling down the waterway, while Golden probed the upper reaches.

The young man filled his pipe and stepped slowly down the bank and began to work the sandbars and rock slides. He toiled steadily until the sun was overhead before he turned to wander back again, and it was late afternoon before he came in sight of the little valley. He saw no sign of Webster.

Suddenly he slipped and slid with a mass of earth and rock down into the cold waters knee-deep, and as he attempted to stride shoreward a pebble attracted his eye. He picked it up, whistled softly, and went to searching the pebbly bank. The time passed quickly.

"Again!" he murmured, as he stood erect, slowly, listening, feeling strangely uncomfortable.

Once more he felt that sinister sensation of something watching him, of something close who looked unblinkingly with burning eyes. He swung slowly and searched the long line of ragged willows along the bank. Beyond the riffle loomed a bare knoll which gave a view of the stream for miles, and to this he raced. From the top he made out the figure of Webster coming slowly far down stream—the only sign of life in the landscape.

"If old Web wasn't coming along I'd swear he was playing a joke on me," he mused, "it must be that confounded cat. She's got to stop it!"

On the back trail they talked freely of the day's discoveries, but Golden never mentioned his unpleasant yet ludicrous episode. Webster ached to tease good-heartedly his friend but thought better of it and struck along the line of commonplace things.

Late in the night strange noises outside the cabin awoke the men. They laid in their bunks to listen. There issued a heavy purring and feline sounds as of a cat talking to her kittens, and so they breathlessly waited. Suddenly the old cat's anger welled forth and in a snarling rage she assaulted the wire cage.

"She'll get those kittens sure as blazes," whispered Golden, excitedly.

"Let her have them," replied his partner.

"Not by a jug full," replied Golden, grimly, and he rolled out of his bunk and slipped into his clothes.

Rifle in hand, bare-footed, he let the door swing back noiselessly and stepped forth into the night. No moon lighted the clearing. Only ragged spires of the forest stood against the starlit sky.

Motionless he stood until his eyes became accustomed to the velvet curtain, then he advanced slowly, step by step, feeling his way with his bare feet. The big cat was clawing furiously at the cage and making the night hideous with her rage. A warning snarl quickened his blood, a pair of burning eyes stabbed the dark in front of him, and he raised the rifle to his shoulder to try a chance shot. Only a metallic click replied to the pressing of the trigger finger. The magazine was empty. He remembered cleaning the gun yesterday!

At his right he heard a sound of claws in the dry leaves and looked to see a second pair of eyes close to the ground. Quickly Golden reversed the rifle, and intending to use it as a club he grasped the barrel for a side-swiping blow. A thump-thump of pads hitting the ground warned him the other cat had jumped from the cage to the ground and was coming for trouble, and so he began to back from the two pair of eyes that seemed to move with him. He owned no fear, but did enjoy a certain respect for those long sharp claws.

As a savage and abrupt snarl broke from one of the cats and his ears caught the twitching of back feet in the leaves preparatory for a leap, a light flashed behind him and the dim glow revealed Golden within a few feet of two angry lynx. The darkness lighted with a vivid flash of fire, then the silence was ripped apart by the thin spit of a rifle shot. One crouching cat leaped and sank back to the ground—the other went bounding grotesquely, panic-stricken, into the forest.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 55]

THE HUNTED

FROM the top of the world
Their wedges are driven,
High o'er the blinds
Where their enemies lie;
True as an arrow
With a destiny given,
The wild geese are cleaving
The autumn hazed sky.

Faint through the dusk
Comes a social intoning
A rythm and beat
Of the fanning wing;
Above the horizon
The morning is loaning
A bit of the glory
Its first rays bring.

Black in the silent shadow
The earth lies under,
Silent and numb
In the day-break chill,
Save where the water
Is breaking its slumber,
And blinking the light
Of the first day's spill.

Wisely and surely
They drop to the shelter
Of sedges and fog
Where they feed and delay;
There they commune,
Weary one with another,
In one of the havens
On their long, weary way.

—MAUDE GUE GOODRICH

Our Game

By JOHN B. BURNHAM

President American Game Protective Association

Photographs courtesy A. G. P. Association

Wild mallards in profusion—the result of thought and work.

WHEN we worked out a new system of game protection in America and decided that the wild game which heretofore had been private property belonged to the people and not just to the land owners we then and there assumed the responsibility of looking after our game. As every Tom, Dick and Harry of us owns his equal share in the game so it is up to Thomas, Richard and Henry and all the other names in the city directories and on the poll lists to do our share to properly administer this our incalculably valuable property. If we fail in this our American system will collapse. If game is exterminated on public shooting grounds or if public shooting grounds cease to exist then the old world system will have full sway and the ordinary fellow can throw away his gun and play pinochle. This is self evident, the only question is, do you love your game animals and birds and fish enough to give your time and effort to preserve them—do you love shooting and fishing sufficiently to translate this sentiment into action?

There are in this country different schools of thought in game protection, but in a broad way all can be classed under two headings, the pessimistic and the optimistic. The first can see nothing beyond taking the talent which has been given us and wrapping it in a napkin and burying it in the ground. The other believes in taking the talent and making it produce more. One believes in prohibitions, the other in constructive work. Against closed seasons is advocated more game and a better America.

Right at the start of this article I want to emphasize the fact that if we are to continue our American plan we must align ourselves with the constructive workers. Prohibitions alone never saved anything. One prohibition breeds another until finally everything that is not verboten is gone. This is particularly true with regard to our American system of game and shooting. We have been imposing closed seasons that were not enforced and cutting bag limits that were disregarded since the days of our great-grandfathers, but it was not until we did something more that game began holding its own and coming back. We must get on the constructive side or the only sport left will be that enjoyed in the private club or preserve. No patriotic American whether rich or poor wants to see the end of free game and free shooting, which mean so much for our national health and independence.

Game Administration

The means necessary to preserve and increase our public game are no secret. They are basically identical with those practiced by private interests. Where the public game is concerned all that is necessary is to have state and federal governments put the principles into effect. It is where these administrative principles are least understood and practiced that game is going most rapidly. In the older sections of the country where they are effective game is in no danger of extermination. We can have the game we want if we will take the necessary trouble.

In a recent number of OUTDOOR AMERICA Charles Sheldon described the principles of game administration so well that I shall not attempt here to go further than say that his statements are all substantiated by human experience. Due to game administration game in England and Scotland is practically as abundant today as it was five hundred years ago, although as Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson points out, "men were busy killing birds there long before the eyes of the white men ever sighted the shores of America." Germany and France and most of Europe can, or could, show similar results. It is true that in addition to the inborn love of sport the incentive of private ownership and potential gain was the reason the old world developed game administration but no one can study the basic principles and not find them generally adaptable to public shooting with the state substituted for the private owner.

Where propagation is not a factor game administration is always founded on the preservation from year to year of ample breeding stocks. The private owner through his game keepers knows the amounts of various kinds of game in his coverts and decides how much can be safely taken without impairing the future supply. Using this idea the states have begun taking censuses, not only of the game killed each year but of the stock left for breeding purposes. The private owner is governed in his program by self interest and therefore does not kill beyond the limits of reproduction. Under free shooting conditions, wherever intelligent restraint to observe the imposed limitations does not exist or cannot be enforced, the game supply is maintained by the creation of sanctuaries. Different conditions, of course, require different treatments. Where disregard to law exists, it is a practical impossibility to put enough game wardens into the field to watch and apprehend the law violators, the expense is prohibitive, but it is a comparatively simple matter to guard a game sanctuary. Experience has also shown that the public knowing what these sanctuaries mean will respect them.

Pennsylvania has demonstrated this fact in a way that cannot be gainsaid. This commonwealth in twenty-five years has increased its game until its value equals the value of all the domestic live stock in the state. As a result, more people get pleasure and health in the outdoors than in similar communities elsewhere in America. Just about one man in every four of the able-bodied population of Pennsylvania enjoys shooting.

Get Support for the Game Refuge Bill

No doubt practically everyone who reads this article is familiar with the facts that have been given, believes in sanctuaries and public shooting grounds and is heartily in favor of forward-looking game administration; therefore in advocating the passage of the Game Refuge-Public Shooting Ground Bill now before Congress all that is necessary is to ask that you follow out your own interest in caring for your own game and to make this effective secure the support of your Senators and Congressmen for the measure. This is the day of co-operative effort and information must be pooled, so when you learn the attitude of your Senators and Congressmen send along the information to President Will H. Dilg of the Izaak Walton League. The Game Refuge Bill was defeated a year ago. This year many of the misunderstandings have been clarified and the situation has greatly improved, and if we all do our share the bill will pass without question.

What the Bill Will Accomplish

The bill will not only save migratory birds but it will also save America's sport. It will have its effect on all kinds of game. "The Federal law concerns itself with only a part of the wild life—the part that has no permanent abiding place in any state. That other equally important part, localized game, must be similarly provided for. Does any one for a moment think that when the Federal measure becomes law the various states can fail to follow suit with similar action? We venture the prediction that once the government sets the example, all the states will begin providing refuges and shooting grounds for localized game on a scale never before thought possible, and that thus, free shooting which is one of our most valuable national assets will be preserved to our country."

There are many pressing reasons for this legislation. Dr. Nelson, Chief U. S. Biological Survey, and in many ways our greatest naturalist, was first to show that at this time there exists a shortage of suitable wintering grounds for ducks in the United States. In dry seasons ducks are concentrated in such limited areas, particularly in the South, that they are in danger of actual starvation. An area of duck marshes has been drained 50 per cent greater than the surface of all the New England States and drainage propositions, many of them poorly advised, are going ahead at a rate that will soon swallow up another block of states.

The Crime of Drainage

In the Department of Agriculture report No. 781, the Chief of Drainage Investigation makes this statement, "Among the great undeveloped natural resources of the United States are its 102,000,000 acres or more of swamp and wet lands. These lands are found in every state in tracts varying in size from a few acres to several million acres, and their soils vary greatly in character and agricultural value." The total area of the United States is something less than 2,000,000,000 acres of land so that the possibilities for drainage take in about 1-20th of our entire country, but when we consider that possibly one-half our total area is deficient in annual rainfall and that a very considerable part of this drier area is practically desert and requires irrigation rather than drainage, the ratios become more significant and alarming to those who wish to preserve as much as possible of the water areas in their natural condition.

The same report shows that the State of Minnesota, where the wild fowl taken by sportsmen has decreased 20% in four years, had in 1921, 9,364,869 acres in organized drainage enterprises, or 18.1% of all the land in the state. In Indiana more than 9,000,000 acres are in organized drainage enterprises, comprising 40.7% of all the land in the state. In Michigan there were nearly 10,000,000 acres; in Ohio, 8,000,000; in Iowa, 5,000,000; in Arkansas, 4,000,000; in Missouri, 3,000,000; in Illinois, 4,000,000; in Mississippi, nearly 2,000,000, and so on down the list of states. What is to become of the millions of birds which have been using these areas, and the fur-bearing animals and fish? What is to become of our sport and where again will we ever find the charm of the quiet outings on marshy lakes and meandering streams if the water is to be taken away? Will it not all lead to abominable concentration of pollution, floods and pestilence?

We all know that a large percentage of these drainage projects benefit no one except possibly the promoters, and even they are often stung. When the Game Refuge Bill passes we shall have the means to combat the crime of unwise drainage.

Hundreds of wild ducks tame as chickens.

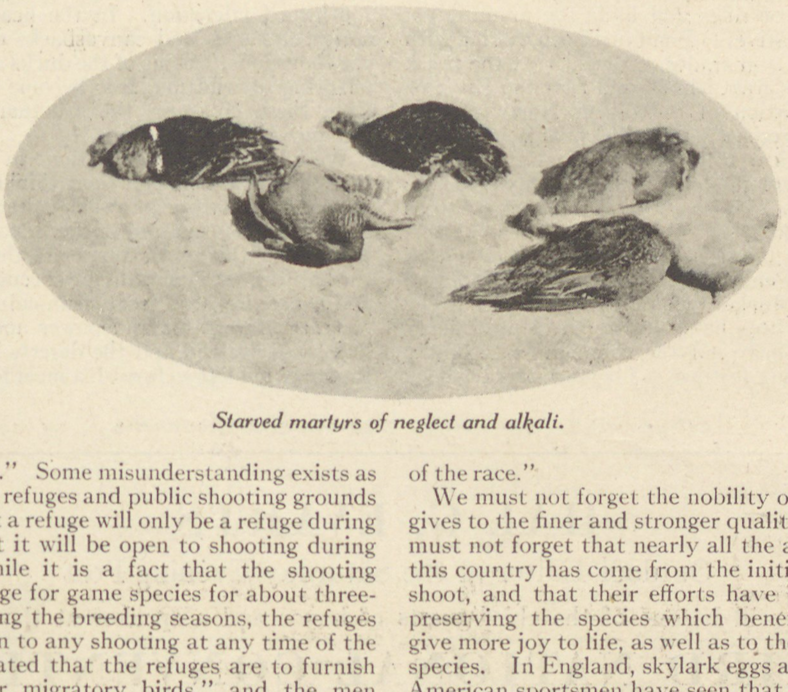
Can America Do as Much as Russia?

While this article was being written news reached this country that Carl Akeley's proposal for a gorilla refuge had received the sanction of the Belgian Government and that a tract of 250 square miles of sanctuary had been dedicated in the geographic center of Africa. Over in the Malay state at the back door of our friend, Theodore Hubback, an area has been set aside where protection is given the pigmy rhinoceros. Around the world from Rhodesia to New Zealand and back again to Canada and the United States, our congeners of the wild are being provided for with places where they can increase and multiply in safety. Even in Soviet Russia sanctuaries are being established and the red government has gone further than we have in making attractive for wild fowl waters not previously utilized.

The Federal Migratory Bird Committee and the Biological Survey believe in equalization of opportunity. When the Game Refuge Bill passes funds will be available and with the expert advice of the botanists connected with the Biological Survey, thousands of acres of ponds, lakes, bays and rivers now barren of duck foods can be made to support millions of wild fowl; but we must pass the bill if we are to keep pace with the rest of the world.

Refuges

The Game Refuge Bill which was introduced in the House by Congressman Anthony of Kansas, numbered 745, and in the Senate by Senator Brookhart of Iowa, 2913, provides for, in its preamble, "The establishment of migratory-bird refuges to furnish in perpetuity homes for migratory birds, the establishment of public shooting grounds to preserve the American system of free shooting, the provision of funds for establishing such areas and the furnishing of adequate protection for migratory birds." Some misunderstanding exists as to the relationship of game refuges and public shooting grounds and some people think that a refuge will only be a refuge during the closed season and that it will be open to shooting during the shooting season. While it is a fact that the shooting grounds will furnish a refuge for game species for about three-fourths of the year including the breeding seasons, the refuges themselves will not be open to any shooting at any time of the year. It is specifically stated that the refuges are to furnish "in perpetuity homes for migratory birds," and the men interested in the success of the measure as well as the officials who will administer the law, have no other thought than that the refuges shall be inviolate.



Starved martyrs of neglect and alkali.

God knows refuges are needed! President Pearson of the National Association of Audubon Societies speaks of the voice of conservation, "drowned by the roar of automobiles passing through the country as they take into the field an annual army of 6,000,000 hunters." Under present conditions for more than a quarter of the year on their path of migration the wild fowl run a gauntlet of fire. On the main routes of migration, there must be established at suitable intervals places where they can rest and feed free from molestation.

In Utah and other parts of the alkaline West there is a duck disease which Fish and Game Commissioner Madsen estimated killed 10,000,000 birds in a few years. He stated "Bear River Bay marsh, instead of an asset, a nesting ground, a resting ground, a haven of refuge for moulting birds which come there by thousands for that purpose, is becoming a morgue, a grave-yard where a continent is sending its birds year after year and from which they never return."

Ducks banded in Utah have been killed from the Mississippi Valley west to the Pacific Coast and from Canada to Mexico, so that Mr. Madsen's statement that a continent is sending its birds to a grave-yard in Utah is substantiated. When funds are available through the passage of the Game Refuge Bill a practical method for eliminating the appalling loss can be promptly put in effect.

Public Shooting Grounds

The New Mexico Game Protective Association in a recent issue of their publication quoted the old Greek, Xenophon, who thirty centuries ago said: "Men who love sport will not break down; they are accustomed to go a-hunting. They will be competent both to attack and obey, for it is thus that wild animals are taken. They will stick to their posts, for they have learned steadfastness. Men like these, even when their army has been routed, have rallied and won by their courage and their endurance."

The Democratic Party at its last National Convention in the party's platform favored: "The conservation of migratory birds, the establishment of game preserves, and the protection and conservation of wild life," which the platform states are of importance to agriculturists as well as sportsmen.

In his address this Spring to the delegates in attendance at the National Conference on Recreation, President Coolidge spoke of hunting and fishing as a form of recreation which has a peculiar hold on that which is elemental in human nature,—sports in the highest sense, which "must be pursued in a way that develops the energy, perseverance, skill and courage of the individual. They call for personal direction and can not be taken up vicariously. There is a great wealth of life and experience in this field, which is never exhausted but is always fresh and new. It is accompanied by traits of character which make a universal appeal. A knowledge of these arts may well be cultivated and cherished like a knowledge of the humanities and the sciences. Around hunting and fishing is gathered a great wealth of prose and poetry, which testifies to the endearing interests which these sports have held all through the development of the race."

We must not forget the nobility of sport and the stimulus it gives to the finer and stronger qualities in man's nature and we must not forget that nearly all the advance in conservation in this country has come from the initiative of men who fish and shoot, and that their efforts have been unstintedly given in preserving the species which benefit agriculture and which give more joy to life, as well as to the preservation of the game species. In England, skylark eggs are still sold for food. The American sportsmen have seen that no similar condition exists in this country.

Theodore Roosevelt once pointed out that the game laws are of most importance to the ordinary man, the average of our citizens. He said that the continuance of the game supply offered no problem to the rich man, as to him sport meant merely the matter of building up a stock on a private shooting preserve or a question of the distance to be traveled in a private car. He said, however, that the poor man must get his game close at hand or not at all, and Roosevelt believed in creating opportunity for all.

The Game Refuge Bill will do this under the part devoted to public shooting grounds. With the knowledge we now have of planting wild fowl foods, and otherwise developing barren sections, there is nothing to stand in the way of having conveniently accessible shooting grounds in every state in the Union. It is simply a question of money and authority to go ahead. The dollar federal license fee contributed by several million migratory game bird hunters each year will supply the wherewithal and the provisions of the bill will give the necessary authority, contingent of course upon the acceptance by state legislatures, which will not be withheld.

That these shooting grounds can be successfully managed so as to give abundant opportunities for real sport, has been proved by Canada with its Point Pelee public shooting ground which is so successful that the authorities in charge are actively going ahead "selecting first class shooting marshes through Canada to serve solely as public shooting grounds and waterfowl refuges."

The above quotation is taken from a report by Hoyes Lloyd, Supervisor of Wild Life Protection, Canadian National Parks, who goes on to say: "It is hoped and believed that a splendid series of these areas, including duck marshes which are not excelled anywhere, will soon be established throughout Western Canada and, needless to say, such areas will be set aside wherever available in the older provinces, thus insuring the perpetuation of some of the finest duck marshes on the continent as breeding grounds and as public shooting grounds."

Beside the great Sage and Rockefeller Foundation refuges in Louisiana, and the more recent Audubon-Rainey refuge, that state has established at Pass-a-l'Outre a 60,000 acre public shooting ground. Other states have followed suit and all these shooting grounds are being successfully administered as will the Winneshiek Bottoms be successfully administered when the final steps are taken to preserve this splendid and unequalled territory.

The sole requirement for membership in these public clubs is the presentation of the license. How elsewhere could a man get so much health and honest enjoyment at so small a cost!

Eliminate the Chukchees

Several years ago, a Canadian official asked advice for preserving the few remaining musk ox and the caribou of the Arctic Coast and islands of Canada. My suggestion was to prohibit the importation of rifles and limit the ammunition to the exact needs of the natives. I had just been talking with Captain Munn, a Baffin Land trader who said that the musk ox were all gone from this great island, and that the Eskimos had begun the extermination of ovibos on North Devon. Scotty Smith, who was present, said he knew of none on the mainland of North America. But the low ebb has probably been reached, for the Canadian Government not only prohibits the sale of musk ox skins, but is also taking administrative steps to enforce restraint in killing.

The country which has the least game of any I have ever visited, is the Chukotsk Peninsula in North Eastern Siberia, which is inhabited by a Mongol race called Chukchees. The reason is that the Chukchees have never shown any mercy toward the wild life and have not the common sense or the decency to curb their killing instinct. They are further back as times goes than the teachings of Deuteronomy which prohibited killing during the breeding season. In 1921 a Chukchee brought to a trader the skin of a white fox, taken in its brown summer coat, killed at the expense of a 15c rifle cartridge. If it had been prime, the fur would have brought goods to the amount of $15, but the native was refused even a stick of chewing gum in exchange. To the question, "Why did you not let the fox go until winter when it would have been valuable?" the Chukchee replied that the fox might be far away when winter came and that someone else might get it, and he clinched the argument with the statement "Me got him!" No wonder there is no game in his country.

"Me got him!" It was for the Chukchees of the United States that the Migratory Bird Law was passed and not the least of the benefits of the Game Refuge Bill will be the means it will afford to further eliminate those who know no restraint. The men who will not see that when they exceed bag limits and disregard closed seasons they are robbing their fellow citizens of the share which belongs to them, must be educated by the strong arm of Uncle Sam. When the bill passes, there will be funds available for a much more vigorous enforcement of the laws.

Jack Miner, the reformed market-hunter, has demonstrated what a simple matter it is to teach the wild fowl to find places where they are safe. No other birds are smarter than are our prolific friends of the marshes. At Fort Worth, Florida, ducks are fed from hand in the sanctuary there, immediately after they have dodged the hunters of a dozen states on their southward migration. In the heart of Oakland, California, sprigs, mallards and canvasbacks drop into Lake Merritt by the thousands. Some of the ducks are easily propagated. The offspring of wild mallards become as tame as domestic fowl. Give these creatures the sanctuaries and their future continuance is insured.

We know what must be done in order to preserve our wild life. There are enough right thinkers in America if we all get together to give our knowledge practical application. Cooperative effort has ushered in the Renaissance period in conservation. And this is our answer to the materialism which would turn all the earth not already occupied by factories and stores and houses into one great clean-cultivated field, with the rivers canalized for traffic and power and sewers, and the swamps and lakes drained and the deserts irrigated, and not so much as a ragweed left to furnish a meal for a quail!

HAL G. EVARTS

Outdoor Editor of the Saturday Evening Post

will be one of the chief guests of honor and a speaker at the

THIRD NATIONAL CONVENTION

of the League, to be held

APRIL 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 1925

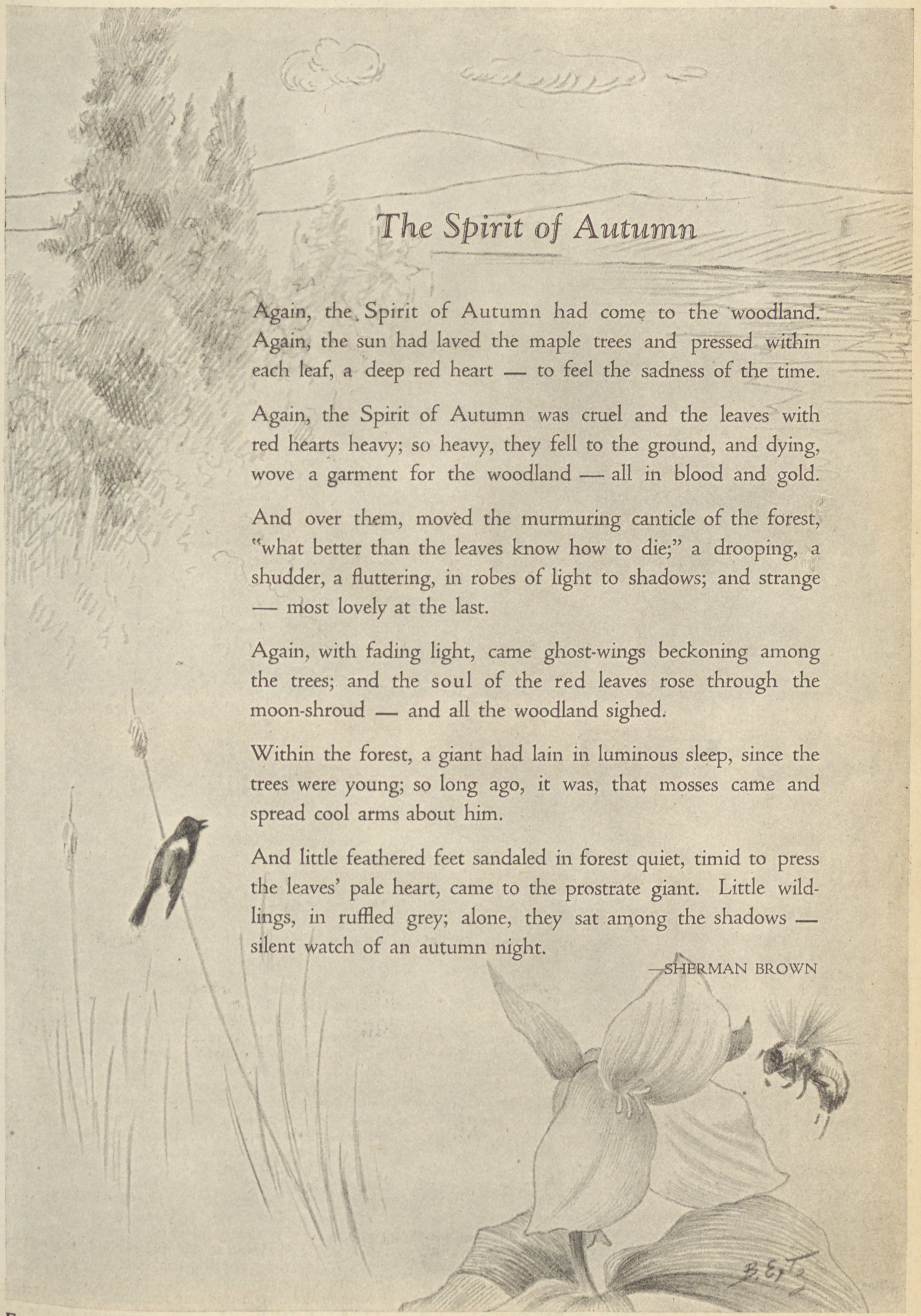
at the

HOTEL LA SALLE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Mr. Evarts in a letter to Mr. Dilg just received says: "Now Bill, I will sure be at the Chicago convention. I believe with you that the Izaak Walton League will become the one great instrument and final hope of conservation in America. We are going to organize an Izaak Walton League chapter in Hutchinson (Kansas). I hope they get one organized in every town in the state. We need it! All hell cannot stop the Izaak Walton League from obtaining its end!"

Delegates should be appointed this fall or winter and if it is necessary for the chapter to raise a special fund to send these delegates to the convention, it should be done and a fund started NOW! The winter months are open for such activities.

Remember the time and place. **April 2, 3, 4,—Hotel La Salle**



The Spirit of Autumn

Again, the Spirit of Autumn had come to the woodland. Again, the sun had laved the maple trees and pressed within each leaf, a deep red heart — to feel the sadness of the time.

Again, the Spirit of Autumn was cruel and the leaves with red hearts heavy; so heavy, they fell to the ground, and dying, wove a garment for the woodland — all in blood and gold.

And over them, moved the murmuring canticle of the forest, "what better than the leaves know how to die;" a drooping, a shudder, a fluttering, in robes of light to shadows; and strange — most lovely at the last.

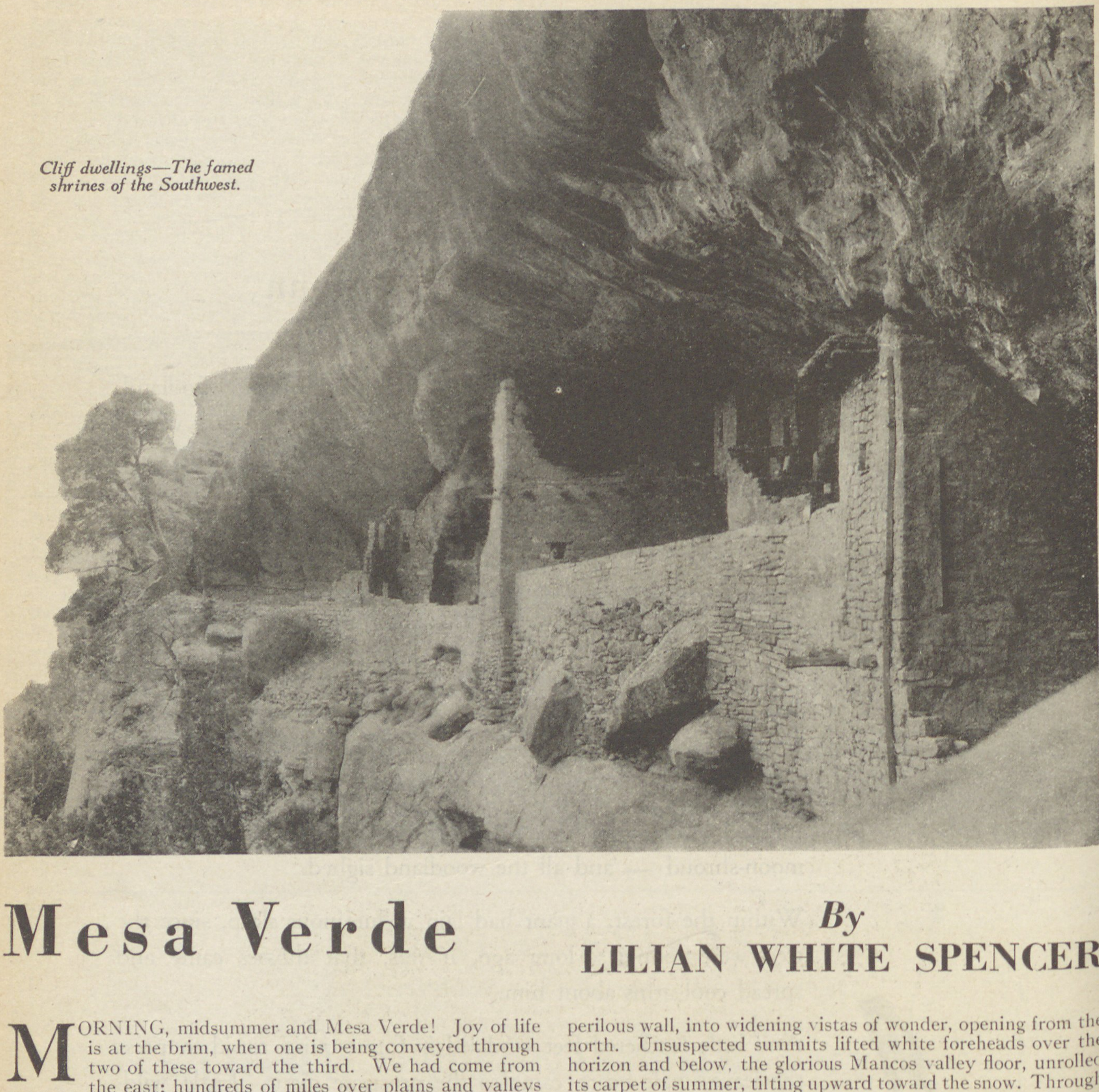
Again, with fading light, came ghost-wings beckoning among the trees; and the soul of the red leaves rose through the moon-shroud — and all the woodland sighed.

Within the forest, a giant had lain in luminous sleep, since the trees were young; so long ago, it was, that mosses came and spread cool arms about him.

And little feathered feet sandaled in forest quiet, timid to press the leaves' pale heart, came to the prostrate giant. Little wildlings, in ruffled grey; alone, they sat among the shadows — silent watch of an autumn night.

—SHERMAN BROWN

Every Waltonian is expected to bring one new member into his Chapter this fall.



Cliff dwellings—The famed shrines of the Southwest.

Mesa Verde

By

LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

MORNING, midsummer and Mesa Verde! Joy of life is at the brim, when one is being conveyed through two of these toward the third. We had come from the east; hundreds of miles over plains and valleys and gorgeous heights of the Continental Divide; till now, we were within an hour of Mancos, Colorado, the final outpost of that enchanted country of the Cliff Dwellers, where the railroad ends and whence pilgrims to these famed shrines of the Southwest must wend by automobile, as we were doing, or by horse or on foot.

Suddenly, ahead in far distance, marvelous peaks started up like alabaster domes. Before them, rose a terrible brown bulk, The Sleeping Ute. Nearer, in front of that appalling mountain and low only in comparison, ran a long flat sinister ledge, sheer all along its indomitable face and diving westward in acute plunges of lessening summits to the plain.

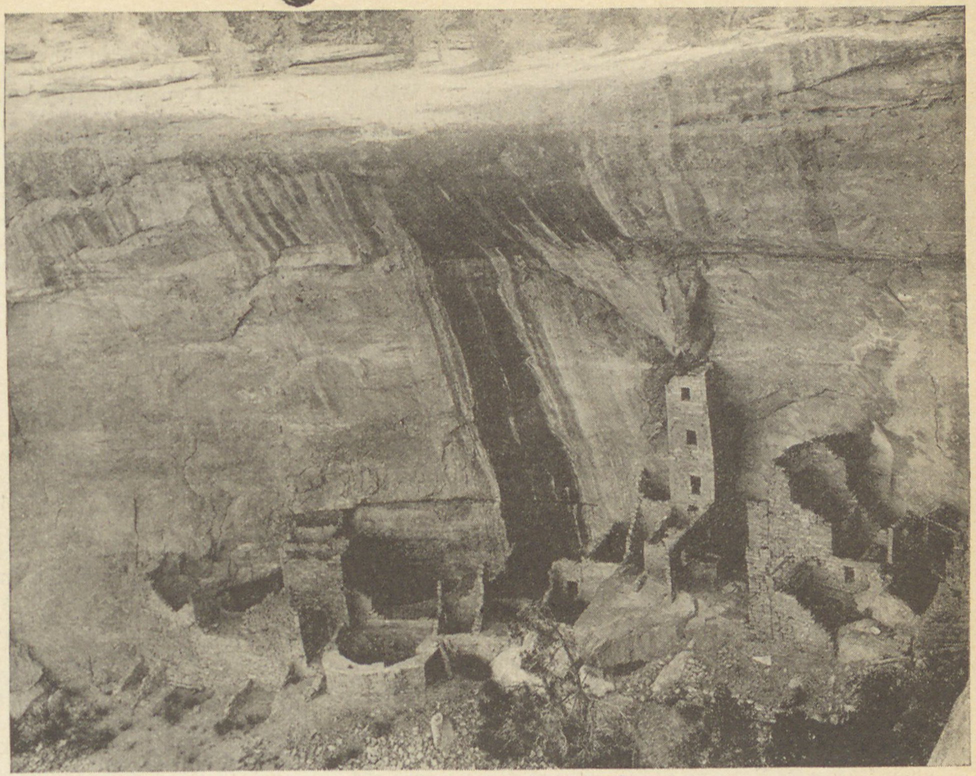
But it was through the serenity of happy orchards and under rifts of delicate blue, that we entered the neat little town of Mancos. On its main street, pointing directly south, an arrow bears the thrilling legend, "Mesa Verde." The goal is only some thirty miles away.

We approached the ominous great ledge, that now screened The Sleeping Ute and everything beyond, but discreetly, our path swerved away and we thanked it and heaven for escape. To climb up that stone face seemed impossible, yet it was scarred with a clear line of highway, cutting sharply through and through it to the brow.

Our foolhardy road rushed back, determined to conquer those dismaying heights and up, up, we went with it against the perilous wall, into widening vistas of wonder, opening from the north. Unsuspected summits lifted white foreheads over the horizon and below, the glorious Mancos valley floor, unrolled its carpet of summer, tilting upward toward the snow. Through it, undulated the amber ribbon that had been, so lately, our path. Marvelling, breathless, we climbed. Flowers waved flags of myriad colors to cheer us on and scrub oak troops, captained by pinon pines and cedars, led the way. Songbirds uttered paeans of victory as we gained the summit, Lookout Point, 8,428 feet above the sea, and gazed down, down, down, in speechless awe upon the northern world.

Gently, we passed over to descend upon the other side. There we were prisoners of peace. Great placid slopes of bush and tree folded us in restful calm and we rambled through a tranquil, primitive land of hills, till civilization disturbed us with an imperative call. By that sequestered wayside, stood a telephone booth and a sign requesting that we make our presence known to the supervisor of the park. We obeyed, rejoicing, for we had entered the confines of "The Green Table," Mesa Verde. The southern side of that fierce face, which towered above us, wore not an alarming but a picturesque expression and dipping to the west was a by-road, over which for a dramatic moment, my feet were drawn. It offered sharp revelation of magnificent lowlands, the Montezuma plains, that seem to reach out and out eternally, with terrible, grim bluffs jutting into them from this near side like the hungry jaws of rocky headlands on a coast of shipwreck.

We turned from that tremendous vista to traverse the green banks of Moorfield Canyon and not far along the way met another car coming from Cliff Dwellers' land. The two stopped for conference; the season being still young, this encounter was an event. These were lusty lads from Iowa—what a state for travellers—its gypsies are everywhere. Both drivers compared notes on the many green labels decorating their respective windshields, each signifying a visit to a national park; mine grew blithe as the winner by two.



Gray valleys of mocking depth.

We glided into valleys gray paved with sage, then mounted high and numerous ascents, in breeze and sunshine, for the clouds of morning were now dim flecks in ardent blue. Hills, richly clad and threadbare, held us in primevål changelessness whose only hint of today is that swift brown cord along which we danced. Up and down, up and down, we hurried through their amazing labyrinth.

Then, stark and white, piercing the dark green foliage like a cry, burst forth the mighty procession of sandstone cliffs that parade through the canyons of the Mancos river; spreading like outstretched fingers, these deep pale gorges hold the treasures of Mesa Verde in their grasp. Thrill was in the air. In such an abyss as that tawny cavern yonder, the Cliff Dwellers built their homes. Look! Under the huge overhanging wall—is that a creamy tower? We could not be sure—yet.

Attended by the ever faithful scrub oaks, rollicking all over the country in strenuous climbs, we rolled among the summits like a black marble in a titan's game. The road knotted itself among the emerald heights bewilderingly and we strove through the desperate entanglement, awed and dumb. One casts away speech impatiently, when even "beauty" is too weak a word.

Again, we scaled the utmost peaks of this green range. Once more the sublime white crests, seen as we came to Mancos, leaned out of heaven to greet our enraptured eyes. They were the great La Platas, basking in the sun. And that royal ogre, The Sleeping Ute, lay prone on the desert to the west.

Then, in the desert, far to the south, behind the wondrous plateaus of Mesa Verde, in a delicate fog like a mist at sea, a gallant full rigged vessel came sailing down the shimmering horizon. It was that renowned landmark of New Mexico, Ship Rock.

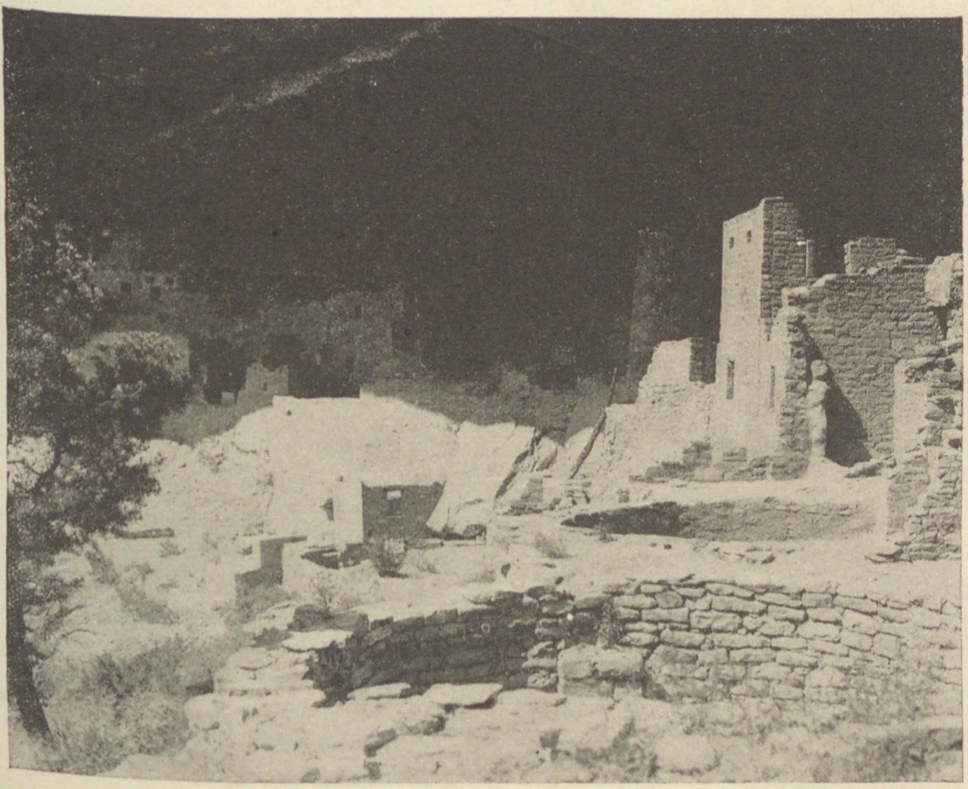
Down, down, we maneuvered in the maze of hills, then up and up.

The Ship went down behind a great rock wall. Signs that stirred the pulses flew by. "Far View House" and "Mummy Lake." We were near! A long level evergreen lane soothed nerves overwrought by sublimity. In the gold of noon, we entered the refreshing grove that shelters Spruce Tree Camp. Our journey was at an end; we had attained the heart of Mesa Verde.

The "mesa" country comprises thousands of square miles in northern Arizona and New Mexico, extending into southwestern Colorado and Southeastern Utah. Its geological history is that of a great plateau, lifted from the ocean bed by volcanic action to an elevation averaging six thousand feet above the sea. This high flat surface, between lofty mountain ranges, in the course of ages became eroded by torrential rains, whose floods gradually cut great spaces between. The mesas are patches that remain of the original plateau.

The Colorado table land of nearly fifty thousand acres, fifteen miles long by eight miles wide, containing surpassing cliff dwellings in side canyons of the Mancos river, is called Mesa Verde National Park.

Primeval waters, flowing through this high plain, formed



Cliff Palace—In the lights and shadows of afternoon.

Every Waltonian is expected to bring one new member into his Chapter this fall.

gorges in it and finally found exit through these deep passageways, leaving, as souvenirs of that persistent journey, many massive hollowed out caverns. There are alternating layers of rock of different hardness on the sides of mesas. Where the softer strata occur below, often, vast depressions were worn away beneath the more solid stone, sometimes, more than fifty feet high and several hundred long. In such great shadowy recesses of Mesa Verde canyons, ages later, though still in remote time, a prehistoric people reared the tawny splendor of their homes.

In 1874 the Mancos Canyon ruins were discovered by a government party, which failed to enter and explore those bypaths where the most superb structures are. The Wetherill brothers, hunting lost cattle, came on the marvel of Cliff Palace, a December day in 1888. The Swedish explorer, Nordenskiold, visited Mesa Verde in 1891 and gave to the world a monumental work on the cliff dwellers, which remains the standard of that learning still.

Since the national government has administered this land of wonder, the excavation and repair of the ruins have been directed by Dr. Walter J. Fewkes, a famous scientist and chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

In a great creamy casket of overhanging rock, held lovingly like precious heirlooms of yellowed lace and pearls, one beholds, with a catch of breath, the fairy walls of Spruce Tree House. It is named for a huge tree that towered over it before this sleeping beauty was called from aeons of repose. Spruce Tree House is the first Cliff Dwelling excavated by Dr. Fewkes and, I suspect, remains his favorite.

One sits, weakly, on the museum porch, which hangs like an eagle's eyrie over the enchanted scene. Mesa Verde's spell is too potent for a long first draught. It is wise to become accustomed gradually, when the brew is such inscrutable wonder and mystery of the past and to turn, for a while, to contemplation of today, on top of the mesa, where existence is also romantic and picturesque.

Beyond the museum and the activities of Spruce Tree Camp, stands the gypsy summer residence of Dr. Fewkes, a commodious tent with a veranda and other accessories of a complete camp, that the sweet presence of Mrs. Fewkes makes a home. What a fascinating different life hers has been, that delicate white-haired lady, pioneering with her scientist husband to old faraway lands, where the graves of long dead peoples yield up strange secrets. Crete! Mycene! Egypt! Mesa Verde!

Beyond the Fewkes' temporary abode is a lovely enduring habitation, that of Jesse Nussbaum, supervisor of the park. It is a home of artists; he and his young wife having rich backgrounds of Paris and Santa Fè; and is practically the work of their own hands, built of the earth and trees and stone of Mesa Verde, in the Hopi style, with the cliff dweller masonry and the projecting beams of New Mexican architecture. From last October, this household, which includes ten-year-old Derek and Wampus, his dog, was marooned in the snows of their remote plateau, till after Easter, when Mr. Nussbaum made a successful sortie on snowshoes to Mancos for supplies. The leisure of that long winter blossomed out of old cedars in the neighborhood, to massive handwrought furniture

With sunset came a near view of Spruce Tree House. Late on that sweet summer afternoon, with a party of other visitors, conducted by Roger Owen, our earnest young forest ranger guide, I entered a precipitous woodsy path that sloped deviously from camp to the canyon floor and crossed, in shadowed windings, to the lovely long-deserted neighborhood, where once hundreds of humankind contributed their glowing share to the mystery of life.

I saw bronzed children scampering about with their dogs, and women in the courts and on the rooftops grinding corn in metates, weaving the marvelous texture of their sacred feather cloth, supplying manifold household needs with lovely warp and woof of yucca, cotton, willow and skins. One was always knitting in a corner, stockings of hair, surpassing the skill of modern grandmothers.

We continued northward to the noble pile of rectangular masonry, a cliff castle built in the open, that is Far View House. It is terraced to a height of three stories with a great central kiva and a large ceremonial court and appeared a most interesting monument.

We sat on a low wall facing the south. Absorbed in conversation, my eyes were off duty till I noticed that our learned friend was watching my face. Then I looked about, up and out, and rose, throwing my arms wide, unconsciously, in a reverent tribute to beauty and its God.

"Now you know why it is called Far View House," said Dr. Fewkes.

Marvel of marvels for my final memory of wonderland! A far, far journey those toilers came from mud pits of the unseeing savage and pearly towers in dark caves to this acropolis joyous with sunlight, whose outlook mortal vision may scarcely bear. Eyes that comprehend the glory, dim it with tears.

Far View House confronts the court of conference where four states meet in a rivalry of magnificence that is the apotheosis of the west.

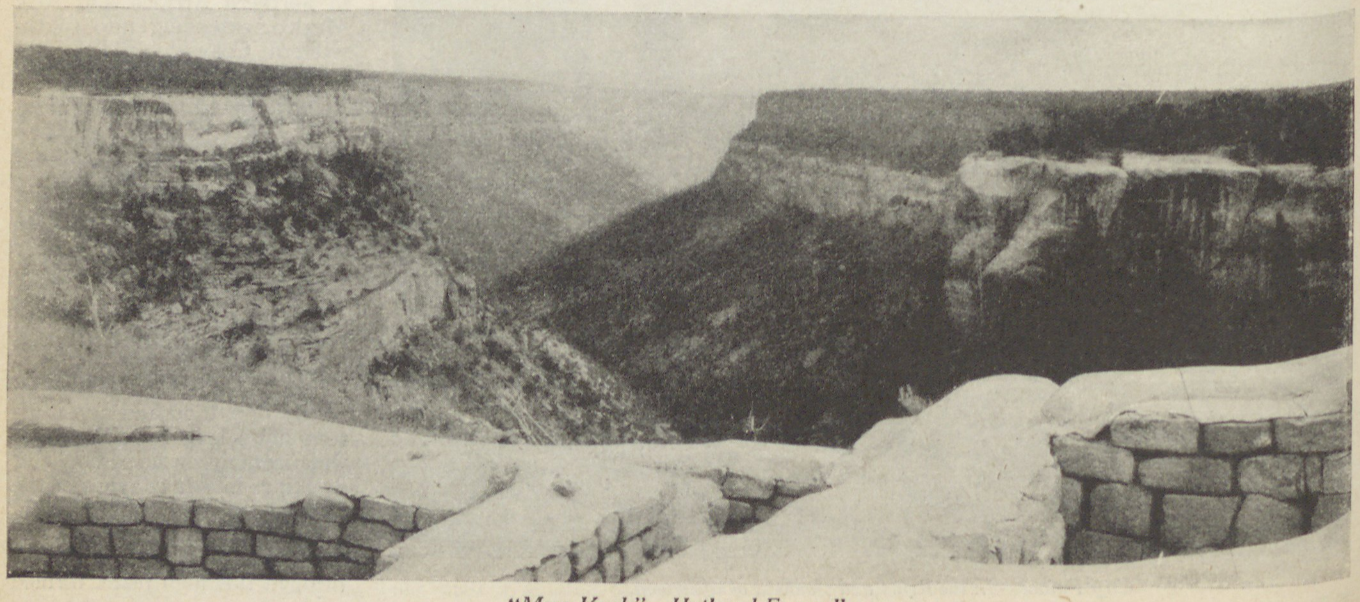
The sumptuous foregrounds of white canyons and plateaus wear dark pointed crowns of forest and mantles of gentler green. Beyond and beyond, Ship Rock sails on its enchanted cruise through a shimmering ocean of New Mexico sands. Over toward the paths of sunset crouches that fearsome presence, The Sleeping Ute, and the horizons are bordered with sublimity of Colorado, Arizona and Utah peaks. Nowhere else on earth has nature spread so large a canvas for a masterpiece.

At my last hour in that magic land, the distances were blurred with veils of violet which shadowed the white lacy points edging infinite space. Under burning stretches of hyacinthine blue, the brown desert wandered like a pilgrim world, to drown at last at the feet of mountains, in mists like "a winedark sea." The air was glamorous with transparent gold that deepened to amethyst in the faraway.

O incredible lines of mesa, drawn so straight and high and true by the hand of God!

Everywhere this vast mysterious region chanted magnificat to the Creator, with that utter eloquence alone worthy of beauty, perfect and terrible, the voice of silence.

Mesa Verde, hail and farewell!



"Mesa Verde"—Hail and Farewell.

Mud'lin' Thru

By
CHARLES J. HANSEN

A BLUE-GRAY fog from the surrounding forest fires hung heavily in the air, and through the murky mist old Sol was visible only as a small opalescent disc hardly able to cast a shadow on the rippling waters gently flowing by.

The long continued drought had parched the meadow grass to a faded brown, and the woodland flowers were withered, drooping and dead. Fields of brown-eyed daisies and wild roses were almost petalless. Even the birds, quieted by the smoky smudge, had lost their cheerful chirp and summer song. No breeze fanned the limp foliage, and the hot, dry, gloomy air caused all forest life to seek the shelter of the shade. The air, though dense, was still—still, like the poet says: "and all the air a solemn stillness holds."

One wondered if it were possible for any wild life to exist at all in such dismal and depressing atmosphere. But no, the fresh running waters seemed not to be affected by the gloom that persisted in the air. Here and there a trout splashed playfully, feeding in the ripples or eddies. Sp-l-a-s-h. There, a big one! The water, at least, gave evidence of active life.

The perspiring chef had announced that dinner would not be ready for about an hour. Some of the boys were assisting with the preparation of dinner, while others, to escape the mid-day heat, were idling in the shade of the big elms in front of the club house, swapping fishing yarns. My friend Jenkins chose to rest and chat, and listen to fishermen's fiction.

I had experienced such long continued dry and hot spells before, and, in spite of the low and clear water, had often found such conditions just right for hooking big fish. The hazy sky would prevent one from casting a shadow on the water while wading the stream, and the absence of any breeze whatever would allow one to lay an almost perfect fly out in the pools and eddies. Despite the hot and gloomy weather I felt that the day was ideal for fly-casting, and was very anxious to feel the cool waters of the Pere Marquette river swirling around my waist. I could not resist the temptation to take advantage of this hour before dinner in trying to entice a trout or two from the depths of some deep pool, whirling eddy, or dancing ripple.

So I hurriedly slipped into my waders, rigged up my rod, selected a couple of favorite feathers, and started off up the path leading to a favorite bend of the river about a quarter of a mile from the club house. Nearing the bend I left the path, and, wriggling my way through the tag-alders and wild grape vines, I eased quietly into the stream. I began to pay out line gently, making a few false casts. I sailed a "Cahill" over the spot where I had seen one rise a moment before. A strike! The sport was starting with the first real cast, and I landed the first one, a brown trout about a pound and a half.

I caught several rainbows of smaller size and was about to start for the club house for dinner. But no, I must not pass up that big hole just below, where I was sure there was a good one lying in snug retreat. I resolved to play this pool very carefully. So as not to send a roil along ahead of me, warning the wary fish of my coming, I crossed to the opposite bank and approached very cautiously from shore. I had an angler's intuition there would be something doing there.

I started casting very carefully, laying the line out perfectly, the fly lighting gently on the surface floating over the pool as life-like as a natural fly dropping from the overhanging bushes. Only a few weak rises was the result of many careful casts. I changed flies several times endeavoring to learn what kind of dessert those timid trout desired for their noon-day lunch. I was sure there were several lusty fellows lurking below, suspiciously eyeing those dainty and tempting morsels as they passed smoothly overhead.

I was about to give up and was a little careless with the last cast, and the lead fly caught in the bushes hanging close to the water. In trying to loosen the lead fly, the dropper fly was caused to dance up and down upon the water in the middle of the pool. While my attention was engaged upon loosening the hook I was surprised to feel a vigorous tug on the line. The

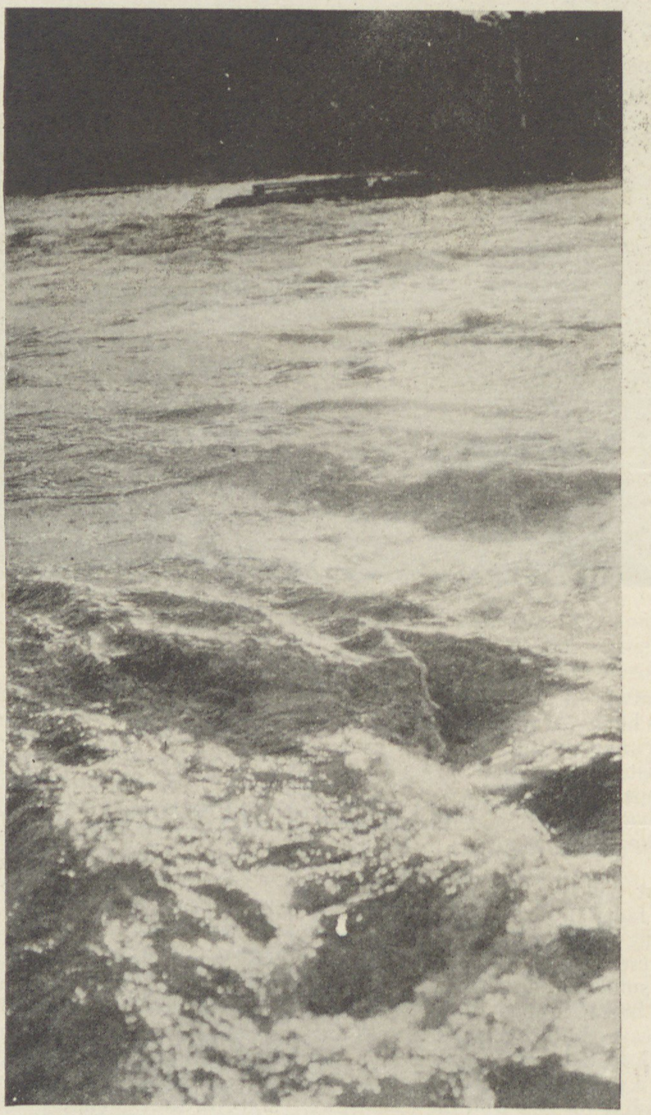
Every Waltonian is expected to bring one new member into his Chapter this fall.

tangled fly disappeared from the bushes, the rod bent suddenly forward and slapped the water and the reel clicked merrily as a real trout shot down stream with the dropper fly. After the usual skirmishing and fighting, that is only characteristic of a good sized rainbow, I soon had him safely in my landing net—a beautiful rainbow trout, about three pounds.

I was now late for dinner, so I made my way hastily back to camp. The trout was too large to place in the creel, so I carried him by the gills. He was still wriggling when I brought him in. This awoke the boys from their after-dinner laziness. They were much surprised that I had made such a catch in mid-day. Mr. Jenkins had never seen a trout like that before. He did not believe it possible to land a fish of that size on such a slender rod and gossamer-like leader. He was full of enthusiasm and exclaimed, "I'd give fifty dollars to catch a fish like that!" "All right," I replied, "I'll hook you up with one if you'll stay with me for the rest of the day."

Jenkins, an artist from Cincinnati, was on his vacation and incidentally doing a little sketching of some of our beautiful out-door scenery. He was entirely unacquainted with the Michigan wilds, and had never before been trout fishing. He had heard much about the big Pere Marquette river and of the big rainbows hidden in its holes, which had aroused in him a desire to feel the thrill of having one of those big fellows hooked onto one of those tiny flies. So I had gathered together some extra tackle and had taken him up to the Rainbow Club on the lower Pere Marquette river to introduce him to some of the joys, excitements and thrills, as well as the discomforts, of what is termed by many—the king of out-door sports.

Jenkins was now acting like a young thoroughbred at the Derby, anxious for the start. He would hardly give me time to eat. The boys had all finished dinner, so I hurriedly stored away an appetizing lunch the chef had so kindly kept warm for me. Jenkins and I decided to go up stream. We agreed to go up far enough so as to make it a good half day's fishing. We did not expect to be back before dark, and at such time we would be very near camp.



White Water—Poetic Paradise.

We were soon up to the big rock, the place where we were going to start fishing. At this point it was necessary to cross the river and fish it from the opposite side. There are only certain places where the river is crossable. Such places are generally at the head of riffles where the water is not deep but is very swift, and the bottom is strewn with large rocks and boulders. Before attempting this crossing I gave Jenkins instructions about keeping a firm footing and not to try to take too long steps. As I waded across without difficulty, Jenkins, watching, must have considered it very easy. He struck out boldly, apparently giving no heed to my words of advice. He made the deepest part safely. This gave him confidence, even made him careless. He reached a point where the water was only knee deep but very swift, when his toe bumped a boulder. He floundered and staggered for a moment, like one intoxicated, and in some unexplainable manner landed with both feet on top of a large rock underneath the water. Half way up to his knees in swift water, he stood swinging back and forth, like a long pendulum swinging upside down. Finally he went headlong into the river, like a little boy making his first dive. It looked so ridiculous one could not help laughing at his predicament. Jenkins, having now received his baptism into the mysteries of trout fishing, was ready to receive his second degree. He was soon due to become a full-fledged disciple of Izaak Walton.

As the day was extremely hot he was no worse off for his ducking. No doubt the cool water refreshed him after the warm walk up from the club. After wringing out his clothes we proceeded to settle down to fishing. Jenkins learned very easily to cast the fly, and it was not long before he had a few small but legal sized trout in his creel.

We had been fishing several hours, had fair luck, but had not as yet succeeded in catching a fish over a pound and a half. I had almost given up hopes of fulfilling my promise to Jenkins—of hooking him up with a big one like I caught before dinner.

It was now late in the afternoon and I noticed that Jenkins was getting a little restless. Even though the weather is exceedingly hot, when one's clothing is wet, one becomes quite chilly wading for a long time in spring-cold water up to the waist. I was now more anxious than he was to have him buckle into a real fish. I encouraged him, also reminding him that he was to stay until dark.

We were fishing at the head of one of the best bends of the river, an ideal place for landing a big one. The bend was about three hundred yards long and about eighty-five feet wide. The whole stretch had a nice shallow sandy bottom on the side where we were wading, sloping down to a deep hole with swift current and gravel bottom on the opposite side. There were no snags or logs to interfere with the playing of a good fish. At the end of the bend the river narrowed down into a huge hole from eight to fourteen feet deep, extending from bank to bank.

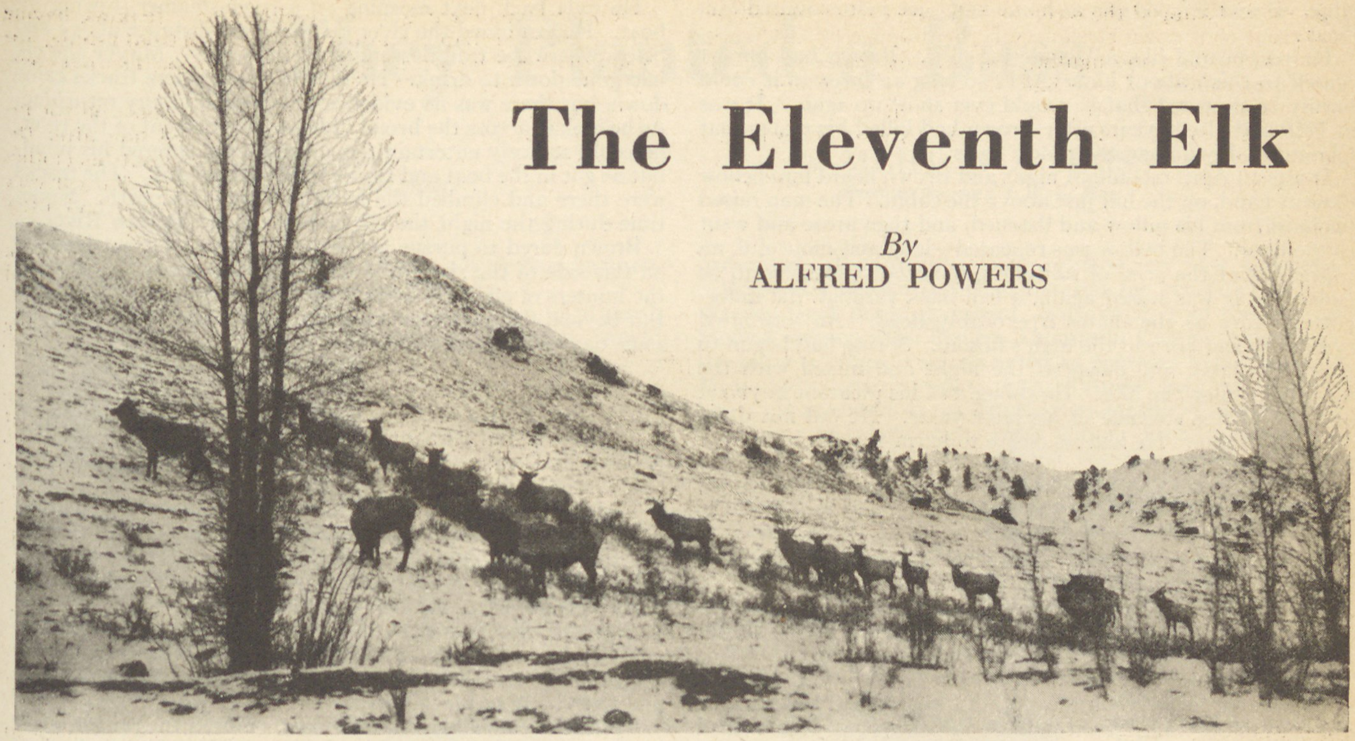
I was intently engaged in casting for a good one that had several times swished his tail and bumped my fly, when I heard a shout, or rather a scream, from Jenkins. "I got him, I got him!" I glanced back quickly. He had both hands glued to the rod which was bent until the tip almost touched the water. While my attention was centered on the clumsy way in which he held the rod I was suddenly startled by a flash of silver and red right at my feet. There, not over three feet from me, was old Napoleon—the king of rainbow trout—hooked to Jenkins' tackle. He was not an inch less than three feet long. I could see him very plainly in the shallow water against the sandy bottom. He did not seem to be in a hurry. He lay there lazily fanning his fins and huge tail. I stood perfectly still, oblivious to everything except the beauty of this fine fish. Meanwhile Jenkins was yelling excitedly, "What shall I do, what shall I do?" As long as the trout was in no hurry there was no need for us to be in a hurry. I knew there would be plenty of action presently.

The crafty old trout seemed to be in deep thought, wondering what that tiny thing could be that was tantalizingly pricking his upper jaw, wondering what that thread-like thing was that extended from his mouth and held him so tightly. He seemed to be debating with himself as to the method of attack. The rhythmic swinging of his fins

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 57]

The Eleventh Elk

By
ALFRED POWERS



Photograph by courtesy U. S. Biological Survey.

MAYBE Frank Brown was wrong but no one could make him believe it, and how else can you account for the eleventh elk in the Big Creek herd?

No ranger, hunter or game warden reported seeing a native elk in the Siuslaw forest of Oregon after 1890. In 1910 a herd of ten was imported and placed on the grassy range of Big Creek, twenty miles north of the Siuslaw River.

In 1895, Frank Brown, sullen and unsociable, filed on an isolated homestead on Upper Smith Creek, twenty miles south of the Siuslaw River. He spent only the winters on his claim. During the summers he longshored at the little town of Florence, situated where the Siuslaw River widens like a cobra's hood into a bay. Each November he usually began the tedious and laborious work of provisioning himself, carrying in over the trail on his back enough grub to last him during the winter. Then he settled down in his solitary cabin to spend, without fellowship, the gloomy and monotonous days. He felt and exercised no responsibility beyond that of preparing and consuming two meals a day, a late breakfast and an early supper. You would think that he would have gathered some domestic animals about him, for companionship if for nothing else. But he did not possess a horse, cow, dog or cat. He probably thought they would be a bother to him during his working summers.

The first Christmas day on his claim he spent hunting. Following some deer, he found himself at last on a ridge overlooking a short tributary of Upper Smith Creek. He could survey the entire length of the little stream's huge gorge, which was several hundred feet deep at its mouth but which shallowed at its head like the cartridge intake of a revolver. Fog hovered in its bottom. On the other side was a ridge, like the one upon which he stood, except that it contained no trees save a few charred and jagged snags. Dead and matted fern colored it red as a briar pipe.

He did not immediately perceive, even through his field glasses, that there was any living thing upon that ridge. Vaguely and slowly his eyes comprehended. Then all of a sudden there was the articulation of sight. He made out some animals, red like the fern in which they buried their heads. He focused his field glasses. His heart beat with a wild elation. He saw three elk, two cows and a bull.

He made his way around the head of the gorge to a spot on the other ridge above the elk and not over a hundred yards away from them. Unsuspiciously the three of them continued to seek the scant sustenance underneath the ferns. Brown drew a bead that was a little wobbly because it was so certain. It was his greedy ambition to get all three. But he had to be content with a cow for the first, because she was between him and the bull and he was now afraid to change his position. He let drive. The cow fell. Just a little perturbed, he fired at the other cow, which required two shots. As the treble report reverberated up the canyon, the bull fled and escaped uninjured.

He regarded his illegal kill with satisfaction. The law was not zealous in protecting what it did not know existed. It was the opinion of those, who pretended to know, that the forest contained no elk and hadn't for several years.

That winter of 1895 this hermit fried steak after steak over his dirty little cookstove and dined as did no epicure of the land. The following winter, his appetite made fastidious by memory of the royal fare of the preceding year, he sought out in long fatiguing tramps the one animal that remained.

Twice he caught sight of his prey, at long distances off, and cautiously made his way within gun reach to find the animal gone. Once Brown tracked him in a February snow and once scared him up unexpectedly at close range. He tardily fired and the elk escaped through the rattling underbrush.

"I know I hit him; I'm sure I hit him," said Brown.

Five years passed and Brown saw nothing of the elk—no tracks, no place where he had slept. He made up his mind that the animal had indeed been wounded and had died. He was sorry that so much sweet flesh, instead of going into his own belly, had wastefully decayed in the woods.

Then one day as Brown was fishing, the splendid bull came up to the stream to drink, not farther away from the fishing man than pitcher's box from home base. Brown cursed himself for having no gun. Leisurely the animal quenched his thirst. Luxuriously he stuck out his dripping tongue and curled it into one nostril and then into the other. He scratched a flea-bitten flank with his nose. He surveyed his tremulous reflection in the water. He spread back his watery lips and displayed his teeth—each one, to Brown, a potential watch charm.

Brown watched him for perhaps five minutes and then with a kind of boyish deviltry picked up a pebble and flung it against the animal's ribs. The elk snorted in astonishment and gathered himself into headlong flight, limping in the right foreleg as he ran.

"I knew I hit him that time," said Brown, as if defending his marksmanship with himself.

After that Brown was always accompanied, like a colonial Puritan, by a gun of some kind.

On the summits of high ridges, in the deep bottoms of canyons, ten miles to the left of Upper Smith Creek and ten miles to the right, he found vestiges of his wandering quarry—his tracks, two half moons in the sodden earth, and his sleeping places under tangles of vine maple. Then once more he disappeared. The tracks and wallowed herbage weathered away and all trace of him faded from ridge and gully and water's edge. Brown left his gun at home and once more counted him dead.

He reappeared like a Wandering Jew. Brown had almost ceased to think about him. After so long an interval it could hardly be expected that he would ever show up again. It was in 1910 and fifteen years after Brown had killed his mates that Christmas day among the ruddy ferns.

It was an April moonlight night and Brown heard him bellow close at hand, on the hill just above the cabin. The man raised his head from his pillow and listened, and then arose and went to the door. The bellow was repeated—long and mournful, an expression of the grief of solitude grown too oppressive to be endured. It was raised again, a call back through the unforgotten years to the mates irrevocably dead. An unwonted sympathy was born in the man's bosom. Spring had begun to touch the land, and essenced the night and mixed with the moonlight upon the hills. He thought of his pleasant boyhood and the joyless solitude of his later years. He did not dress and get his gun. He had no desire to harm the elk. He went back to bed.

But in the morning his brief mood of tenderness had passed and he felt ashamed of it. He took his gun and ascended the hill.

The elk had gone north. The trail leading to the Siuslaw River over which he packed his provisions was full of tracks. Along this beaten way pursuit was easy. He tramped along for a couple of hours. Then he let fire at the fleeing object ahead. But the bullet fell short. The distance was too great.

The elk did not turn aside to the right or left into the almost impenetrable underbrush of salal, blackberry and vine maple, but kept to the trail. Noon came and Brown, empty stomached but determined, followed on.

Again, but a mile or so ahead, the elk hove in sight as he topped a bare ridge, still along the trail and proceeding almost leisurely, like a pack horse. Both the hunter and the hunted had become aged and slow.

It was about two o'clock when Brown came out upon the summit of the ridge along the base of which flows the Siuslaw River. The tracks had vanished. He retraced his steps and found where they terminated. But he didn't follow them into the brush. He was too tired and hungry to "buck" salal. He walked on down to the river. The tide was running out. He got a boat. He would row to Florence, stay over night and resume the hunt in the morning.

He rode back next morning on a river steamer, towing his boat. He examined the river margin some distance above and below where the trail descended to the water. Maybe the elk had gone down to drink. He found indeed where tracks came down, but there was no evidence to be found of any returning. As he looked across the broad, tide-swollen current of the river, he could scarcely entertain the surmise that entered his mind, but he got in the boat and rowed to the other bank. The tracks were there and climbed the bank and went on north. Sometime during the night the elk had swum the Siuslaw River.

Brown dared to pursue no farther. There were settlements on this side of the river, and Oregon laws were severe against the hunters of elk. He had no wish to go to the penitentiary. But beyond the settlements was the open range again. Maybe some day—

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the ranger at Big Creek, as he focused his glasses on the elk herd to count them. "There oughtn't to be but ten, but there are eleven as sure as I'm alive. A baby, by George. But no, they're all big ones. A baby elephant, maybe, but not a baby elk."

The ranger made his way to a closer and better vantage point. "An old bull," he soliloquized, "a whopper. Where did he come from? And he's crippled. Ain't he gay, though? Where could he have ever come from? Well, I'll be doggoned! That eleventh elk, how did he get here?"

This question was eventually answered by Frank Brown, who had lain awake many nights in his cabin wondering at the gregarious instinct which he thought had taken the elk straight and unerringly to his fellows.

"Fifteen years all by his lonesome," mused the ranger, after hearing Brown. "No wonder he was acting so gay the first time I saw him. Poor old scout! He must have been mighty glad when he happened onto the herd."

"Happened?" challenged Brown. "There was no happen about it. He knew them other elk was up there. Two months after they were brought in he made a bee line for them."

"How far is it from where you live to where the elk herd is stationed?" asked the ranger.

"Forty miles."

"He couldn't see or hear or smell that far," declared the ranger. "How could he know?"

"I don't understand just how," persisted Brown, "but I'm tellin' you he knew them other elk was up there."

Democrats Condemn Stream Pollution

By The Associated Press

A resolution indorsing the campaign against pollution of Iowa streams was adopted by the state Democratic convention yesterday at Des Moines. The program for restoring the rivers of the state to their original purity, as formulated and advanced by the Izaak Walton League of America, received the full support of the Democratic party in the state. J. C. Murtagh, Waterloo, candidate for governor, in his speech to the convention, declared himself strongly in favor of cleaning up the streams and preserving for future generations the great heritage of the outdoors.

Membership-at-large coupon of residents of vicinities having no local chapter
IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive
CHICAGO
Date__________

You may enter my name for membership-at-large in the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA and send me membership card and I. W. L. A. button to the address given below.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's membership from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (5c for exchange)
☐ draft.

Name__________
Address__________

OUTDOOR AMERICA COUPON
Date__________

Gentlemen:
You may enter my subscription for one year at $1.00 to the OUTDOOR AMERICA, DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S OUT OF DOORS.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's subscription from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (5c for exchange)
☐ draft.

Name__________
Address__________

If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing both of these coupons.

They Planted a Bass

Photographs by
Dr. Elmer J. Stephens

By MERTON S. HEISS
Executive Secretary I. W. L. A.

E. C. Bassett, Pres. Will County Chapter I. W. L. A.

HAVE you a little bass hatchery in your county?

It is not such a difficult proposition as you might think, providing of course there is a satisfactory water supply.

In Will County, Illinois, they took the "Plant a Bass" advice very seriously and right now there is a plant in full operation which guarantees to the fishermen of that territory black bass in abundance in every stream.

The hatchery has a capacity of 120,000 fingerlings and despite an extremely bad season, with all conditions working against a successful output the hatchery is fairly near that capacity. Next spring will see this little hatchery disgorging almost takeable size bass to every stream in the county. The following spring will bring a capacity output and black bass are assured for all time to the fortunate fishermen of Will County.

The Will County Chapter of the Izaak Walton League established this hatchery, if you have not already guessed that part of the story and thereby accomplished what has been termed by public-spirited citizens as "The outstanding bit of community service of the year." If the chapter had never before accomplished anything or if they never again did a tap of work along conservation lines they would have justified their existence a hundred-fold.

Lake Henshall in Pilcher Park, Joliet, Illinois. One of the ponds in which the bass were planted.

The bringing about of this hatchery represents real work, manual and otherwise. It was decided that creation of the hatchery would be the work of the year.

To give particular individual members of the chapter credit would be unfair, for there was much indirect work done by those who did not actively appear in the foreground. It was a chapter job and the members worked in a body. When it was necessary they donned high boots and swung picks and wielded shovels.

The chapter at first was fortunate in the location. The Park Board of the city of Joliet owns and controls a great section of wooded and watered land, part of the old Higinbotham estate. There are located in these acres a number of spring fed ponds, long ago used as trout hatcheries when the Higinbotham estate was in its prime. A few dams, some concrete work, gravel and sand deposits, dredging and ditching, hooked up these ponds in the proper hatchery manner and everything was ready.

At the request of the chapter the state fish and game department, represented by W. J. Stratton, sent Loren V. Fisher of Pekin to the scene and after examination and survey he pronounced it O. K. for fish culture.

The Park Board, upon consideration of the project, decided a hatchery would greatly benefit the community and forthwith leased the property to the chapter for a long term of years and promised all possible co-operation to the sportsmen.

When it came to securing material for construction work Werden Buck donated cement, stone came from the National Stone Company, the Powers Thompson Company performed the labor, George Jennings acted as engineer and Thomas A. McCafferty, superintendent of the state fish hatchery at Spring Grove, took charge of the technical matters and brought down breeding size fish to start things going. George Maxwell, in charge of the park, also rendered valuable assistance in the making of the survey and the maintenance of the hatchery.

Thus Will County now has ready and in active operation the first bass hatchery in the state of Illinois not state controlled and the second in the state.

Bass from the hatchery will be placed in the Dupage and Kankakee rivers and in a dozen creeks which find outlets in these rivers.

An indirect but very important result of the establishment of the hatchery is the creation of a deep-seated interest in pollution and its prevention. Steps are already being taken to prevent pollution of the streams in which the fish will be placed. The futility of placing fish in polluted waters is evident and no creeks will be stocked until it is demonstrated that the waters will not be contaminated. This serves as an incentive to property owners and residents along creeks to prevent pollution and to bring about prosecution of violators.

This is the story, inadequately told, of the first black bass hatchery in operation, constructed and fostered by a chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America. At least it is the first one to have been reported to headquarters.

A great many chapters not only in Illinois but in every state in the Union can bring about hatcheries and with a few dozen such hatcheries any state is assured of bass for the future. With state hatcheries also on the job to supply localities where hatcheries are for various reasons not practicable the future is made more certain.

The black bass is the game fish of the masses. Those who cannot go to far off places for their fishing may have the gamiest of all fishes right in their own rivers. Those who do go to distant localities have fishing available for week-ends and for the odd hours not connected with their annual vacations. Dr. James A. Henshall, dean of American fishermen and "Apostle of the Black Bass" in the preface to his internationally famous "Book of the Black Bass" describes old man bass as "Pound for Pound the Gamest Fish That Swims." He ought to know. For nearly 70 years he has taken every fresh water fish that swims and is the father of the Plant a Bass campaign.

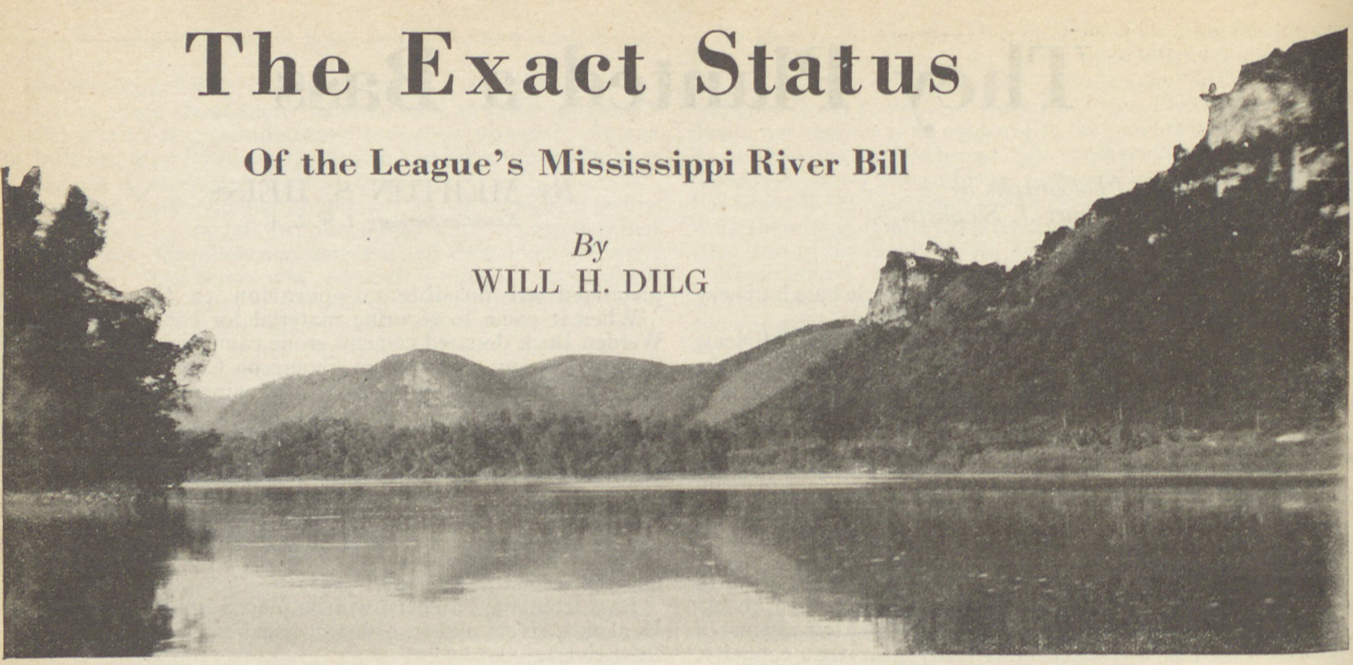
Will H. Dilg, president and founder of the Izaak Walton League, has sent to Will County Chapter his earnest congratulations on the building of the hatchery, winding up his letter with "You have accomplished

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]

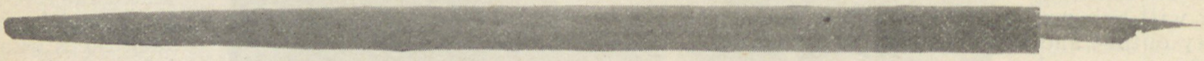
The Exact Status

Of the League's Mississippi River Bill

By
WILL H. DILG



Scene along the Mississippi Wild Life Preserve.



Photograph of pen with which President Coolidge signed the bill.

THE status of our Upper Mississippi River Bill could not be better but there is still work to do. By a unanimous vote, and with spirited applause, the last Congress passed our Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge Act and the President of the United States has signed it and it is now a National law. Our bill authorizes an appropriation of one million, five hundred thousand dollars, but before the money will be available to purchase the lands there are certain Constitutional conditions in the bill to be complied with and they read as follows:

> "Sec. 4. (a) No such area shall be acquired by the Secretary of Agriculture until the legislature of the State in which such area lies has consented to its acquisition by the United States for the purposes of this Act, and, except in the case of a lease, no payment shall be made by the United States for any such area until title thereto is satisfactory to the Attorney General and is vested in the United States."

The hardest part of the work is behind us but before our three hundred mile Wild Life and Fish Refuge becomes a practical fact we must first secure the consent of the legislatures of the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois. The League has already prepared bills which will be presented to the coming sessions of the legislatures of these states and there can be no doubt that these legislatures of the above four states will consent to the acquisition by the National Government of the three hundred and forty-two thousand acres of river bottom lands represented in the area covered by our bill.

If you will look at your map, you will see that the Mississippi River forms the boundary line between the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois. And if you are familiar with the Constitution of the United States, you will know that Congress and the President of the United States could not do more than has been done.

Any person, even remotely conversant with national legislation, knows that there is a prescribed course to be taken. It is the necessary "red tape" so often referred to in the press bulletins on every measure that has been passed since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and our Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill is in no way different from any other bill. It has to follow the same course of all other measures and it must comply with the Constitution of the United States.

The writer sat in the gallery of the House and Senate when our Izaak Walton League Bill was passed *unanimously*. For more than two months, he sat in the gallery of the House and the Senate and the Izaak Walton League Bill was the only bill that was passed receiving the hearty applause of these two bodies.

And when our bills go before the legislatures of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois, they will beyond all shadow of doubt pass them and with applause give their unanimous consent to the area being acquired by purchase of the National Government. For more than a hundred years these state Governments have done little to help this river bottom land paradise and they will whole-heartedly welcome the Federal Government taking it over forever to make it a thing of beauty and loveliness for the citizenship of their own states and for the whole people of the United States.

Happily, the Izaak Walton League by appealing to the Superior Court of Wisconsin secured a verdict setting aside the action of a lower Wisconsin court which granted the right of draining the Winneshiek bottoms. The highest legal authorities state our verdict applies legally to the whole area along the river and forever forbids the drainage of the Upper Mississippi region. The verdict makes it impossible for land owners along the river to hold up the Government in the purchase of the area covered by our Bill. Our Wisconsin Superior Court verdict forever stands in the way of the region being drained for farming lands and commercial purposes.

The writer from his inverview with President Coolidge knows of his own personal knowledge that the President fully realizes the imperative need of this area being saved as a priceless heritage of the Nation's Children. He knows that should this region go, the outdoors of the middle west would languish and die because these three hundred miles of river bottom lands represent the HEART of the wild life and fish life of the Upper Mississippi Valley. Veritably, it is the fountain and incubator of wild life for the whole surrounding country.

We of the League have no politics—no commercial basis, and no religious interests, but we have the quality of appreciation and we have gratitude in abundance. We at headquarters were inexpressibly elated to receive the letter reproduced on the opposite page from President Coolidge, and it should be read carefully by every lover of outdoor America.

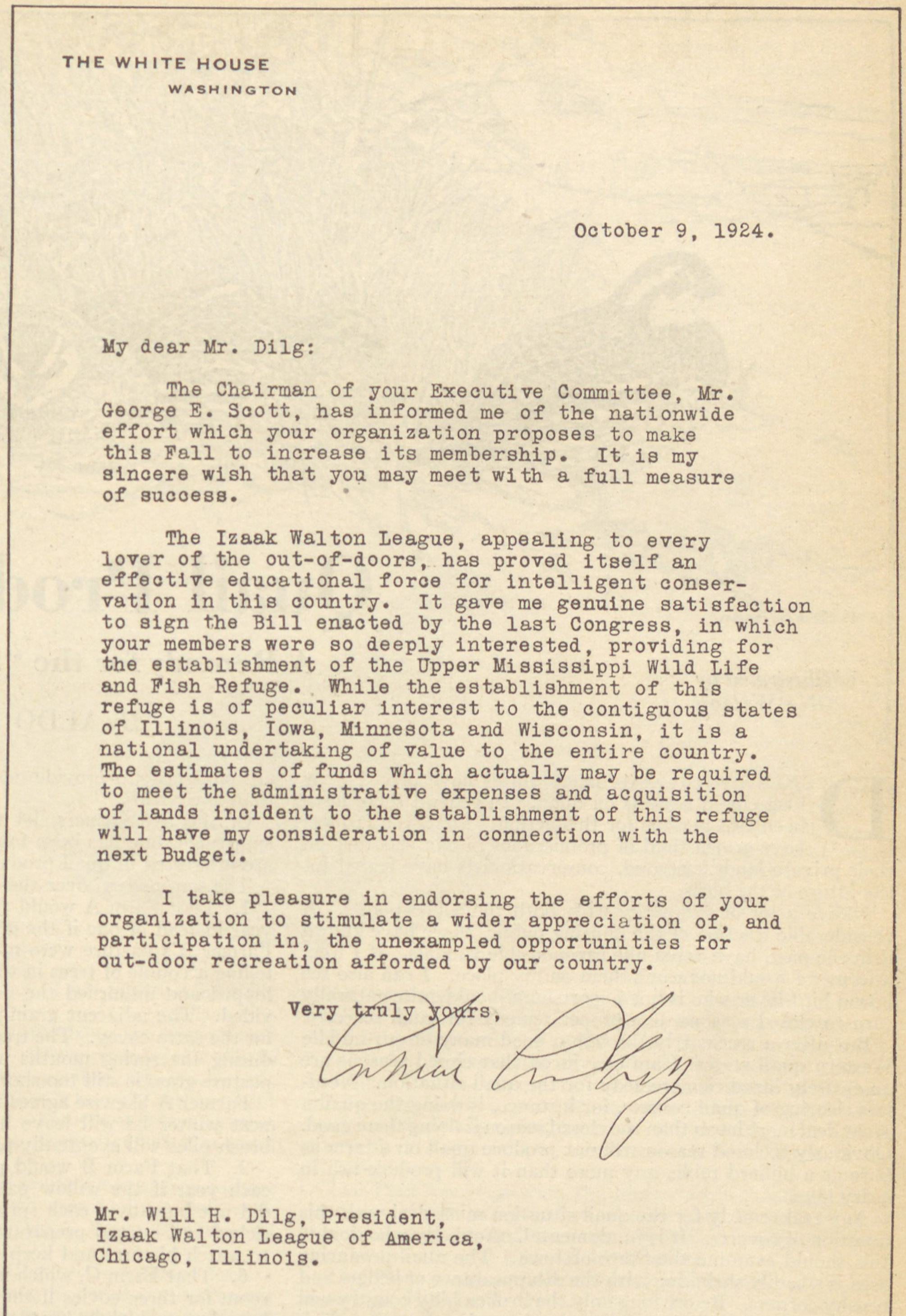
No man knowing the last Congress will for an instant doubt that, when we have complied with the conditions our bill imposes, it will quickly be brought before the House of Representatives and before the Senate for the final action by these two bodies. The money will be made immediately available and in no time the three hundred mile refuge will become a fact and the greatest conservation measure of all time will then become a matter of League history.

The people of the United States do not yet realize what this League has done for them. At present we only know that a vast area has been saved forever for the lovers of outdoor America. In a little while this wonderful refuge will be a living, breathing fact and then we will all know what a wonderful thing has been done, but perhaps most of us will have to see it with our own eyes and fish and hunt over its three hundred miles or some portion of it. Then we will all know and then we will thank God for the Izaak Walton League of America.

Here is a wire from Dr. E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture. Dr. Nelson will have charge of wild life and Henry O'Malley, Chief of the Bureau of Fisheries, will direct the Government's activities as to fish life. Mr. O'Malley expects to raise and ship more black bass and warm water fishes for stocking purposes from this area than will be produced in all the fish hatcheries in the nation, and still leave enough for the river to improve the present fishing status by many times. Dr. Nelson says:

"Sportsmen and conservationists throughout the country are intensely interested in the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Act passed at the last session of Congress, as is evidenced by letters of inquiry received by the Department of Agriculture on this subject. This refuge is to be established and maintained as a breeding and feeding place for migratory wild fowl and other birds, game and fur-bearing animals, fish, and other aquatic animal life, and for the conservation of the wild flowers and aquatic plants. The refuge when completed will

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 51]



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 9, 1924.

My dear Mr. Dilg:

The Chairman of your Executive Committee, Mr. George E. Scott, has informed me of the nationwide effort which your organization proposes to make this Fall to increase its membership. It is my sincere wish that you may meet with a full measure of success.

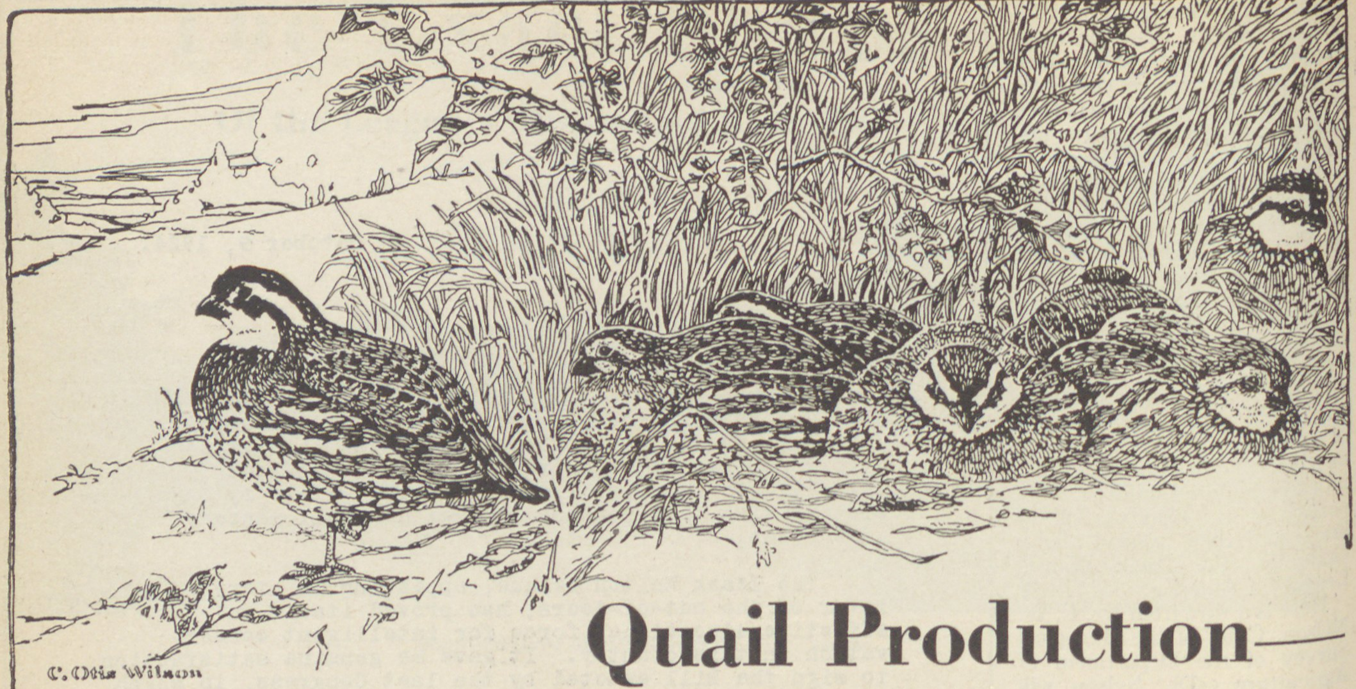
The Izaak Walton League, appealing to every lover of the out-of-doors, has proved itself an effective educational force for intelligent conservation in this country. It gave me genuine satisfaction to sign the Bill enacted by the last Congress, in which your members were so deeply interested, providing for the establishment of the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge. While the establishment of this refuge is of peculiar interest to the contiguous states of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin, it is a national undertaking of value to the entire country. The estimates of funds which actually may be required to meet the administrative expenses and acquisition of lands incident to the establishment of this refuge will have my consideration in connection with the next Budget.

I take pleasure in endorsing the efforts of your organization to stimulate a wider appreciation of, and participation in, the unexampled opportunities for out-door recreation afforded by our country.

Very truly yours,

Calvin Coolidge

Mr. Will H. Dilg, President,
Izaak Walton League of America,
Chicago, Illinois.



Quail Production—

A Remedy for the "Song Bird List"

Illustrated by
Otis Wilson

By ALDO LEOPOLD

DURING recent years many states have placed year long closed seasons on quail. In general there have been two reasons for this action. First, the farmers have grown tired of promiscuous public shooting on their private lands. Second, conservationists have feared for the future of the birds.

I have a lot of sympathy with both these viewpoints. A considerable fraction of the hunting public, as we have known it in the past, have acted like irresponsible vandals. If I were a farmer I would not want them on my place. I can also see how a bird-lover who is not a sportsman should quite naturally turn to closed seasons as a proper remedy for quail scarcity.

But after a recent trip through a good many of our middle Western quail states, I am convinced that closed seasons are an entirely insufficient remedy for the quail situation. Needless clearing of quail coverts, for instance, is doing the quail a great deal more harm than the closed season is doing them good. Obviously a closed season will not produce quail on a farm as bare as a billiard table, any more than it will produce fish in a dry lake.

Any real remedy for the quail situation must deal with this question of coverts. It is fundamental. Anybody who doubts this should examine the State of Iowa. The quail-producing area is steadily shrinking with the disappearance of hedges and brushy corners. Before long only the broken hilly country will have any quail, in spite of the year long closed season which has been in effect for years throughout the state.

How can quail coverts be restored in Iowa? The farmer thinks it is to his economic advantage to clear off his hedges and fencerows. The hedges, he thinks, decrease his area of productive soil. The fencerows, he thinks, harbor rodents and noxious weeds. Whether he thinks right or wrong can not be answered by any sweeping yes or no. A part, at least, of this clearing I suspect is economically unsound. Be that as it may, it is perfectly obvious that the farmer is going to clear until it is to his advantage to do otherwise. Now who is going to make it worth while for him to do otherwise?

The best way to answer this is to describe a sample case illustrating what I think will be our future system of quail production in the middle West.

A group of five sportsmen, let us say, gets acquainted with a group of five farmers owning five adjoining farms. These farms are supporting an average of one covey each. With 15 birds to the covey, this makes 75 birds. Although the season is closed year long, the birds can not increase because coverts are not sufficient, especially in spring when the fields are ploughed, to provide nesting places and shelter for more than five covies.

Of the five farmers, let us say that two are themselves sportsmen, one has boys fond of hunting, and the other two are interested in quail production as a source of revenue.

The ten men go over the ground and find as follows:

1. That Farm A would probably produce two covies each year instead of one if the ground under the grove of trees in Farmer A's pasture were not so bare. They decide that by felling a couple of trees in this grove and leaving the tops unlopped and unburned the necessary cover can be easily provided. The adjacent grain fields will provide plenty of feed for the extra covey. The treetops will furnish the birds shelter during the spring months when the fields are bare and the pasture grass is still too short to serve the birds.

   Farmer A likewise agrees that when he cuts his stove wood next winter he will leave his brush piles unburned. These brush piles will eventually produce a third covey.

2. That Farm B would probably produce an extra covey each year if the willow patch on Farmer B's creek bottom did not burn over each spring at the time the cornstalks are ricked and burned preparatory to plowing. Farmer B agrees to watch his fires and keep them out of the willow patch.

3. That Farm C, which now contains no birds, would have room for three covies if the brush were restored to the three long draws which he has cleared and tried to fill up so he could plow across them, but which persistently form gullies and refuse to be filled. The five city sportsmen agree to turn out some nice Sunday and help Farmer C plant up these draws with willow, Russian olive, or other brushy trees that grow easily from cuttings.

4. That Farm D, which has two covies, is in danger of being reduced to one by reason of Farmer D's plan to grub out a long Osage hedgerow. It is agreed that Farmer D will leave the hedge provided he is paid a reasonable cash rental for the narrow strip of land which is rendered unproductive by the roots of the Osage trees.

5. That Farm E, which now has one covey with headquarters in the woodlot, would probably raise another in the berry patch back of the barn if certain tramp cats were removed, and two more if a couple of little quarter-acre corners of the pasture were fenced off and left in long grass. Farmer D agrees to fix the cats, which kill about as many chicks as rats anyhow, and to build gateless fences across the pasture corners provided he is furnished the wire and a nominal cash rental for the ground.

Under the above agreements, our farmer-sportsmen group have piled up the following cash liabilities for the first year:

Ground rental on hedgerow, 1 chain wide x 10 chains long, 1 acre at $10 per acre	$10.00
Ground rental on two ¼ acre pasture corners at $10 per acre	5.00
6 chains fencing for pasture corners at $1.25 per chain	7.50
	$22.50

This cash expense divided among the five non-farmers is less than $5.00 each.

Let us say that the above described measures are actually put into effect and as a result the five covies are increased as follow:

	COVIES		
FARM	NOW	2ND YEAR	4TH YEAR
A	1	2	3
B	1	2	2
C	0	0	3
D	2	2	2
E	1	2	4
Total now	5		
Total expectancy	..	8	14
Birds at 15 per covey average	75	120	210

Let us say that by the second year the expectancy of 8 covies has actually materialized. (This is not only possible but almost certain if the conditions on the ground were properly handled.) The next move is for our farmer-sportsmen group to invite the State Game Warden and a representative of the bird-lovers like, for instance the president of the State Audubon Society, to look over the ground and see for themselves what has been accomplished. Likewise let them see the planted coverts that are coming on, and show them how the expectancy of 14 covies (as compared with the original 5) is a reasonable probability by the 4th year of operation.

Then broach to them the following proposition, which might be called: A PLAN FOR LICENSED QUAIL PRODUCTION.

The Legislature to pass a law authorizing the State Game Commission to proclaim an open season on quail for not to exceed 60 days each year on any specified area within the state, provided the person or persons who own such area or control the shooting thereon first present a satisfactory plan for establishing and maintaining a productive stock of quail upon said area.

Provided further that the State Game Commission inspect or cause to be inspected every such area at least once each year to determine whether such plan is being actually and effectively executed.

Provided further that the State Game Commission issue a license for each such area stipulating in detail the conditions of the plan and charging for each such license the estimated cost of the annual inspection.

Provided further that the State Game Commission revoke such license whenever its stipulations are not met or whenever the licensee shall violate the game law or fail to establish or maintain a productive stock of quail upon the licensed area.

The Plan for the particular area we have been considering, which let us now call for short the "Spring Creek Quail Club" would be roughly as follows:

1. A quail census to be made each year before the opening of the shooting season.
2. The annual kill to be fixed on the basis of the census, and never to exceed three-fourths of the census.
3. The annual kill to be equally allotted among the shooting members.
4. No covey to be shot below 5 birds.
5. The Club to elect a resident officer, who shall keep a journal in which each shooting member shall register his kill from time to time.
6. The resident officer to be responsible for winter feeding (feed to be purchased by Club), prevention of trespass, maintenance of signs, and enforcement of covey limit.
7. Each shooting member to put up a personal bond against any damage to livestock or property and to forfeit the same to cover any such damage as determined by the resident officer.
8. Maintenance of coverts and control of vermin as already specified.

WHAT WOULD THE PLAN COST?

We have already listed covert improvements and ground rental totalling $22.50 for the first year. Of this expense $15.00 would recur each year so let us put down:

	PER YEAR
Covert improvements and ground rentals	$15.00
Now add the proposed license which would be about	15.00
Plus a charge for upkeep and replacement of trespass signs, say	5.00
Plus rental for shooting rights to the non-shooting farmer of say	15.00
Plus winter feed	10.00
Plus a fee to the resident officer of say	15.00
Total expense per year	$75.00
Divide this among the five non-landowning members and each would pay per year	15.00

Now what would each shooting member get to shoot? Assuming the ultimate production of 14 covies or 210 birds, the annual kill would be three-fourths or 157 birds. With 9 shooting members, each would have an allotted kill of 17 birds each year. Not much to be sure, but enough to give the necessary incentive for a couple of days afield. With better or larger grounds, larger covies, or fewer shooting members the individual allotment might be much greater.

WOULD THE PLAN WORK?

As to the feasibility of increasing quail by providing cover, winter feed, and vermin-control, there is no doubt whatsoever. The "songbird list" states are producing quail up to their supply of cover and feed, and no more.

As to the feasibility of maintaining such an increase under regulated shooting there is no doubt whatsoever. Illinois, an "open" state, maintains just as many quail on the east bank of the Mississippi as similar cover maintains on the west bank in Iowa, where quail are on the "songbird list." I do not believe there is any movement of Iowa stock to the Illinois side.

The Plan would provide the farmer with shooting, a cash revenue, protection against vandalism, and the services of an increased stock of birds as weed and insect destroyers. That is more than he gets under a closed season.

The Plan would provide the city sportsmen with a little shooting. Now he has none.

The Plan would assure the bird-lover of an increased stock of quail, and incidentally the conservation of quail coverts would be a tremendous benefit to other song and insectivorous birds.

The Plan would increase the revenues and enlarge the responsibilities of the State Game Department. Some might object to giving these departments the powers necessary for the administration of the plan, on the ground that such powers might be used for political patronage or otherwise abused. The answer is that the best cure for incompetence in any public office is to thrust power and responsibility upon it.

One of the best features of the plan is its flexibility. It can be tried out on a small scale and improved with experience. Blanket game administration is out of date—no single rigid law can possibly fit the enormous variations in conditions that occur at various times and places in a given state.

Of course, the plan can not succeed without real work, but it provides the incentive for such work by giving the individual the benefit of his own efforts.

There is, of course, a certain kind of conservationist who weeps about the good old days and who expects good shooting to be restored without any effort on his part.

Every Waltonian is expected to bring one new member into his Chapter this fall.

The Grizzly King

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustration by Frank B. Hoffman

Here is the conclusion of a fine story by a great writer and outdoorsman whose activities in the world of the rod and gun have endeared him to as many as have the interesting yarns from his pen.

THAT night Langdon and Bruce made their new plans, while Metoosin sat aloof, smoking in stolid silence, and gazing now and then at Langdon as if he could not yet bring himself to the point of believing what had happened that afternoon. Thereafter through many moons Metoosin would never forget to relate to his children and his grandchildren and his friends of the tepee tribes how he had once hunted with a white man who had shot his own dogs to save the life of a grizzly bear. Langdon was no longer the same old Langdon to him, and after this hunt Metoosin knew that he would never hunt with him again. For Langdon was *keskwao* now. Something had gone wrong in his head. The Great Spirit had taken away his heart and had given it to a grizzly bear, and over his pipe Metoosin watched him cautiously. This suspicion was confirmed when he saw Bruce and Langdon making a cage out of a cowhide pannier and realized that the cub was to accompany them on their long journey. There was no doubt in his mind now. Langdon was "queer," and to an Indian that sort of queerness boded no good to man.

The next morning at sunrise the outfit was ready for its long trail into the northland. Bruce and Langdon led the way up the slope and over the divide into the valley where they had first encountered Thor, the train filing picturesquely behind them, with Metoosin bringing up the rear. In his cowhide pannier rode Muskwa.

Langdon was satisfied and happy.

"It was the best hunt of my life," he said to Bruce. "I'll never be sorry we let him live."

"You're the doctor," said Bruce rather irreverently. "If I had my way about it his hide would be back there on Dishpan. Almost any tourist down on the line of rail would jump for it at a hundred dollars."

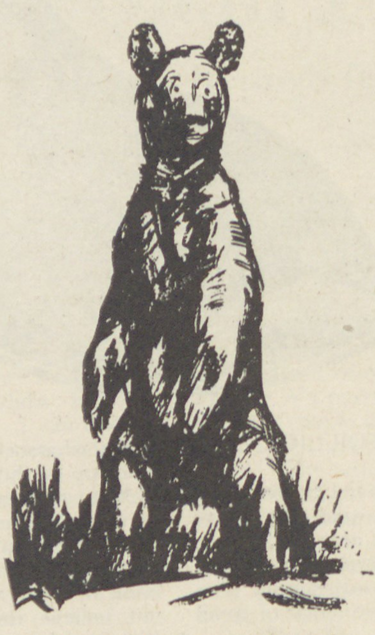
"He's worth several thousand to me alive," replied Langdon, with which enigmatic retort he dropped behind to see how Muskwa was riding.

The cub was rolling and pitching about in his pannier like a raw amateur in a howdah on an elephant's back, and after contemplating him for a few moments Langdon caught up with Bruce again.

Half a dozen times during the next two or three hours he visited Muskwa, and each time that he returned to Bruce he was quieter, as if debating something with himself.

It was nine o'clock when they came to what was undoubtedly the end of Thor's valley. A mountain rose up squarely in the face of it, and the stream they were following swung sharply to the westward into a narrow canyon. On the east rose a green and undulating slope up which the horses could easily travel, and which would take the outfit into a new valley in the direction of the Driftwood. This course Bruce decided to pursue.

Halfway up the slope they stopped to give the horses a breathing spell. In his cowhide prison Muskwa whimpered pleadingly. Langdon heard, but he seemed to pay no attention. He was looking steadily back into the valley. It was glorious in the morning sun. He could see the peaks under which lay the cool, dark lake in which Thor had fished; for miles the slopes were like green velvet, and there came to him as he looked the last droning music of Thor's world. It struck him in a curious way as a sort of anthem, a hymnal rejoicing that he was going, and that he was leaving things as they were before he came. And yet, *was* he leaving things as they had been? Did his ears not catch in that music of the mountains something of sadness, of grief, of plaintive prayer?



Muskwa stood erect and gazed directly into the eyes of Thor.

And again, close to him, Muskwa whimpered softly.

Then Langdon turned to Bruce.

"It's settled," he said, and his words had a decisive ring in them. "I've been trying to make up my mind all the morning, and it's made up now. You and Metoosin go on when the horses get their wind. I'm going to ride down there a mile or so and free the cub where he'll find his way back home!"

He did not wait for arguments or remarks, and Bruce made none. He took Muskwa in his arms and rode back into the south.

A mile up the valley Langdon came to a wide, open meadow dotted with clumps of spruce and willows and sweet with the perfume of flowers. Here he dismounted, and for ten minutes sat on the ground with Muskwa. From his pocket he drew forth a small paper bag and fed the cub its last sugar. A thick lump grew in his throat as Muskwa's soft little nose muzzled the palm of his hand, and when at last he jumped up and sprang into his saddle there was a mist in his eyes. He tried to laugh. Perhaps he was weak. But he loved Muskwa, and he knew that he was leaving more than a human friend in this mountain valley.

"Good-bye, old fellow," he said, and his voice was choking. "Good-bye, little Spitfire! Mebby some day I'll come back and see you, and you'll be a big, fierce bear — but I won't shoot — never — never——"

He rode fast into the north. Three hundred yards away he turned his head and looked back. Muskwa was following but losing ground. Langdon waved his hand.

"Good-bye!" he called through the lump in his throat. "Good-bye!"

Half an hour later he looked down from the top of the slope through his glasses. He saw Muskwa, a black dot. The cub had stopped, and was waiting confidently for him to return.

And trying to laugh again, but failing dismally, Langdon rode over the divide and out of Muskwa's life.

CHAPTER TWENTY

FOR a good half-mile Muskwa followed over the trail of Langdon. He ran at first; then he walked; finally he stopped entirely and sat down like a dog, facing the distant slope. Had Langdon been afoot he would not have halted until he was tired. But the cub had not liked his pannier prison. He had been tremendously jostled and bounced about, and twice the horse that carried him had shaken himself, and those shakings had been like earthquakes to Muskwa. He knew that the cage as well as Langdon was ahead of him. He sat for a time and whimpered wistfully, but he went no farther. He was sure that the friend he had grown to love would return after a little. He always came back. He had never failed him. So he began to hunt about for a spring beauty or a dog-tooth violet, and for some time he was careful not to stray very far away from where the outfit had passed.

All that day the cub remained in the flower-strewn meadows under the slope; it was very pleasant in the sunshine, and he found more than one patch of the bulbous roots he liked. He dug, and he filled himself, and he took a nap in the afternoon; but when the sun began to go down and the heavy shadows of the mountain darkened the valley he began to grow afraid.

He was still a very small baby of a cub, and only that one dreadful night after his mother had died had he spent entirely alone. Thor had replaced mother, and Langdon had taken the place of Thor, so that until now he had never felt the loneliness and emptiness of darkness. He crawled under a clump of thorn close to the trail, and continued to wait, and listen, and sniff expectantly. The stars came out clear and brilliant, but tonight their lure was not strong enough to call him forth. Not until dawn did he steal out cautiously from his shelter of thorn.

The sun gave him courage and confidence again and he began wandering back through the valley, the scent of the horse-trail growing fainter and fainter until at last it disappeared entirely. That day Muskwa ate some grass and a few dog-tooth violet roots, and when the second night came he was abreast of the slope over which the outfit had come from the valley in which were Thor and Iskwao. He was tired and hungry, and he was utterly lost.

That night he slept in the end of a hollow log. The next day he went on, and for many days and many nights after that he was alone in the big valley. He passed close to the pool where Thor and he had met the old bear, and he nosed hungrily among the fishbones; he skirted the edge of the dark, deep lake; he saw the shadowy things fluttering in the gloom of the forest again; he passed over the beaver dam, and he slept for two nights close to the log-jam from which he had watched Thor throw out their first fish. He was almost forgetting Langdon now, and was thinking more and more about Thor and his mother. He wanted them. He wanted them more than he had ever wanted the companionship of man, for Muskwa was fast becoming a creature of the wild again.

It was the beginning of August before the cub came to the break in the valley and climbed up over the slope where Thor had first heard the thunder and had first felt the sting of the white men's guns. In these two weeks Muskwa had grown rapidly, in spite of the fact that he often went to bed on an empty stomach; and he was no longer afraid of the dark. Through the deep, sunless canyon above the clay wallow he went, and as there was only one way out he came at last to the summit of the break over which Thor had gone, and over which Langdon and Bruce had followed in close pursuit. And the other valley — his home — lay under Muskwa.

Of course he did not recognize it. He saw and smelled in it nothing that was familiar. But it was such a beautiful valley, and so abundantly filled with plenty and sunshine, that he did not hurry through it. He found whole gardens of spring beauties and dog-tooth violets. And on the third day he made his first real kill. He almost stumbled over a baby whistler no larger than a red squirrel, and before the little creature could escape he was upon it. It made him a splendid feast.

It was fully a week before he passed along the creek-bottom close under the slope where his mother had died. If he had been travelling along the crest of the slope he would have found her bones, picked clean by the wild things. It was another week before he came to the little meadow where Thor had killed the bull caribou and the big black bear.

And now Muskwa knew that he was home!

For two days he did not travel two hundred yards from the scene of feast and battle, and night and day he was on the watch for Thor. Then he had to seek farther for food, but each afternoon when the mountains began to throw out long shadows he would return to the clump of trees in which they had made the cache that the black bear robber had despoiled.

One day he went farther than usual in his quest for roots. He was a good half-mile from the place he had made home, and he was sniffing about the end of a rock when a great shadow fell suddenly upon him. He looked up, and for a full half-minute he stood transfixed, his heart pounding and jumping as it had never pounded and jumped before in his life. Within five feet of him stood Thor! The big grizzly was as motionless as he, looking at him steadily. And then Muskwa gave a puppy-like whine of joy and ran forward. Thor lowered his huge head, and for another half-minute they stood without moving, with Thor's nose buried in the hair on Muskwa's back. After that Thor went up the slope as if the cub had never been lost at all, and Muskwa followed him happily.

Then came the berries, and Thor knew where they all grew low down in the valleys—first the wild red raspberries, then the soap berries, and after those the delicious black currants which grew in the cool depths of the forests and were almost as large as cherries and nearly as sweet as the sugar which Langdon had fed Muskwa. Muskwa liked the black currants best of all. They grew in thick, rich clusters; there were no leaves on the bushes that were loaded with them, and he could pick and eat a quart in five minutes.

But at last the time came when there were no berries. This was in October. The nights were very cold. On the peaks, the snow was growing deeper and deeper, and it never thawed now up near the skyline. Snow fell in the valley, too—at first just enough to make a white carpet that chilled Muskwa's feet, but it quickly disappeared. Raw winds began to come out of the north, and in place of the droning music of the valley in summertime there were now shrill wailings and screechings at night, and the trees made mournful sounds.

To Muskwa the whole world seemed changing. He wondered in these chill and dark days why Thor kept to the wind-swept slopes when he might have found shelter in the bottoms. And Thor, if he explained to him at all, told him that winter was very near, and that these slopes were their last feeding grounds. In the valleys the berries were gone; grass and roots alone were no longer nourishing enough for their bodies; they could no longer waste time in seeking ants and grubs; the fish were in deep water. It was the season when the caribou were keen-scented as foxes and swift as the wind. Only along the slopes lay the dinners they were sure of—famine-day dinners of whistlers and gophers. Thor dug for them now, and in this digging Muskwa helped as much as he could. More than once they turned out wagonloads of earth to get at the cozy winter sleeping quarters of a whistler family, and sometimes they dug for hours to capture three or four little gophers no larger than red squirrels, but lusciously fat.

Thus they lived through the last days of October into November. And now the snow and the cold winds and the fierce blizzards from the north came in earnest, and the ponds and lakes began to freeze over. Still Thor hung to the slopes, and Muskwa shivered with the cold at night and wondered if the sun was never going to shine again.

One day about the middle of November Thor stopped in the very act of digging out a family of whistlers, went straight down into the valley, and struck southward in a most businesslike way. They were ten miles from the clay-wallow canyon when they started, but so lively was the pace set by the big grizzly that they reached it before dark that same afternoon.

For two days after this Thor seemed to have no object in life at all. There was nothing in the canyon to eat, and he wandered about among the rocks, smelling and listening and deporting himself generally in a fashion that was altogether mystifying to Muskwa. In the afternoon of the second day Thor stopped in a clump of jackpines under which the ground was strewn with fallen needles. He began to eat these needles. They did not look good to Muskwa, but something told the cub that he should do as Thor was doing; so he licked them up and swallowed them, not knowing that it was nature's last preparation for his long sleep.

It was four o'clock when they came to the mouth of the deep cavern in which Thor was born, and here again Thor paused, sniffing up and down the wind, and waiting for nothing in particular.

It was growing dark. A wailing storm hung over the canyon. Biting winds swept down from the peaks, and the sky was black and full of snow.

For a minute the grizzly stood with his head and shoulders in the cavern door. Then he entered. Muskwa followed. Deep back they went through a pitch-black gloom, and it grew warmer and warmer, and the wailing of the wind died away until it was only a murmur.

It took Thor at least half an hour to arrange himself just as he wanted to sleep. Then Muskwa curled up beside him. The cub was very warm and very comfortable.

That night the storm raged, and the snow fell deep. It came up the canyon in clouds, and it drifted down through the canyon roof in still thicker clouds, and all the world was buried deep. When morning came there was no cavern door, there were no rocks, and no black and purple of tree and shrub. All was white and still, and there was no longer the droning music in the valley.

Deep back in the cavern Muskwa moved restlessly. Thor heaved a deep sigh. After that long and soundly they slept. And it may be that they dreamed.

Every Waltonian is expected to bring one new member into his Chapter this fall.

When Game Was Tame

The Hunting Story Contest

Edited by M. L. GOCHENOUR

The Promised Land

By
WILLIAM A. WYATT

At last a turkey hunter has come to the fore. There is a wealth of turkey stories reposing behind the cobwebs of lassitude that befogs the memory of too many nimrod Waltonians. Brother Wyatt of Charleston, Missouri, should stir up the hunters of our greatest American game bird from Arizona to Virginia. Try it, fellows, and you will write me about the delightful thrill you get from rummaging about the attic of your recollection of better days—dragging forth memory after memory that we all need reproduced here! The effort will make you better Dads and Grandads—and better Waltonians. The contest has only another month to run.

M. L. G.

"Oh Boy!"

OUR little city, although the finest and best town on earth, is, after all, a country town and the B. & O. drug store is the gathering place for a few red-blooded men who love the silent places of the great out-of-doors. More game has been bagged and more fish caught around this favored spot than ever roamed the woods or lurked in the shady pools.

On a dull day, many summers ago, a few of us were sitting on our favorite bench in front of our drug store rendezvous, when, naturally, the conversation drifted around to "Our Annual Camp Hunt."

Our last hunt had been a sore disappointment to most of us, due to the fact that much of the woods had been deadened and some of it cleared and planted in great fields of corn. The conclave decided to seek a new and more remote location for our next hunt. After consideration of various sites, a committee of three was appointed to investigate the Pinhook country—a large body of virgin forest in the southern part of our county. Owing to the natural barriers of sloughs, ponds and cypress swamps, this region had been inaccessible to any sort of a vehicle during the winter months. Recently, a dredge had dug a ditch through the cypress to Ten Mile pond and had placed the dirt on one side, forming a road (or that's what they called it).

During the following week, our committee made the investigating trip and came home with a nice bag of squirrels and much enthusiasm about the country. They reported squirrels in abundance, turkey sign aplenty and raved over the beauty of the virgin woods with its great trees.

We called a meeting of the old crowd and Mr. B., by virtue of being the eldest active member, was made Captain for the trip. He promptly assigned to each member of the party some special duty and preparations developed rapidly. There were three months to wait and plan. Oh, the joy of planning for a real hunting trip! Say, Brother—did you ever?—then you know what I mean—that the anticipation is about half the fun of a hunt.

Our open season on turkey started the first Monday in November. That day dawned cold and clear. Willing hands soon had the wagon loaded and we were on our way. Mr. S., who owned the team, the Judge and the cook were elected to ride on the wagon and the rest of the bunch followed in a livery stable hack. The first twelve miles of the journey to the road over the ditch camp, were negotiated without incident. There were two miles of this and such a road as it was—about half frozen and as slick as soap where the sun had thawed. It required all hands and the cook to keep the wagon from sliding into the ditch, but we finally made it safely to high ground and then drove five miles down a ridge into the big woods and made camp.

First in order, we drove a well. In about twenty minutes we had a fine stream of good water. Next we proceeded to put up the camp. This done, the cook and her assistant were ordered to get dinner and about 3:30 P. M. we sat down to a much needed meal of bacon, eggs, fried potatoes and good old black coffee.

By 4:30 the artillery was assembled. Mr. S. dragged out of his bed roll an old gunny sack wrapped around something, which proved to be an enormous shotgun weighing twelve pounds, of 10-gauge and from another part of his duffle bag he extracted a box of shells loaded with black powder. There were volunteers to help carry this cannon, but he came back good naturedly, that he would be in when the game was counted. Sure enough! We had left camp scarcely twenty minutes, when we heard an awful roar. Mr. S. had killed his first turkey and drawn first blood on the hunt. Before sundown he had killed another one. At dark, the last of the hunters came straggling in and we had plenty of squirrels for several days' rations, and two turkeys.

Supper was served by lantern light and you would have thought some of those fellows never had a square meal by the amount of fried squirrel, gravy, biscuits, etc., that they managed to stow away. Stomachs filled, the old jimmy pipes were lighted around the stove in the big tent. We heard just how Mr. S. killed his turkeys, and each hunter related the turkey sign he had seen. There were some quaint tales by the Judge from his inexhaustible supply. Little sleep in camp the first night!

Tuesday A. M. about 4:30 the cook gave the get-ready-for-breakfast-call. After much yawning and rubbing of stiff joints, everybody was up, dressed and out to the pump, where, after breaking the ice on the water bucket, we washed the sleep out of our eyes. A breakfast of bacon, eggs, flap-jacks and maple syrup, with plenty of good strong black coffee and we were ready for the hike to the turkey ranges. This was to be exclusively a turkey hunt, as owing to the amount of fresh meat in camp, Capt. B. had declared a ban on squirrels for Tuesday.

There was no sign of daybreak as we left the camp. The air was clear and still, with a tang of frost. The stars seemed to be almost down to the tree-tops and I shall never forget the wondrous beauty of the woods as the sun rose on this beautiful morning, melting the frost on the gorgeously colored leaves. The squirrels were up and busy—they seemed to be everywhere—jumping from tree to tree and barking at us from all directions.

After waiting an hour or so in our blind, Pedunk and I decided we would have a look at Durinda Pond, returning to camp in a roundabout way. Just after leaving Durinda, we met Capt. B. and while walking back toward camp, we saw a turkey flying through the woods.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 54]

Outdoor America

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

National Headquarters

every citizen and when such Chapters appeal to the member of their legislature or to their District Congressman their wishes are law.

In the December issue of our magazine this League will have an article devoted to county rod and gun clubs and what happened when these organizations enlisted in this National Organization, and it will show that instead of principally being conservationists for "my county," as were these old time organizations, they became forceful conservationists for "my county" and for "my state" and "my United States." This article should be revealing to all such organizations who have

The Waltonian Nook—News of Our Chapters

HOW is your chapter coming along with the membership drive?

One chapter, ten days after receiving word of the drive, tripled the quota assigned to it. At least fifty have doubled their quotas and a splendid list is being compiled of the chapters where the quota has been filled.

However, there are some chapters where the quota has not been filled and there are a few where no efforts have been made to secure new members. There are very few in the latter class and doubtless the first of November will show every chapter in the League with at least as many new members as the assigned quota calls for.

IF YOUR CHAPTER HAS NOT REACHED ITS QUOTA PLEASE DO IT NOW

A GOOD LETTER

The following letter was sent to members of Chicago Chapter who were in arrears for August annual dues:

Sept., 1924.

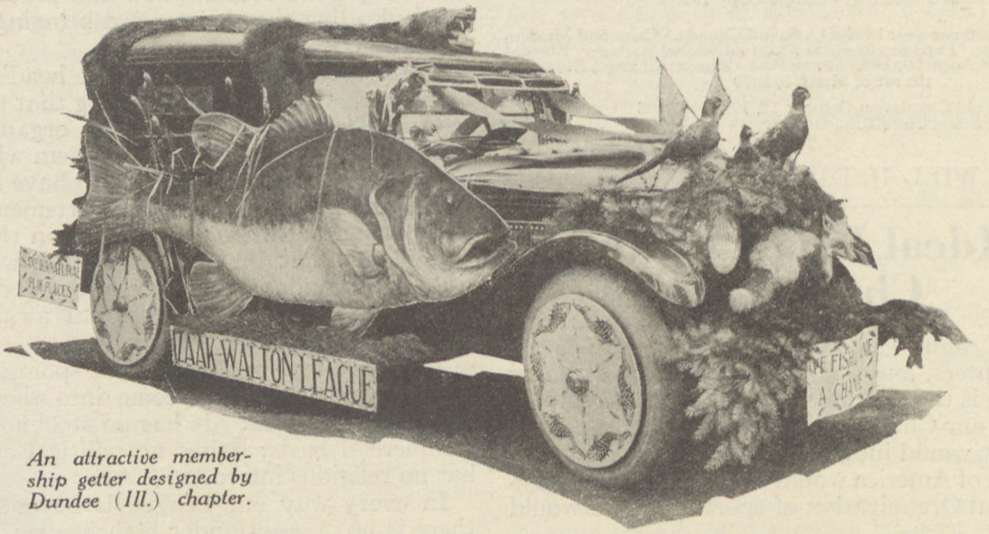
Dear Brother Ike:

It was at Star Island — date immaterial — after a barren day upon the Flats, I was pulling toward the hotel, when my fishing partner afar off, making a megaphone of his cupped hands, shouted "Whoo-hoo! better stick!"—but I pulled in. An hour later he displayed to an admiring group in front of the hotel four small-mouthed bass—one like the other—aggregate weight sixteen pounds!

That lesson I took to heart. Since then I consider well before going into anything, but once in, *I stick.*

Not much doing in Chapter matters during July, August and September. If the entire chapter year were so uneventful as the summer months, I should be inclined to ask "Why is a Waltonian?" and pull out for the shore—*but* from golden October to leafy June there will be a meeting of live wires every month—with dinners, speeches and moving pictures of the Great Outdoors—*and I stick.*

The fishing season of nineteen twenty-four is receding into the shadowy past, leaving only the high places aglow with the westering sun of memory—the days of "Good luck and a tight line" are almost over for the year and the evenings are drawing near when the Brotherhood of the Outdoors foregather with mine host of the Morrison to open up the Clearing House for Good Stories of experiences in the good old summer time. Fred Peet has been salmon fishing in Canada, Bill Dilg chasing cut-throats and rainbows up and down the Rockies, George Scott playing the host and trout at Coleman Lake, Jim Heyworth astonishing the unsophisticated bass of Georgian Bay, Charley Antoine "stepping on her" all the way to the St. Croix and back, Charley Folds filling his capacious basket with two-pound speckled on the Wolf, Ed Taylor losing Number Twelves on gossamer leaders in the Soo Rapids, Bob Becker carrying the gospel of W. G. N. (worms good 'nuff) to the wigglers of Wisconsin, Judge Dickinson accumulating material for more reminiscing, and old Doc Morlan kissing the Blarney stone with one hand and playing the big brown trout of Killarney with the other. All this is yours, as well as my own fish story in November OUTDOOR AMERICA—*if you stick.*



An attractive membership getter designed by Dundee (Ill.) chapter.

We are not just a bunch of fishermen—fishing is merely on the side. Whether you fish or do not fish, you want our—*your*—lakes and streams purified, the waste lands reforested, indiscriminate drainage for dollar grabbing stopped, sanctuaries for fish, birds and water fowl established, and a halt called upon unthinking guests in Nature's garden who leave ugly scars upon her face. If you want to be identified with an organization that is *doing things*, if you want to help save what is left of Outdoor America —*you will stick.*

Chicago Chapter now has 1,542 active members—*counting you*—and we are *counting on you* to send in your $5.00 for a year's dues from August 1st, including eight monthly meetings and entertainment, *and* OUTDOOR AMERICA for one year. You will find that you never made a better investment—*if you stick.*

If you want to do your best friend a favor, ask him to sign the enclosed application blank for membership. He will thank you for it and so will

Very truly yours,
THOMAS AMBROSE,
Secretary, Chicago Chap.

Chicago Chapter resumes meetings in October. The officers are: James O. Heyworth, President; George R. Skinner, Vice-president; Fred N. Peet, Treasurer; Thomas Ambrose, Secretary.

At Neosho, Mo., Mr. W. W. Davis of the Davis Cigar Company has produced the Izaak Walton Cigar, made in several sizes and of quality in keeping with the name and the organization. A description of the cigars will be found in the advertising columns.

Announcement has been made at Ainsworth, Nebraska, that a moving picture is being sponsored by the Izaak Walton League chapter of that city showing a rafting trip down the Snake River. The trip covers 100 miles, ninety per cent being through canyons with immediate walls of rock averaging 600 feet from top to the water's surface. The picture is being made by the Union Pacific.

Minnesota

Considerable alarm is being raised over the reports that partridges are becoming scarce on account of the ravages of disease, and the Twin Harbors, Minn., chapter of the Izaak Walton League is asking sportsmen and citizens to assist in confirming or disproving the rumor. The chapter, which has been against the proposal to close the season on partridges, will reverse its attitude on the subject and ask the governor to use his prerogative in case it is found that disease is making inroads on the supply of game birds.

Any information available will be received gratefully by either M. O. Roberts or R. E. Hastings, and any person who finds dead birds should bring them in if in a fit condition so that they can be sent to the state headquarters for an examination.

Have you one of the new national windshield stickers on your car? Ask your secretary.

Big Chapters make a big Izaak Walton League—are you helping?

The Proposed Mena National Park

By K. E. MERREN

UP in the Ouachita Mountains, the one time home and happy land of Quapaw, Osage and Ouachita Indians, is the pleasant country of mountains—ridge on ridge—known to poesy as the "Land of the Ouachitas." Here, seven decades ago, there were resort places, built about one or another of the many health-giving springs of the region, where the people from the lowlands of south and east Texas, southern Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi would go to drink the waters, to bathe therein and thereby regain health, sapped too often by the then prevalent malaria. In this country of mountain ridges, of primeval forest and beautiful, swift flowing streams, the national government is being asked to establish and maintain a national park.

Sponsored by Mena Chapter, Izaak Walton League of America, there was introduced in the Congress, in June of this year, a bill for this purpose. Being near the end of the session there was no action taken, but it is the purpose of the sponsors to carry their fight through the next session, and the next, if necessary, in order that the plan may be consummated.

A Natural Preserve.

The area embraced in the proposed Mena National Park comprises approximately 160,000 acres in the counties of Polk and Montgomery on the western border of the State of Arkansas, about halfway between the State of Missouri on the north and the State of Texas on the south. Starting at a point about three miles from the town of Mena and extending in a southeasterly direction, the proposed park takes in most that is exceptional in the scenery in the Little Missouri group of mountains. A map of the area would bear a close resemblance to that of the Island of Porto Rico, since it is thirty-five miles long with a width of from ten to eleven miles.

In the Little Missouri group of the Ouachita Mountains there are seven peaks of more than ordinary importance in scenery, Missouri, the highest of the group, taking the group name; then follow, in order of their importance, Cotton-Plant, Wehunt, Hurricane, State House, Sugar Tree and Round Top. From the Missouri the water flows in four directions: to the south into Crooked Creek and the Little Missouri River; to the west into Mine Creek and the Cossatot; to the north into Big Fork and Board Camp into the Ouachita River and to the east into the Caddo River.

Here only a few years ago roamed great numbers of deer and turkey; here also were large numbers of bear and fox, and a little further to the east of the Ouachita River there were, within the memory of men not yet grown old, great numbers of beaver. There are still deer enough for seed, if properly protected; turkeys, too, are here in sufficient numbers for propagation, while bob cats are still abundant. Quail are here in great numbers, this being the one exception in either fish or game in this part of the State of Arkansas. Beavers are extinct, absolutely exterminated; racoon and opossum may be found along the water courses.

Under present arrangements the State Fish and Game Commission is absolutely unable to protect this area. There is a limit set by law to the number of game wardens which the commission may employ, and, in this section of the state, the game warden, who is both energetic and capable, has assigned to him a stretch of territory large enough for a state within itself. Be it known that this area is now owned by the government; is, in fact, a part of the public domain, with which the government may do as it sees fit without let or hindrance, but the government has always maintained that fish and game are state resources and, therefore, does not assume authority in connection therewith. However, this would not apply if it were made into a national park; it would then automatically become a fish and game sanctuary.

The streams abound in fish of all the varieties known to such a section. Perhaps it may be said that this is the last stand of the game and toothsome small-mouth black bass. Large-mouth bass have also until recently been abundant in the more quiet pools, as well as many of the perches. In the recent past there have been great inroads made on the basses by illegal methods. High-powered rifles are used, the streams being so clear as to make of the fish easy targets for the rifleman. To this method may be ascribed the noticeable diminution of the basses in the past few years. Dynamiting is also resorted to, as well as the poisoning of waters. Above the falls of the Little Missouri and those of Crooked Creek, the mountain trout, if stocked, would thrive and multiply abundantly, there being no natural enemies to prey upon them, even the basses being unable to get above the falls. The water is not only clear and cool, but swift flowing, there being a fall on these streams of four hundred feet to the mile, and broken in their course by many small cascades and water falls.

Nowhere perhaps in North America can there be found so great a variety of forest trees and wild flowers, the forests over a large part of this area, as already has been stated, being a virgin growth and belonging both to the deciduous and non-deciduous families. On the heights may be found cedar, mountain laurel, rhododendrons, locust, cucumber (*magnolia acuminata*), hickory, red oak and white oak. Lower down, the pin oak, black jack oak, chinquapin, together with giant pine, elm and beech. Along the water courses, cotton wood, sycamore, water oak, gum and dogwood, while the banks of the streams are lined with alders, which grow in great profusion. Says Prof. Samuel J. Record,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]

Iowa Prairie Chickens

Hunting Story Contest

By E. T. GRETHER

The President of our State Capital Chapter at Jefferson City, Missouri, has contributed an early Iowa reminiscence of the prairie chicken and wood duck days of plenty. Our contributor is responsible for most of the conservation legislation in his home state, including the new fur law.

M. L. G.

JIM REA and I were school mates so long ago that I can hardly appreciate the reality of the transformation today, when I drive along the modern streets of St. Louis and, just west of Grand Avenue and Olive Street and east of Vandeventer Avenue, I stop to look at stately business buildings erected on the very spot where I first began to enjoy the excitement of shooting plover and jack-snipe that, when we were boys, resorted there during their migration as they likewise did at other similar nearby ponds bordered by marshy places and some water foliage. Jim and I both inherited our hunting proclivities from our parents, who were financially able to indulge in rod and gun sports and relax from business cares long enough each year to take both families for an extended summer vacation at northern resorts which were then famous for their piscatorial attractions and cool temperature during summer and early fall seasons.

One fall we visited Spirit Lake, Iowa, with some people who guaranteed us fine meals, a good new hotel and good fishing. The season was growing late and soon the hotel guests were departing for their homes. Our families also decided to leave, but Jim and I begged to be allowed to remain and do some hunting. We obtained lodging at a farm house across the lake. Near us was a summer cabin, unoccupied, until a party of ten hunters arrived to hunt prairie chicken. Jim and I had shot a few chickens "on the wing" but we were poor shots, though we killed more than we could use. We agreed not to be game hogs, so we gave them away to railroad men at the little platform station, and they allowed us to ride on the train "free" up and down the road in exchange for prairie chickens, wood ducks and fish. We bought a "dog" from a farmer, who had a big family in addition to the dog, rented the farmer's wagon and hired one of his boys to drive the team. We paid five dollars for the dog from dire necessity, after he had nearly crippled a setter that Jim borrowed from a railroad conductor for one of our first trips. The boy and team cost us seventy-five cents per day. The farmer's dog was named "Hecto." We changed it to "Hector," the son of Priam and Hecuba, the most valiant of the Trojans, because we wanted him to have a pedigree in keeping with his fighting proclivities. Hector's long hair was turned the wrong way but his tail had two turns, one upward and one sideways. He was tall, lanky, had a head like a collie, and had an uncanny nose for chickens. He was a great ranger, would throw his nose up and make a bee line plumb out of sight. When located, he was usually standing a bunch of chickens. If we flushed and missed the birds Hector would sit down in disgust and scratch fleas, but if we killed a bird he would retrieve it and defy us to take it from him. Jim's borrowed setter pup tried it, and was badly crippled by Hector, but we got the chicken that time.

In due time, Jim, "Willie," our farmer boy, Hector and I grew better acquainted. With practice, Jim and I became rather good at "gun pointing," as Willie called it. We began to lay wagers on how many straight kills we could make on the rise. No one was allowed to shoot at any young birds, which invariably remained hidden in the grass, rather than trust their safety to flight when the older birds took wing. We soon observed the birds were congregating in great covies, when the weather began to get cool, and the morning air was crispy. All of the covey would flush at once, and how they would fly!—like the proverbial "chain of greased lightnin'." We found it necessary to use a little more powder (FFG) and less shot (6's) and we bought "sure enough wads," dispensing with newspaper wadding, then we decided we needed two wads over the powder and newspaper over the shot. Our guns had been shipped to us from home after our parents returned. We knew about what our arms would do with any kind of load, because we had experimented much at home, shooting at old books, to see how many pages we could drive the shot through. We also tried various brands and sizes of powder and shot. We had advertising matter from every gun house that issued a free catalogue and advertised in "Forest and Stream" or the "Chicago Field," now the "American Field." These we regarded as sacred publications to be kept as treasures, piled away in our den along with catalogues, that we might know what to buy some day "when we got rich." There were breech-loaders for sale, but most "experienced hunters" agreed they would never be a success. Jim had an eleven bore, stub and twist gun, made by Old Man Dimmick, and I had a fourteen-bore gun with laminated 34-inch steel barrels, Harry Goodman. We tried "Dittmar" smokeless powder, but without much success. Sometimes it was strong enough to make blue spots on your shoulder and other times too weak to kill. Our sport papers were full of tables giving the results of experiments by sportsmen. We soon got the habit.

In the midst of our glory the prairie chicken hunters arrived and occupied Spirit Lake cabin. They had everything that could be desired by a hunter: pedigreed dogs; Webley, Scott, Purdy and W. W. Greener breech-loaders, hunting clothes, laced boots and great quantities of shells, ready loaded, the shot-wad marked with a rubber stamp, liquid refreshments galore and cigars wrapped in tinfoil. These fellows "picked sides," five men to a team, each with a captain. They hired two wagons at five dollars per day each, including that of our farmer friend. Each team wagered $250.00 as to which would kill the more chickens. At first they deposited their game in the wagons, but that became too much trouble, so they just pulled the heads off the birds, to keep for the score, and threw away the bodies, which were heavy to carry as the weather was warm.

No longer could we hire our horses and wagon for seventy-five cents a day. The farmer demanded a dollar a day from each of us, and we quit camp. Our chickens and wood ducks were boxed separately and expressed home. We returned Hector to Willie, but we never heard from either of them. "Perhaps neither Willie nor his dad knew how to write, and Hector couldn't," explained Jim, who has long since passed to the Happy Hunting Ground.

Do Not Fail to Read the Christmas Issue of Outdoor America

It will contain stories by Gene Stratton-Porter, Zane Grey, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Dr. George Parker Holden, Ben East, El Comancho, Donald Hough, and will be illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull, Earl H. Reed, Frank Stick, C. Otis Wilson, Leonard J. Cronin, Everett E. Lowry

The Exact Status of the League's Upper Mississippi Bill

(Continued from page 41)

include those parts of the Mississippi River bottoms between Rock Island, Illinois, and Wabasha, Minnesota, which are most valuable for such purposes, and which the Secretary of Agriculture is authorized and directed to acquire by purchase, gift or lease. The Act requires that *no area shall be purchased for this purpose, however, until the Legislature of the State in which it is situated has consented to its acquisition by the United States for the purpose of the refuge.*

The Act authorizes an appropriation of one million, five hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of the areas and fifty thousand dollars for administrative purposes, twenty-five thousand dollars of the latter sum to be expended by the Secretary of Agriculture and twenty-five thousand dollars by the Secretary of Commerce. These officials are authorized to make suitable regulations governing hunting and fishing within the areas acquired.

"It may be stated here that the Biological Survey and the Bureau of Fisheries which will have the administration of the refuge *both favor a liberal use of the area by the public, including a reasonable amount of hunting and fishing.* This refuge is much needed at the present time and the wisdom of its establishment will become more and more apparent year by year."

Some day, my brother Waltonians, it will dawn on those sportsmen who have failed to push forward the work of this League that they have stood in their own light and failed to see and know opportunity when it knocked at their doors.

The battle of this League to save the remnants of our out-of-doorland for ourselves and our children and our children's children is your battle and no one else will be to blame but yourselves if you do not answer the call of duty. Oh yes, we know there are those who are paid for blindness. There are those who sneer at the principled sportsman who is awake and who would awaken America in time so that we of this generation may not warrant the odium of coming generations.

This is no time to stand idly by and blindly see the crucifixion of America's out-of-doors. The havoc and ruin taking place at this hour is beyond the power of the human mind to describe and should the genius arrive who could present the facts so that all might understand there would follow an awakening so dynamic that it would be difficult to hold public opinion within normal bounds in this country.

We have arrived at a state where outdoor America can serve us only by living. It can serve us only by creating life, health, energy.

We have arrived at the turn of the road where it does not matter what a few men gain when humanity as a whole loses so cruelly by the transaction.

What does matter, beyond all calculation, is that the woods, the waters and the wild life are giving us things we cannot buy with mere money. And so long as we possess the blessings of the God of Nature we will continue to be a nation of character and decent manhood — and woman-hood — when we lose this gift

(Continued on page 53)

The North Western Limited
A SMART TRAIN

All-New • All-Steel
Equipment
to ST. PAUL
MINNEAPOLIS

CHICAGO NORTH WESTERN LINE

THE NORTH WESTERN LIMITED has been provided with all new all-steel equipment throughout.

Bright and new, spic and span—every improvement known in modern Pullman car construction is incorporated in this new equipment.

Added comforts—many innovations—the same dependable, on-time schedule.

6:30 p.m. Lv. Chicago Ar. 8:59 a.m.
9:00 p.m. " Milwaukee " 6:20 a.m.
7:05 a.m. Ar. St. Paul Lv. 9:00 p.m.
7:40 a.m. " Minneapolis " 8:20 p.m.

Observation sleeping car, compartment drawing-room and enclosed section sleeping cars, buffet-club-lounge car and free reclining chair car.

Excellent table d'hote dinner, with the season's delicacies, awaits you in the dining car —ready to serve before the train starts.

6 Other Trains

daily between Chicago and the Twin Cities:

Fast Mail . . . 2:01 a. m.
The Viking . . . 10:25 a. m.
North American . 10.00 p. m.

The same excellent service returning.

For full information ask any ticket agent or address

Chicago Passenger Terminal

C. A. CAIRNS,
Passenger Traffic Manager
Chicago & North Western Ry.
226 W. Jackson St.
Chicago, Ill.

942

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE
Vice-President of the I. W. L. A.

The Sea and the Jungle, by H. M. Tomlinson, 371 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price $3.00

I am in doubt what to do about this book; whether to write a short and necessarily inadequate review, keep the entire contents for my sole delectation, or from time to time dole out some of the scintillating high lights of the narrative in unpruned fragments as something it were presumptuous to attempt to condense, too near akin to the practice of the author's Indians of the Amazonian forests who are wont to compress and preserve as trophies the heads of their slain enemies.

The author had a friend who was skipper of a stanch 3000 ton tramp steamer which he was taking on an experimental voyage from Swansea across the Atlantic and through the tropical forests of the Amazon. "He was going to Para, and thence up the main stream as far as Manaos, and would then attempt to reach a point on the Madeira river near Bolivia, 800 miles above its junction with the greater river. They would see Obydos and Santarem, and the foliage would brush their rigging at times, so narrow would be the way, and where they anchored at night the jaguars would come to drink. As I listened my pipe went out."

The vessel carried a cargo of Welsh coal for the builders of the new railway from the head of navigation across the Andes to the Pacific slope.

The tempter prevailed and our author shipped as honorary purser at a shilling a month. He kept a diary of his voyage, in such wonderful imagery of words that the most trivial happenings take on the pigments of paramount interest and importance.

The voyage from the wintery north Atlantic to the Tropics, passes in review like a cinema. "It was December but by luck we found a halcyon morning which had got lost in the year's procession." "A light far away rising and falling like a soaring but tethered star." "Flying fish would get up, just under us, to go skimming off, flights of silver locusts." "The dolphin was gold when it came aboard, and darkened to ultra marine as it thrashed the deck, and its broad dorsal fin showed violet eyes; its body changed to a pale metallic green; and then its light went out."

"Para, a flat congestion of white buildings and red roofs in the sun. The villas are in heliotrope, primrose, azure and rose-bowered in extravagant arbours of papaws, mangoes, bananas and palms, with shrubberies beneath of feathery mimosas, and cassias with orange and crimson blooms; fireflies in the scented dusk of gardens, and mystery—every outlook disappearing in the dark of the Unknown. It stands by the only entrance to what is now the greatest region of virgin tropics left in the world."

They were more than a week from Para before making a landing, then, "a number of women were bathing below, their figures were full, lissom and rounded, and looked as proper with their brown and satiny limbs as a herd of deer—Here was primitive man as at the beginning and I saw with a new respect from what a splendid creature we are derived."

"In the forest the night comes quickly, the swoop and overspread of black wings. There is a strange quiet in which the whispering of your fellows is but the rustling of their thoughts in an illimitable and inviolate silence. Then, almost imperceptibly the frogs begin their nightlong din. There are ululations, wells of mellow sound bubbling to overflow in the dark and they multiply and unite until the night trembles in the powerful beat of a rhythmic clangor; it might be the life of the forest, immobile and silent all day, now released and beating upwards in deafening paroxysms."

If you like that kind of descriptive writing you will have to buy The Sea and the Jungle, for the author seems to have written but a single book.

"To fish in the Madeira was as if one's hook and line were cast into the deep where forms that are without name stir in the dark of dreams. There was a story of a fish in armor such as is pictured in a book on primeval rocks, alligators too, and the sucuruju, the great water serpent one of which I saw, after it was killed, which was twenty-two feet long, and three feet round its middle."

During the long and tedious process of unloading, our author, convoyed by an American mining engineer, explored the railroad to the jumping off place, then on mule back to the end of the trail, and returned by motorboat down the rapids and through the Caldron of Hell to the steamer at San Antonio.

Their cargo of coals finally discharged, the vessel dropped back down the river, through the Caribbean to Tampa whence our author took train to New York and steamer to England, London: "The train stopped, a flushed youngster ran to meet him—he caught The Boy and held him up—Here again was the center of the world."

Angling Adventures of an Artist, by John Shirley-Fox, Illustrated, 162 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price $4.00

A collection of twenty-three angling stories with eight full page pencil drawings and a pen and ink headpiece to each story.

The author is English and quotes H. T. Sheringham of the Field, as saying that there were no bad fishing stories—some were better than others but he loved and read them all! Indeed the book is not unlike Mr. Sheringham's Morals and Memories.

A few extracts will show the author's style and his happy way of looking at the mishaps that come to all.

"Far more frequent than the unexpected captures are the losses of fish which were to all appearances as good as in the bag—these are the hazards of the game, and can be borne with fortitude, especially when it is another man's fish that gets away."

"There are, I know, many anglers who, like myself, derive their enjoyment not so much from results as from the delightful surroundings associated with our favorite pursuit."

"Although the fish was lost the recollection of the whole adventure is a glorious memory that the passing of years can never dim. I can close my eyes and see as clearly as ever the golden meadows and the May-flies dancing in the sun, and hear the ripple of the water and the cuckoos calling from the hawthorn bushes, and while such memories last, clear cut and vivid in the mind, whatever material losses we may suffer, we still have left treasures which cannot be taken from us, and which still remain a joy to recall."

A very enjoyable book well printed on good paper, well illustrated, and with a smart looking cover. Just the book for a present to an angling friend. Better make a note of it, for Christmas will soon be here.

Wild Bird Guests and How to Entertain Them, by Ernest Harold Baynes, with a preface by Theodore Roosevelt, illustrated, 326 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price $2.00.

A book of valuable information concerning our little friends, the birds, with special reference to the work of the Meriden, N. H., bird club. It gives directions for forming clubs for bird protection and how to attract, house, and feed the little guests. The great economic value of birds is emphasized, and it is matter of surprise that every owner of a country home does not establish a colony of feathered songsters from pure selfishness, if for no better reason, for according to our author "The pair of phoebes on our piazza, with two pairs of tree swallows, which nest in boxes in the garden, and a pair of barn swallows in the barn, keep our house practically free from flies and mosquitoes all Summer long."

With the assistance of his readers, the author hopes to spread a network of bird clubs over the United States—a happy solution of the problem of American wild bird conservation.

Good Times in the Woods, by D. Lange with illustrations by H. D. Williams, cloth, 223 pages. Newson & Co., Publishers.

A Boy Scout book detailing the experiences of Bob and Shorty in the open—with useful lessons in nature study and in woodcraft.

Books for review in Outdoor America may be sent direct to Thomas Ambrose, 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago.

The Exact Status of the League's Upper Mississippi Bill

(Continued from page 51)

America will lose its high purpose and will no longer stand at the head of the human race.

The forested bottom lands of the Upper Mississippi, if drained as was contemplated, would have been the spoil of only a few men, gained at the expense of every man and woman, boy and girl, of today and of the generations yet to come. The statement that a few would have been financially benefited at the expense of all Americans is by no means overdrawn. The people of our eastern coast and of our western coast may at first thought think themselves far removed from the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois, but when they fully realize that it was not only the drainage of this bit of concentrated outdoors which this League has saved forever, but also the policy of all other similar projects as determined by this one, then the truth sinks home—then we all understand and know why this great Republic needs the Izaak Walton League of America.

When the time comes we will, with confidence, ask our hundreds of Chapters within the four states along whose borders runs the Upper Mississippi to see that the members of their legislatures consent to the territory covered by our bill becoming the property of the United States. And we know our Chapters will respond as magnificently as they have responded to every call coming from headquarters.

The writing of the good news contained in this statement of facts has been a great pleasure to me, but, my brother Waltonians, let me close with an attempt I made to describe the Upper Mississippi country in the July issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA of 1923 (written before our bill became a law). It reads:

"Boys, oh boys, oh boys, how I wish I possessed the genius to properly describe this wonderful Upper Mississippi country and the paradise it is for the fisherman and hunter. God never made anything more beautiful. He made it, my brothers, for men like you and me. He intended it to be just what it is—a playground for His children forever and now the nickel and dime chasers would drain off all those running waters—those ponds and lakes and all those scores of little rivers. Think of the most beautiful lowlands your mind can picture. Dream of every kind of wild swamp flower, including the lotus beds, and don't forget the wild rice fields and the waving swamp grasses billowing in the breezes. Think of the rushes and the willows and the water trees and the wild grape vines, and above all the birds—not forgetting the black birds with their soft flute-like wake-up notes as morning breaks. But what's the use, if you love a swamp just as does every hunter and fisherman ever born, then you know just what I mean—one can *feel* such places as is the Upper Mississippi country, but one can't describe them. Even as no man has ever been able to adequately picture the Grand Canyon in words so no man can describe the Upper Mississippi country."

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Copyright, 1924, Hart Schaffner & Marx

THE CONSERVATIONIST

THE REAL sportsman works for conservation because he believes in it He hates waste of resources; public or personal

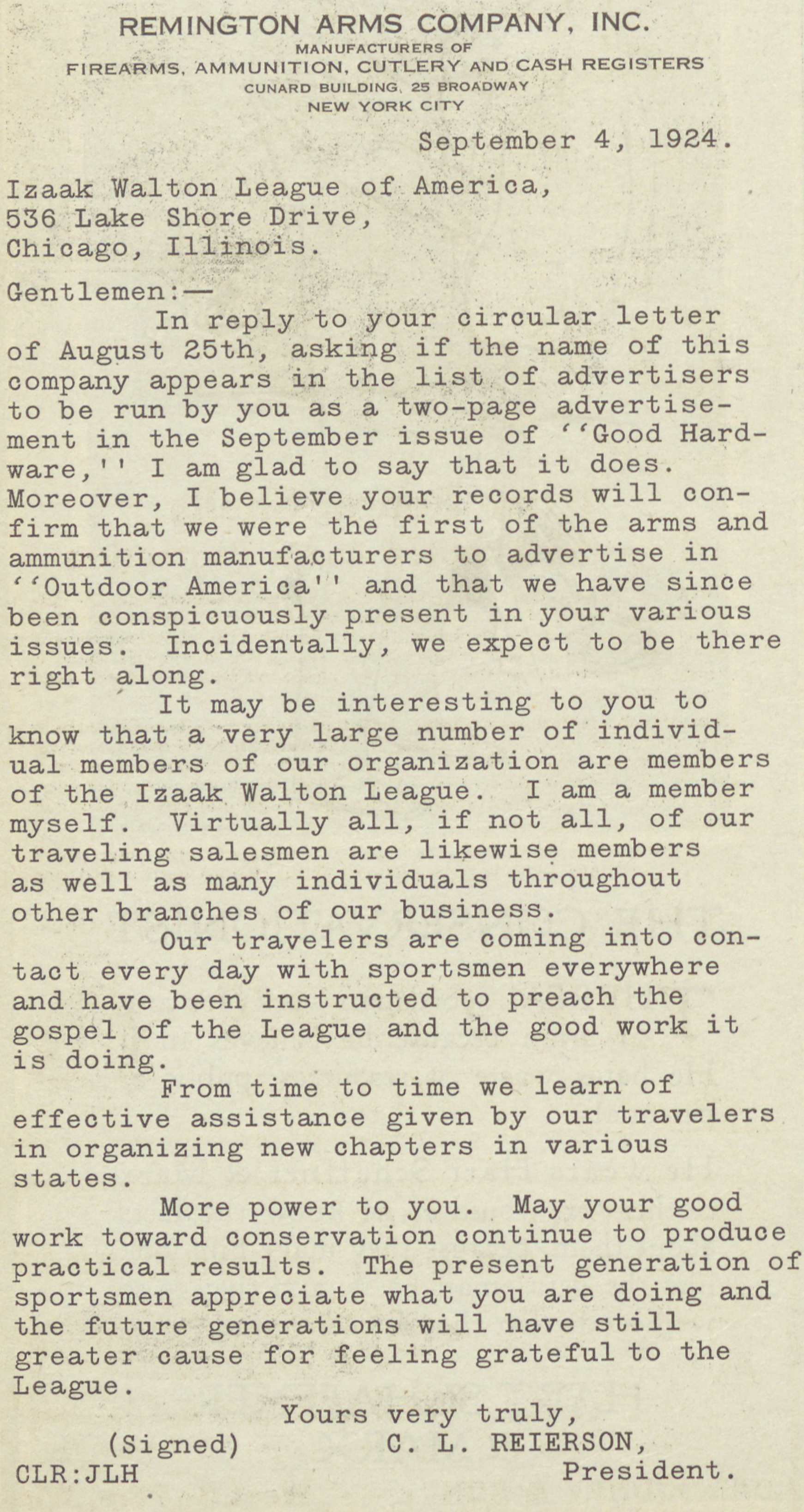
He wears Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes/or would if he knew the facts about them/because they make him look like the gentleman he is; and they're so well made that they're economical

HART SCHAFFNER
& MARX

Mr. Reierson, President of the Remington Arms Co., had something to say about

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE AND OUTDOOR AMERICA

and he said it



REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, INC.
MANUFACTURERS OF
FIREARMS, AMMUNITION, CUTLERY AND CASH REGISTERS
CUNARD BUILDING, 25 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

September 4, 1924.

Izaak Walton League of America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:—

In reply to your circular letter of August 25th, asking if the name of this company appears in the list of advertisers to be run by you as a two-page advertisement in the September issue of ''Good Hardware,'' I am glad to say that it does. Moreover, I believe your records will confirm that we were the first of the arms and ammunition manufacturers to advertise in ''Outdoor America'' and that we have since been conspicuously present in your various issues. Incidentally, we expect to be there right along.

It may be interesting to you to know that a very large number of individual members of our organization are members of the Izaak Walton League. I am a member myself. Virtually all, if not all, of our traveling salesmen are likewise members as well as many individuals throughout other branches of our business.

Our travelers are coming into contact every day with sportsmen everywhere and have been instructed to preach the gospel of the League and the good work it is doing.

From time to time we learn of effective assistance given by our travelers in organizing new chapters in various states.

More power to you. May your good work toward conservation continue to produce practical results. The present generation of sportsmen appreciate what you are doing and the future generations will have still greater cause for feeling grateful to the League.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) C. L. REIERSON,
President.
CLR:JLH

The Promised Land

(Continued from page 46)

We watched him down and told Capt. B. to go get him, and we would wait. In a few minutes, we heard the report of the captain's gun and saw him coming with a nice young gobbler over his shoulder.

Charley and Doc got into camp just as we did and they had a fine big gobbler with about a six inch beard. Dinner was soon ready and we had a feast fit for kings—baked turkey and dressing with cranberry sauce, squirrel pie, baked beans, sweet and Irish potatoes, biscuits, corn bread, et cetera. How that bunch did eat!

After sitting around the camp for an hour or so, Joe, Bob and Doc decided they would walk over to ten mile pond ditch and see if the fish would bite. The rest of the bunch scattered out in the big woods to explore new hunting territory. The fishermen came in before sundown and we had a big platter of fried crappie for supper.

After supper, while we were sitting around the fire, a native came by the camp and asked if anyone wanted to go 'coon hunting. Mr. S., Bob and Pedunk accepted the invitation and got in about midnight with two big fat raccoons. Say, Brother, did you ever try any roast coon, with sweet potatoes alongside, cooked as a few of these old southern darky women know how to cook them? If not, you have missed something.

Monday afternoon I had shot a fox squirrel near camp. He fell into a sharp fork and lodged fast. Wednesday as Mr. S. and I were returning to camp, we passed this tree and to get even with Mr. S. for killing the first turkey, I motioned for him to stop and pointing to the tree, told him "there is a squirrel up that tall gum, now you walk past the tree and I will shoot him when he comes around." The cannon toter went slipping around the tree and said "I see him." I told him to shoot. The roar of that old number Ten shook the earth, but the squirrel did not move. "What in the camp fire is the matter up there?" came from Mr. S. Then he looked at me and caught my grin. The best part of the joke was that I was afraid to tell it after we got to camp, but it was too good to keep, and the big bore hero finally told it on himself and we had a big laugh at his expense.

Thursday we made a big turkey drive that netted Bob one and Pedunk and I killed two each—all fine birds.

The weather had been ideal—cool, crisp and clear through the day and a big frost every night. The days passed all too quickly. Friday came and our time was up. Dinner was ordered for 11:00 o'clock and every fellow shouldered his gun and started out to get some squirrels for the folks at home. We returned to camp with a fine lot of squirrels and proceeded to break camp. Dinner had to be delayed for Charley, who finally came in with some squirrels and another turkey.

The trip home was made without incident and thus ended the best hunt we ever had; but the memory of this trip to the Promised Land lingers and will always be with us.

Gray Ghosts

(Continued from page 26)

"Got the old man," remarked Webster, dryly, with a chuckle of a laugh, "saved the old lady."

Golden strode to the animal and turned the body over with his bare foot.

"You did, Web. Why didn't you give the old lady a dose?"

"She needs the kittens. By the way, Jock, what you doing with an empty gun —playing soldier?"

Golden swore softly, picked up the lantern, and stepped swiftly to the cage. He opened a wide door.

"Come out, you little devils! Get out —your mother's waiting for you," and he took a stick and routed the fat, spitting animals into the open.

Stifling a laugh, Webster put back into the cabin and crawled into his bunk. Soon Golden came in. He walked over to his partner and looked down.

"What'll you have, son?"

"If you see me monkeying with any more cats, shoot me on sight."

"On sight—with pleasure," was the reply.

The light in the cabin window flickered and suddenly went dark. Out in the river a fish jumping broke the stillness. Peace hovered over the little cabin in the clearing.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Outdoor America, Published monthly at Chicago, Illiniois, for October 1, 1924.

State of Illinois }
County of Cook } ss.

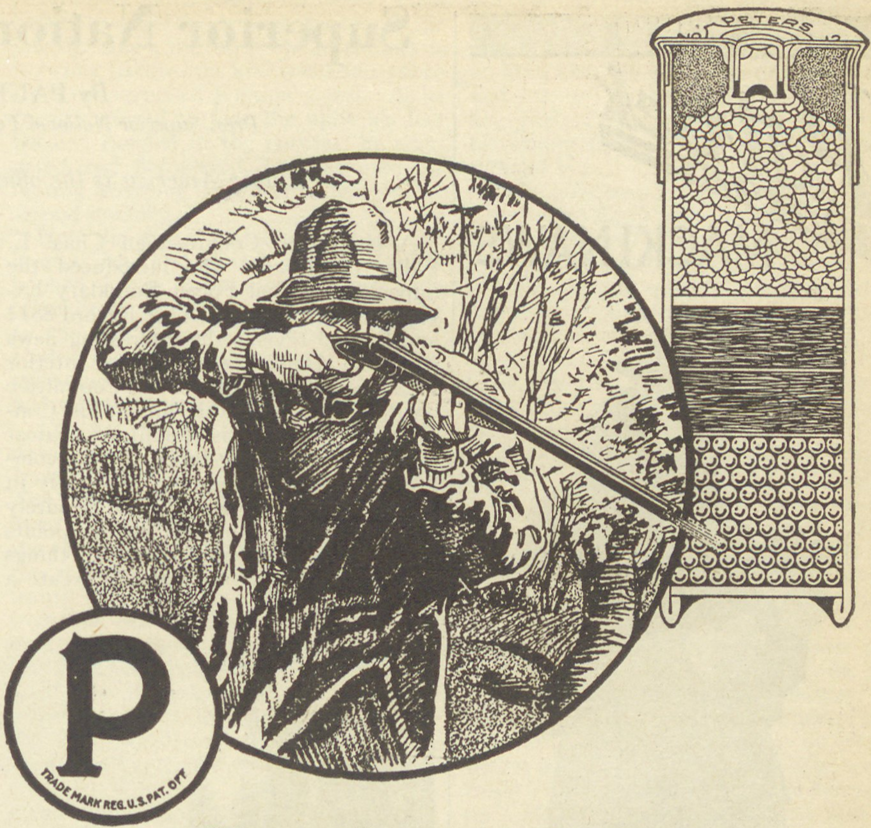
Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared M. S. Heiss, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Outdoor America, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Editor, Will H. Dilg, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor E. H. Ross, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Business Manager, M. S. Heiss, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Will H. Dilg, Pres., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Thomas Ambrose, Vice-Pres., 330 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.; Fred N. Peet, Secretary, 214 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.; Charles W. Folds, Treas., 208 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.; M. S. Heiss, Executive Secretary, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is.................................(This information is required from daily publications only.)

M. S. HEISS,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1924.
[SEAL]

CLYDE C. POSVIC.
(My commission expires May 5th, 1927.)

The Ideal Christmas Gift—
OUTDOOR AMERICA


PETERS
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

How Peters Shells
Give the Shooter Extra Protection

THE outstanding feature of Peters shells, and this is undoubtedly the outstanding feature of all shot gun ammunition, is the "steel where steel belongs" head. An extra thickness of steel protects the shooter from any possible back-throw of the powder gases. And while this special head is giving added protection to the shooter, it is also providing an absolutely rigid base for propelling the load.

Think of such a feature, an exclusive advantage of Peters shells combined with the riveted battery cup, pure felt wads and the watertite bevel-crimp, and you can understand why Peters shells are preferred by the experienced shooter. You can also understand why Peters High Velocity loads are given the preference. Their long range, hard hitting qualities get the game at extreme shot gun ranges.

Peters Metallic cartridges from the "twenty-two Short" to the "high power sporting" cartridges embody game-getting qualities that are unsurpassed. Ask your dealer, or write

The Peters Cartridge Company, Dept. A-42, Cincinnati, Ohio

Adv. No. 3. Watch for Quality Ammunition Message No. 4

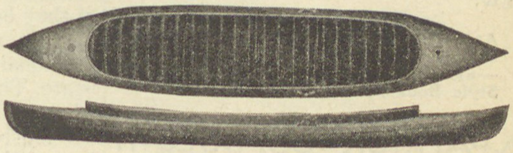
PETERS
AMMUNITION

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

OLD TIMERS PREFER
A KIDNEY HUNTING BOAT

KIDNEY Hunting Boats have been giving honest, reliable service for 45 years. Most hunting clubs and old timers—men who know—prefer the Kidney. Over 6000 in use.

Don't select *your* boat until you've seen the new, illustrated Kidney Catalog. 6c in stamps brings it by return mail.
Send for it today.



The Famous Green Bay Hunting Boat

DAN KIDNEY & SON - - - West De Pere, Wis.

Superior National Forest News

By PAUL B. RIIS
Pres. Superior National Forest Recreation Association

Outdoor America is the official organ of the Association

A chat with Congressman Chas. E. Fuller of Illinois, who introduced the Superior National Forest Boundary Extension Bill known as House Record 8812 and S 3193 reveals the interesting news that the Department of the Interior failed to make a report to the Committee on Public Lands on this bill. This, Congressman Fuller advises, militates against further action being taken by the committee on this amendment, especially in view of the fact that this bill is purely a departmental one. He further points out the seriousness of the state of things and urges that we try hard to create a friendlier attitude of the Minnesota counties, St. Louis, Lake and Cook, towards a unified control of this area by the United States Forest Service.

If one stops long enough to consider that this same Superior National Forest will serve about one fifth of the population of the United States as a playground, temporary sacrifices on the part of the three counties seem more than justified. No special stress need be laid on the agricultural development of the region, as agriculture will be speeded along as the present settlers begin prospering with the tourist trade. Temporary sacrifices must be made by these counties, if they hope to reap the same measure of success, as assured them if the Superior National Forest is preserved in its present state. The new boundaries should include all typical, forested lakelands, which very obviously are entirely unfit for agriculture. The geographical unity of these is so well defined, that the ancient ice sheet was forced to take cognizance of it, leaving in its wake a battlefield of the elements, mirrored with lakes and covered with trackless forests, a wonderfully alluring forest playground.

The Supervisor's office of the United States Forest Service at Ely reports the following:

Practically all of the portages within the Superior National Forest are now marked by new metal portage signs which are expensive and it has only been by hard work on the part of the Forest personnel that these signs have been placed for the accommodation of the users of the Forest as well as for the Superior force. Several reports have come in that these signs have been used as convenient targets. This is a crime, punishable by a fine and imprisonment both, to mutilate or deface Government property. The Forest Service earnestly solicits your cooperation in bringing to the headquarters office any such instances that may come to your notice.

Photo by Paul B. Riis

Clear Water Lake, Minnesota.

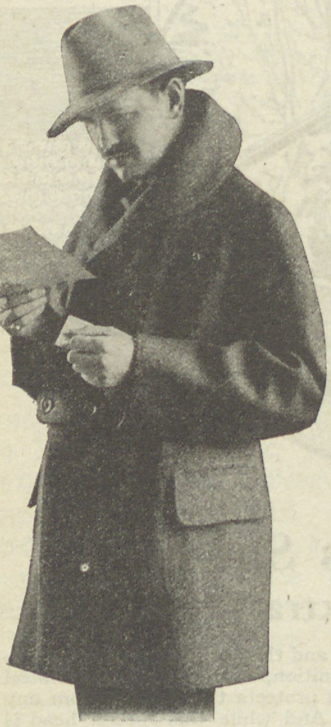
The portages along the entire Kawishiwi district have been greatly improved and the Kawishiwi-Isabella River canoe route is the most improved route in the whole Forest.

A new lookout tower is to be located on the North Shore division and preliminary survey is being made to that end by Assistant Forest Supervisor Kelly and Executive Assistant Pluth.

The fire season up to October first has been a very fortunate one since only one fire of any size occurred on the forest and every effort is being made to finish the season with as good a record. Everything possible is being done to be prepared and to get the personnel of the Forest on its toes to handle successfully any fires which may occur during the fall period.

It takes 35,000 days to grow a Forest, and one day to burn it.

Patrick DULUTH MACKINAWS



Mr. John Roche in Richard Walton Tullys "Flowing Gold".

WARM, AND SO LONG WEARING!

Patrick Mackinaws are made of the wonderful, double-shrunk, Patrick-Duluth Cloth, woven from choice, long-fibre Northern Wool.

This remarkable Cloth, combining great warmth with little weight, is famous for its beautiful texture and long wear.

Patrick Mackinaws are extra well made and have a distinctive style. Their generous length, large storm collars and easy fit make them the ideal garment for outdoor wear.

Insist on the "Patrick" label if you want a really good mackinaw.

At high class dealers. Send for samples of this wonderful Cloth —also interesting Rugged Wear Style Booklet. Address Desk 58.

F. A. PATRICK & CO. DULUTH
Makers of both Cloth and Garment
"PURE NORTHERN WOOL from sheep that thrive in the snow"

Big Chapters make a big Izaak Walton League—are you helping?

Mudlin' Through

(*Continued from page 36*)

and tail began to quicken. A slight body movement. Swish. Flash. With one sweep of his broad tail he disappeared into the deep water at the opposite side. I glanced quickly to Jenkins. He was rigidly set, grasping both rod and line with both hands. He hung to the fish as though it were a bull tied with a logging chain. Tug, tug, tug, the rod swished up and down as the trout jerked vigorously. Jenkins did not give him an inch of line, and he held his rod almost horizontal. How he held him on light tackle, in such a manner, was a mystery.

"Ye gods, you'll lose him! Quick, quick, give him line. Let the line run off the reel," I admonished.

"There, that's better. Tip your rod up a little so as to get the benefit of the spring in sudden jerks. Keep a taut line all the time. If he wants to go down stream, let him go, give him line. If he comes up stream, reel in swiftly," I instructed hastily.

"You take him. You handle him," pleaded Jenkins.

"Not on your life. You get all the joy out of this little skirmish," I replied.

Splash, tug, tug, splash, tug tug, click-k-k-kkk, the reel hummed as the trout rushed madly down stream. Then turning quickly he shot swiftly up stream, to the bewilderment of Jenkins, who forgot to reel in line, while the rod hung loosely in his hand and the line played limply on the water.

"Reel, reel in your slack," I shouted.

Jenkins started reeling hurriedly, when suddenly—splash—behind him, and the line tightened, the rod swept a parabola as it swung backwards, and was almost torn from the surprised Jenkins' grasp. As he turned around to face the fight his feet became tangled in the current, he staggered and floundered, but regained his footing, escaping by a narrow margin the second ducking.

How the novice will so often hook the largest fish, and how it remains safely hooked, is one of the strangest incidents of angling. There seems to be something to the old saying: "A fool for luck." Under the strenuous strain I expected every moment to see the hook straighten and tear loose, or the leader snap.

The big fellow now scooted briskly down stream again, on past the nervous Jenkins, who again forgot to reel in line. The line slackened, but only for a moment, as the trout curved gracefully for the other side, and he took the spring of the rod nicely. He then seemed to go frantic in his antics. Back and forth, from one side to the other, he swung in many short tacks, like a staunch sloop against a stiff wind, then a long tack toward the shallow side. As he rushed furiously toward me I could plainly see the red and silvery streak against the sandy bottom flash through the water like streaked lightning. As he neared the water's edge it looked as though he would shoot right out of the water and land high and dry upon the bank, and thus end the spectacular battle. But no, he was not to be so accommodating. When he reached a depth of about eight inches of water, like a daring kingfisher, he swerved abruptly about and headed for mid-stream. As he reached the middle he rose in rage to the surface, fairly dancing on head and tail, somersaulting backward and forward on top of the water, in an angry effort to slap the leader loose with his strong tail. This was Jenkins' first sight of him.

"Oh, goodness, isn't he a beauty! God! I do hope I don't lose him! Won't you land him for me?" he exclaimed excitedly.

Then the trout dropped suddenly out of sight, only to quickly rise again, literally standing on his broad tail on the surface of the water, savagely shaking his kingly head in a mad endeavor to cast loose this tiny hook, that by now must have taken on the form of some mysterious giant in his imagination.

Quickly ducking from view he made several vicious tugs, then the reel clicked again and the rod quivered, as he wrathfully made off down stream again. This time he did not stop. On, on he went. At the speed he was going something would surely break or give way by the abrupt strain of the line coming to an end on the reel. I called to Jenkins to follow the trout as fast as he could. "This side, get over here where the water is shallow," I called. He plunged and splashed along awkwardly I scrambled along on shore trying to keep up with him. The trout made a full hundred yards before he eased up. He stopped the long rush just in time. Jenkins, puffing heavily, was almost exhausted. His wrist was aching from the continual strain. Again he implored me to come to his assistance. The engagement had now lasted about three-quarters of an hour, and I considered.

"Angler" Size 2 for 25c

IZAAK WALTON

The Sportsman's Cigar

An extraordinarily fine Cigar designed to meet the demand of the American Sportsman

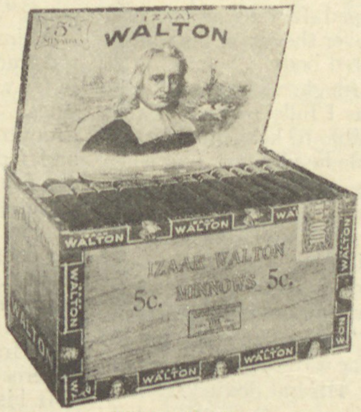
"Sportsman" Size 10c

Mr. Jobber:

Izaak Walton Cigars are being placed from coast to coast, and is destined to be one of the most popular brands on the American market.

Don't wait until your competitor is distributing them in your territory.

Write us today for samples.



Minnow Size 5c

DAVIS CIGAR CO. NEOSHO MISSOURI

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER TO IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MEMBERS

1 box 50 "Anglers" (2 for 25c size)	$5.50
1 box 50 "Sportsmen" (10c size)	4.50
1 box 100 "Minnows" (5c size)	4.50

Send no money—pay postman on delivery.

Smoke one or a dozen—if not satisfied, return the box and we will immediately refund your money.

FREE—The first 10 men ordering from this ad will receive 1 box (25) 10c size in special Xmas wrapper free.

DAVIS CIGAR CO., Neosho, Mo.

Kindly send me, postage paid:

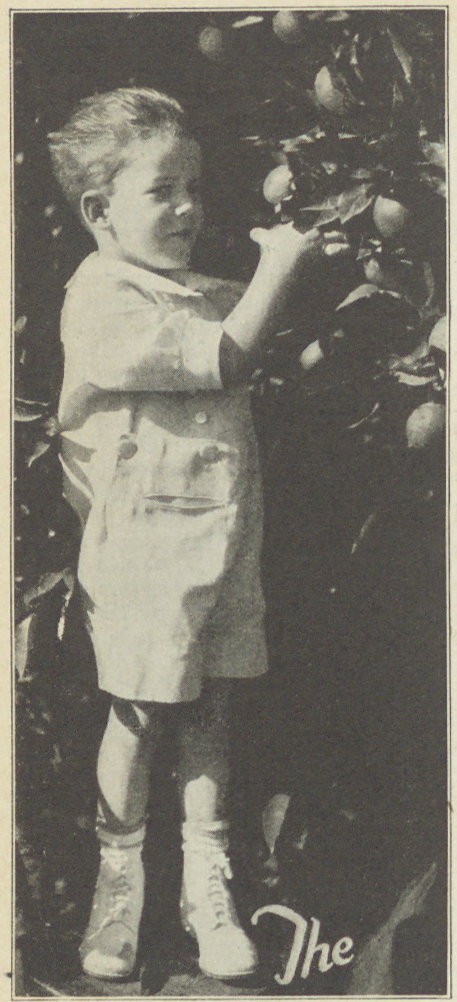
☐ 1 box 50 "Angler" (2 for 25c) Izaak Walton Cigars
☐ 1 box 50 "Sportsman" (10c) Izaak Walton Cigars
☐ 1 box 100 "Minnows" (5c) Izaak Walton Cigars

(Mark (x) in ☐ opposite size wanted.)

I will pay postman on delivery with the understanding that you will refund my money promptly if I am not satisfied.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________



The sunny side of winter is in California

The journey there-a joy.
-just as easy as going down town.

4 daily Santa Fe trains
Fred Harvey meals
-on your way, Grand Canyon National Park without change of Pullman

after California -Hawaii.

Santa Fe

Fred Harvey "all the way"

mail this

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
935 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Please mail to me the following Santa Fe Booklets "California Picture Book," "Grand Canyon Outings," "California Limited."
Also details as to cost of trip.

Mud'lin Thru

(Continued from page 57)

it about time for me to be humane and go to his relief. There was only about a yard or two of line left on the reel. I instructed him to move up slowly while the fish rested, and at the same time reel in line, which would give him some line to play on should the fish resolve to make another run, while I hurried to his assistance.

Jenkins had only reeled in a few yards of line, and I was as yet quite a distance from him, when the reel again began to click. Following the line with my eye I could see it angle off to the side, then back again toward the middle of the stream. Then suddenly, the big boy rose to the surface, shooting high above the water. Rainbow-like he poised gracefully, quivering for a moment in mid-air, his iridescent sides with bands of red shimmering brightly in the foggy sunlight. A sight to behold! Then straightening out the curve, he dropped smoothly into the water in a graceful Kellermann dive.

Rising again—another splash, and in desperation the trout again started off down stream, Jenkins following, also in desperation, I hastily following the two. The astute old trout was fast making for the big hole at the end of the bend. "I must reach Jenkins before they get to the big hole. In his exhausted condition he must not go through this dangerous place," I thought, as I hurried to catch up with him. In places the water would be way over his head. The trout must have been of some help in pulling Jenkins along, as he moved so fast that I gained on him but very little. We were rapidly approaching the hole. Jenkins was now above his waist in the deepening water, which slowed him up a little, and I gained slightly by keeping to the shallow shore. The line was now to an end on the reel, and the fish pulled strongly. The water was almost to the top of his waders and he hesitated for an instant. Tug—tug—tug—tug tug, the rod swished up and down as the mighty fellow jerked and jerked, in a supreme effort to gain his liberty. No kind of trout tackle could stand such tugging very long. There was no time to lose. I could not reach him in time.

"Can you swim?" I cried desperately.

"Yy-a-s," gasped Jenkins as the cold water rushed in over the top of his waders onto his overheated body.

"Then go through, go through the hole," I called, as I fully realized that it would be impossible to help him.

On into the hole he plunged, and when up to his arm pits, he instinctively started a swimming motion with his free arm. The water crept up to his neck, but still he kept his footing, one hand continuing the paddling movement, the other holding the bowed rod high above the water. He was acting fine—like an old timer. Shortly the water reached his ears. He disappeared. His hat floated serenely down with the current. Only the rod remained partially out of water, bobbing along steadily, which was evidence that he was going through nicely. Fortunately, the trout had stopped in his wild dash and had ceased his struggling. He lay quite still. The steady current moved his great weight easily down stream, which took up the slack line caused by Jenkins' slow advance.

Suddenly the rod slapped out of sight under the water. Now all was submerged. Had he stumbled? Was he hooked to a snag? I waited breathlessly. But only for a moment. Presently Jenkins' head rose to view. He strangled and coughed, brushed the hair and water from his eyes with his free hand, and blinked in bewilderment. In the other hand he held the rod in a death-grip. Handicapped with his waders full of water he struggled heavily up the sloping bottom to shallow water. With about fifty pounds of water in each boot leg it was almost impossible for him to move. I instructed him to bend far over and let out some of the surplus water. Through it all he still held onto the fish.

. Jenkins had now reached a shallow bar and the fish lay quietly below in about three feet of still water. I called to him to hold steady and we would now make an attempt to land this beautiful prize. Jenkins considered the fish as good as his, I was not so sure. Skirting the deep hole on an old path long used for that purpose I slid cautiously into the river, carefully wading out to where the handsome fellow lay.

This giant rainbow was even somewhat longer than my landing net, and to land him safely would be a difficult task indeed. As his fighting was now about over, I decided that the only method would be to float him tail first into the net, and at the proper moment I would scoop him, trusting to luck that his tail would double sufficiently to hold him in the net. Very slowly I slid the net up behind him, and was just about to give word to Jenkins to give the slack that would ease him into the net, when all at once, without any perceptible effort, he glided smoothly sidewise, about three feet out of reach. He lay quiet for an instant, then drifted slowly, tail first, down with the current —free. Old Napoleon had won.

I looked up at Jenkins grimly clinging to the lifeless rod. I did not have the heart to speak—I watched him. Slowly the tense expression left his face, and he looked amazed and astonished. "Is he gone?" he choked out.

A simple "yes" was all I could say. His rod gradually lowered until it hung loosely in the water and his arms fell limply to his sides. He hung his head and his jaw dropped, I thought he was going to wilt and fade away into the river, following the fish down with the current.

Gradually he began to straighten, and his jaw closed slowly. His lips moistened, his mouth widened and tears filled his eyes. A plaintive child-like look spread over his face.

This expression gradually faded into a faint frown, which quickly deepened into a fierce scowl. His jaw became set and a soft hissing noise escaped from between his teeth. Presently his lips mumbled, strange sounds essayed forth that quickly gained in volume and strength. His arms gesticulated. Unintelligible words filled the smoky air. They sounded like French.

Are Kaibab Deer Doomed?

(Continued from page 17)

be reduced to help in bringing the range and forage conditions back to normal, let us not be stampeded, but give more time and thought to putting into effect corrective measures that do not sacrifice the deer utterly. A thorough and exhaustive study, extending over a period of a year, if necessary, should be made into every factor of the problem and the actual number of deer should be determined. This should be definitely undertaken before the Kaibab deer are doomed.

"REMOVE STOCK"

MYRON HUNT

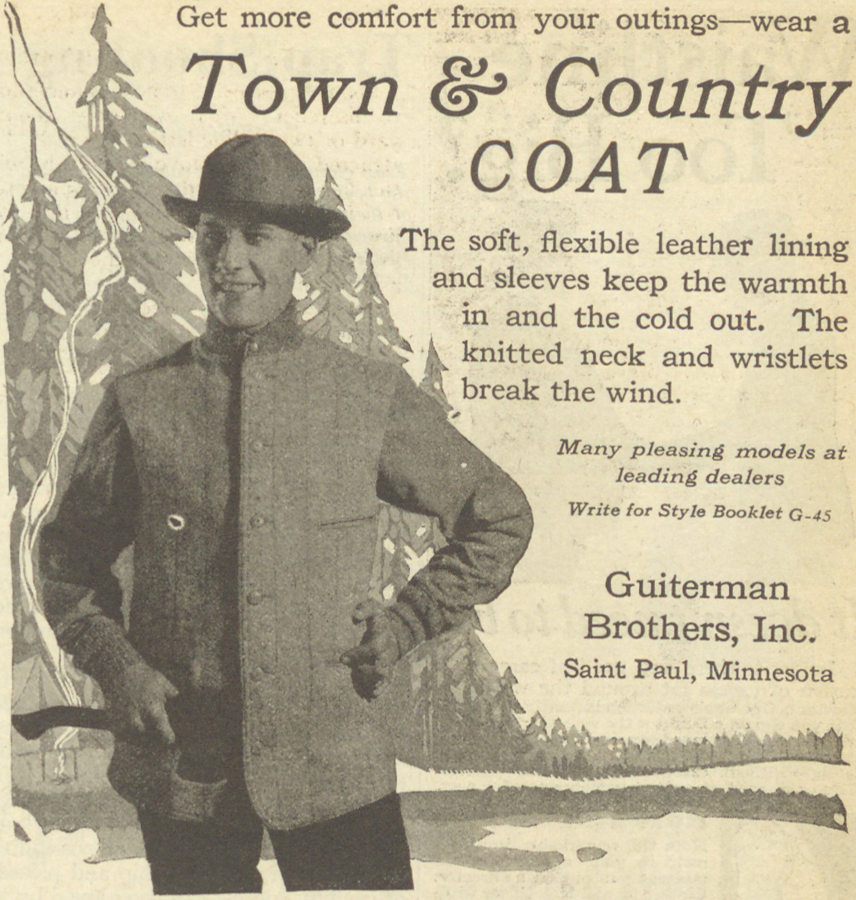
If the Kaibab Forest is going to be a game preserve, cattle and sheep ought to be kept out of it. This was not mentioned. The part of the Kaibab Forest that is in the worst shape is not the half where the deer are most plentiful but the half where sheep and cattle have overgrazed. One reason why there are no deer at this end is that there is less foliage and there are less trees there naturally, perhaps because of the condition of the soil or some other natural condition. This is on the east end, but if you want to see the difference between over-grazing with cattle and over-grazing with deer, you want to stand at a dividing fence between the two halves, and you will see in a minute.

Cattle grazers own all the water holes, obtained from people who got title to them originally under the guise of mineral claims. This particularly applies to the water holes in the easterly cattle overgrazed part. Had this particular forest been considered as a game preserve and not as something to be split between the game preserve and the cattle and sheep interests, it would have been some years before the over-supply of deer would have brought on the problem which has been so thoroughly and so intelligently attacked by the Kaibab Deer Committee. However, as I understand it, they were not asked to give an opinion as to how much the cattle and sheep grazing should be cut down, but how much the deer should be cut down

I had the pleasure of attending the final public session of the committee in the Forest. The government could not be more fortunate than it was in the personnel of this committee. They went into every phase of the situation thoroughly. As I understand their recommendations, they agree with what was suggested by everyone, that as many of the deer as possible be driven to other grazing ground or shipped to points needing to be stocked.

Their second suggestion is, as I understand it, that hunters be allowed to reduce the number of deer, and a third, that if this proves to be insufficient, the forest rangers be empowered to reduce the number of deer. It is these last two suggestions that I wish could be reversed. We all noticed many old and poorly conditioned deer. If the forest service were instructed to use rifles with silencers on them and to shoot particu-

(Continued on page 61)



Get more comfort from your outings—wear a

Town & Country COAT

The soft, flexible leather lining and sleeves keep the warmth in and the cold out. The knitted neck and wristlets break the wind.

Many pleasing models at leading dealers

Write for Style Booklet G-45

Guiterman Brothers, Inc.
Saint Paul, Minnesota

You Will Get Endless Delight from the Wonderful, Cool, Sweet, Soothing Smoke of a MAIER Pipe

SOLD DIRECT TO YOU FROM THE MAIER PIPE FACTORY

You will like THE pipe that has become famous for its aluminum spiral, which traps the bitter juice and keeps it from reaching the mouth. Smoke travels a foot and a half through a cooling tunnel of aluminum, which takes out all bite and sting. Until you have used a Maier, you do not know the delight of a cool, dry, sweet, satisfying smoke.

No Bitter Juice Reaches the Mouth

The "MAIER'S" aluminum-lined stem cannot absorb bitter juice. Made of fine quality briar in straight egg, curved egg and flat-bottom poker shapes.

No need for pipe cleaners—simply swish the Maier spiral through a piece of paper, or even the grass, and again you have that distinctive, sweet, cool smoke only possible with a Maier. The sanitary way a Maier is made prevents it from ever becoming strong or "smelly." Thousands of Maiers in use. For hunting, golfing and fishing—and when you want a pipe at home that will make your favorite tobacco taste better. Do not hesitate—send your order now.

Write for interesting booklet

Sent direct from factory postpaid anywhere in the U. S. for $2.50.

"Guaranteed as represented, or money back."

MAIER PIPE CO., Inc.
100 America St., CHARLESTOWN, MARYLAND

J. P. SAUER & SON

"World Famous"

Sporting Shot Guns, Sauer-Mauser Rifles

For over one hundred and seventy-three years the Standard of Quality. These well-known guns are once more available to American Sportsmen.

PRE-WAR QUALITY AT PRE-WAR PRICES

Address Sole U. S. Agents—THE MILFORD COMPANY
Milford, Delaware

Famous MONMOUTH MOCCASINS

Nature's footwear—no breaking in—and for every need and use

AMERICA'S BEST and OLDEST LINE

Complete illustrated catalog with instructions and blanks for ordering sent (free) upon request

JOHN D. LUNN SHOE CO. 22 MONMOUTH, MAINE

Waistline Too Big?

It doesn't need to be!

No longer is there any need of carrying a burden of excess fat around the waistline. Director corrects this condition instantly. The moment you slip on a Director the waistline is reduced 2 to 4 inches. Continued wearing makes this reduction *permanent*. All this without drugs—without dieting—without exercise—without the slightest effort or discomfort or inconvenience on your part.

No need of carrying excess fat like this

Note This Change

Note the remarkable improvement in your appearance, the moment you put on a Director. Clothes fit and look better without a heavy waistline to pull the coat out of shape. Trousers won't sag and bulge—vest won't creep and wrinkle. Note the delightful feeling of ease, comfort and renewed strength when the overworked abdominal muscles are properly supported.

Melts Excess Fat Away

But best of all, Director gives more than temporary relief. *It actually dissolves excess fat away*. With every movement of the body, Director applies a firm but gentle pressure to the abdomen. This continued kneading motion acts exactly as a massage in dissolving and scattering fatty deposits. Thus the continued wearing of Director permanently corrects over-development.

No Laces, Hooks or Buttons

Director is woven from the fines mercerized web elastic—*all in one piece*. There are no buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons to bother with. Since each Director is *made to measure*, no adjustments are necessary except as the waistline grows smaller. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable, as thousands of business and professional men testify.

Waistline is inches thinner with Director

Write Today for FREE PROOF

Write today for a Director and see for yourself how effective it is as a flesh reducer. The price—made to measure—is only $6.50. Each garment is guaranteed to be satisfactory or your money will be refunded promptly and the trial won't cost you a penny. Be sure and give height, weight and waist measure when ordering. The coupon is for your convenience. Tear it out and mail today.

Landon & Warner, Dept. 9-A, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

LANDON & WARNER
225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Dept. 9-A
Send me a Director under your money-back guarantee. My weight is .... my height is ....
my waist measure is..........
☐ $6.50 enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D.

Name ....

Address ....

....

MERCHANT TAILORS Write for special proposition. Here is an opportunity for profit while correcting figures hard to fit. No obligation in getting the facts. Write today.

Trap Shooting Department

Conducted by GEORGE C. FRANKLIN

Trap clubs all over the country are asked to submit suggestions for increasing interest, helping beginners, caution to instructors, and matters of kindred interest, and to send in pictures of their clubhouses and of any of their members who are making phenomenal scores. This department will encourage discussion of the comparative merits of trap shooting and other sports and the great pleasures of the sport itself. All articles intended for this department should be mailed to George C. Franklin, Trap Shot Editor of Outdoor America, 1006 Patterson Building, Denver.

That our efforts to interest Waltonians in trap shooting are bearing fruit is witnessed by the following clipping from a New Jersey paper—and say, dear brother, do you notice the scores? S. F. Clear broke 49 x 50—just like that. Then a whole string of 85 per cent shooters, and say, look at that prize won by Ira Irwin—"A fine Fox Sterlingworth gun." Next time you are in a sporting goods house, just price a Fox, and then hold your breath and try to realize how Ira felt when the boys stood around him and presented that gun. *Proud?* Oh no! he wasn't pleased a bit more than the maiden lady who was kissed by mistake.

Of course none of us would have cared to sit down to that snapper soup supper (?) with "their wives and families and friends," but doesn't it warm your old heart to picture such a scene, and to know that there is a sport with such possibilities as this, where comradeship and pleasure of friendly contest can be enjoyed by the entire family.

One of the most pleasing sights we have ever witnessed was to see a young couple, man and wife, residents of a western coast city, come out to the traps, both in their shooting togs, each with their favorite gun, and to watch the interest each took in the other's score.

I tell you, boys, we've missed a lot in not taking the girls along, and trap shooting is the one sport left to us by which we can hold to some of the old spirit of neighborly friendliness that was so vital a part of the frontier days.

We have heard our grandparents tell of the turkey shoots held in olden times, and of the dinners and dances that followed the day's sport. How much of the character of America's citizens do we owe to the influence of these gatherings, and what a wealth of memories flood upon us as we sit by the open log fire in our club houses and talk over the scores and the incidents of the day!

We are all learning to prize more and more such scenes as the one depicted below, and the organization that fosters such a sport is helping to build a bulwark for the protection of our social life.

Blue rock shooting featured the afternoon at the annual Izaak Walton Day events, held yesterday afternoon and evening by the local chapter of the league at its club headquarters on Union Lake. Two fine new Elliot trap shooting machines, and the new range beyond the club house, were officially opened by several contests which drew crowds of sportsmen.

The club house was thronged with members, their wives and families and friends, who came and went during the affair. "Open house" was the order of the day and the sportsmen proved themselves to be excellent entertainers.

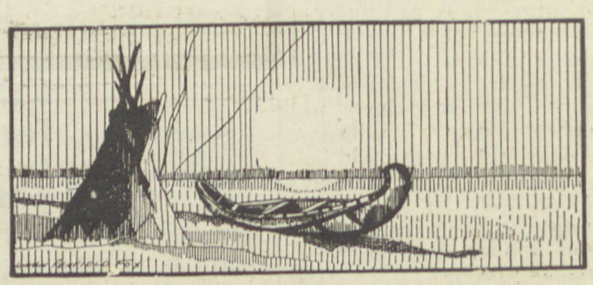
The shooting matches began promptly at 2 o'clock and continued until nearly 7:30, conducted under Lewis rules, assigning each shooter to a class. Leon Oliver was the winner of the first prize. Other winners of trophies were Fred Gill, Bert Aumack, James Golder, Frank Wettstein, E. Kirby, A. Brelsford, E. Gage, A. Beebe and Marts. The amateur shoot was won by L. Turner.

Shooting representatives of the big powder companies were present and their performance was one of the most interesting features. S. F. Slear, of Remington, broke 49 out of 50 targets; H. D. Albough, of duPont, broke 45 out of 50; and J. A. Breslin, of the United States Company, broke 38 out of 50. Other high scores for the event were: Aumack, 23; E. Kirby, 23; Tremain, 22; Beebe, 22; Smith, 22; Oliver, 22; Wettstein, 21; Brelsford, 21; Stiles, 20; Gage, 20; Gilles, 19; Tomlin, 19; Knowles, 2. These scores were made from a possible 25.

More than fifty people sat down to the fine snapper soup supper served later in the evening in the clubhouse, the chef had provided the best and it was served with all the fixin's.

A fine Fox Sterlingworth gun was presented to the winner of the big prize of the day by the club, and this was won by Ira Irwin, of Port Elizabeth, an active member of the club. The little daughter of Albert Beebe picking the lucky number.

It was a gala event and marks another milestone in the activities of this important sportsmen's club. Several shooting matches are to be held on the range during the next few weeks.



Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Are Kaibab Deer Doomed?

(Continued from page 59)

larly old bucks and to a large extent old does, part of the problem would be taken care of. The suggestion that they use silencers is the crux of the whole thing. Those of us who are interested in the Kaibab Forest as a game preserve and who have enjoyed the tameness of the game, know what will happen once the hunters are allowed in the forest for a season, even though they are allowed in it for the purpose of saving the deer from starving.

My report from Washington, giving me a digest of the committee's statement, does not state what I assume the report itself will have stated, that the recommendation that hunters only be allowed on the perimeter of the mountain and that they be distributed in such a manner as to drive the deer to those portions of the mountain that they have for some unknown reason seemed least to frequent. If this is intelligently carried out, it is just possible that the deer will make of the center of the mountain a place of refuge and will at that point be comparatively tame as they are in the national parks, not more than a mile inside of the limits which they shortly come to understand as the limits beyond which hunters may not come.

The forest rangers spoke of their intention to use such methods, and if hunters are allowed in there, it is to be hoped that these methods will be carried out. I am sorry, and I think a large portion of the public will be sorry, to feel that there is not some method of reducing this herd that would not make the remaining deer so wild as to take away from them that tameness which is their present charm.

However, after making these suggestions as one who happened to be on the ground at the time the committee was there and made some of these suggestions to the committee, I want to repeat that the recommendations of the committee should be studied and examined with the utmost care and given every consideration by the people who may think that they do not agree with the committee, because a committee composed of as fair-minded and experienced a group would be hard to get together again on any occasion.

"PREVENT SLAUGHTER"

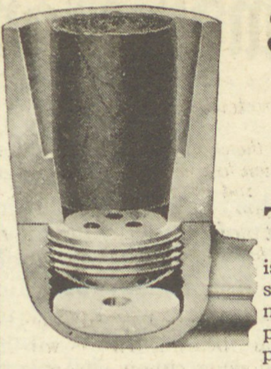
GOV. W. P. HUNT

I am very much opposed to the slaughter of these deer. There could be no sport in killing them, as they are almost as tame as cows in the field. I saw no evidence that the deer were in danger of starving, although I am advised that the lower plateau range is dangerously overstocked.

I have read the report in which the committee appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture has recommended the herd be reduced one-half, and I believe this to be unwarranted, as I do not think any such emergency exists.

It may be necessary to reduce the herd to some extent, and in doing so I believe

(Continued on page 63)



3 PIPES IN ONE

1. Perfectpack bowl
2. Genuine briar bowl
3. Cigar holder *(for pipe-tobacco cigar)*

The Sherlock Holmes Pipe

is the big pipe value of the season. You've never had such smoking comfort. Patented construction prevents moisture and bite from nipping your tongue. Moisture pad catches all nicotine and saliva. You can smoke this pipe for years, and it will never get strong.

Smoke *Perfectpacks—pipe-tobacco cigars,* in special shaped bowl. The coolest pipe smoke ever. Use genuine French briar bowl for your favorite mixture.

Get a smoke cool as a cigar, with pipe-tobacco flavor, by smoking *Perfectpack pipe-tobacco cigar,* in cigar-holder bowl. Lasts 1/2 hour.

PIPE-TOBACCO CIGAR HOLDER

Read This Special Offer

To introduce the new three in one Sherlock Holmes Pipe, we will send you black pipe, with yellow bakelite stem (or hand made hard rubber bit) the extra briar bowl, the cigar holder, and include FREE, three full packages of *Perfectpacks, pipe-tobacco cigars,* for only... **$6.00**

Same offer, brown pipe, rubber bit, **$4.00.** **Money back if not satisfied.**

Ask your dealer first. If he does not handle, we will fill your order direct.

Send in your check today—or order and we'll send it C.O.D.—you pay postman on delivery. **The best of all Christmas presents.** Catalog FREE.

Sherlock Holmes Pipe Co., 321 Madison Terminal Bldg., Chicago

Give Sporting Goods for Christmas

SPORTING GOODS
EXCLUSIVELY
FALL AND WINTER CATALOGUE
NUMBER 65
VL&A
VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
33 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE
CHICAGO

Gifts for every member of the family, relatives, business associates, and even the dog — appreciated tokens of the Holiday spirit. Choose your entire list of gifts from this great catalog. Complete equipment for every sport, summer or winter. Thousands of articles for everybody, from a dollar to a thousand dollars. We'll send this catalog FREE and tell you how to make Christmas shopping a pleasure.

Send for Christmas Catalog 65F TODAY SURE!

VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE

The largest exclusive sporting goods store in the United States

33 S. WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

Ferry Wonder
Clip This Ad

FREE With This BIG 3 FT. TELESCOPE

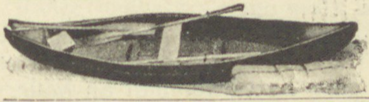
See people and objects miles away, on land or sea, as if they were close. Wonder Telescope gives new pleasures to home, farm, camp, travel, sport. See moon and stars as never before. Opens out over 3 feet long, in 5 sections; measures 12 inches closed. Brass bound; has powerful lenses. **Thousands pleased**—"Could tell color of aeroplane 4 miles away."—Mrs. Yarbrough. "Saw Provincetown Light, 28 miles away, as clear as if in front of me."—Clyde Scribner. "I have been watching submarines 3 miles off the coast."—P. Grush. "Can see children playing in school yard 6 miles away."—P. H. Hennington. "Read the numbers on freight cars mile away, see mountains on moon"—A. C. Palmer.

FREE handsome, sturdy 12 in. leatherette **Carrying Case** sent FREE with Wonder Telescope for short time.

Send No Money

Because of fortunate purchase from large European maker we can give you a big bargain. Be first in your neighborhood; entertain your friends. **Send no money;** send only name and address for telescope and case by parcel post. On arrival deposit with Postman only $1.85 plus a few pennies postage. **Satisfaction guaranteed** or money refunded. Order **today** while supply lasts.

FERRY & CO., 3224 W. Halsted Street, Dept. 3918, Chicago, Ill.



FOLDING PUNCTURE - PROOF CANVAS BOATS

Light, easy to handle, no leaks or repairs; check as baggage; carry by hand; safe for family; all sizes; non-sinkable; stronger than wood; used by U. S. and Foreign Governments. Awarded First Prize at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. We fit our boats for Outboard Motors. Catalogue.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO. 433 Harrison St., Kalamazoo, Michigan

Get Your Friends to Subscribe for Outdoor America.

Blow 'em Up
Like an Inner Tube
Fold 'em Up
On Going Home

As Natural as Life—The PNEUMATIC DECOY DUCK

The Best Imitation of a Duck Ever Produced
The Handiest to Carry and to Use

You blow these life-like decoys up with your breath in a jiffy. When you go home, simply deflate and fold them up. Does away with lugging, heavy, bunglesome decoys. You can carry a dozen in one pocket. They weigh but a few ounces each.

The Danville AIRTITE DECOY
U. S. Pat. 1,469,188; Sept. 25, 1923

Made of very best, finely-woven canvas on which the life-like, waterproof colors are permanently lithographed. Inside is a rubber "Inner-tube" of great strength and durability. Valve is airtight and rust-proof. With proper care will last for years. In case of puncture from stray shot, a cold patch is quickly and easily applied.

Hunters Everywhere Recommend Them
Five hundred hunters have given the Airtite the acid test and all recommend them. The most life-like and convenient they have ever seen. Fools the wisest duck. We now have ready for prompt delivery Mallard, Canvas Back, Pin Tail and Teal—both male and female.

ORDER NOW for Quick Delivery
Order now, for your fall hunting. Quick delivery for as many and of the variety desired. Price $24.00 per dozen; $12.00 per half dozen; $2.00 per single decoy. Mailed promptly, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. Guaranteed satisfactory or Money back. We quote a letter from our bank as reference:

To whom it may concern: We know personally all the officers of the AIRTITE Decoy Co. of Danville. They are well-known Danville men of character and standing. (Signed) J. E. McMillen, A. Cashier, Palmer National Bank of Danville.

CANADIAN Black Goose
$4.00 each
$40 per doz.
$20 half doz.
The only practical wild goose decoy ever produced. Canadian price 10 cents each above U. S. Price.

The Airtite Decoy Co., Dept. E, Danville, Ill.

THE STURDIEST ENGINE AT ANYTHING LIKE ITS PRICE

2 H. P.
Model Y
Weight 130 lbs.

Price with magneto $145

REGAL ENGINES
17 Sizes—From One Cylinder to Eight

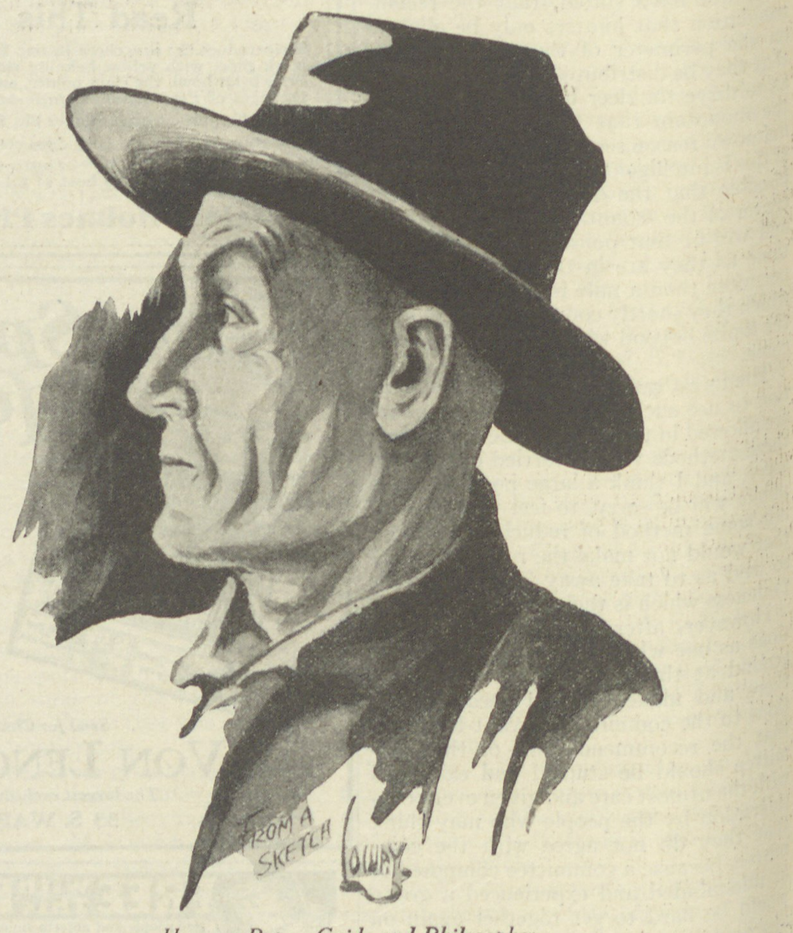
Throttles to slow speed for trolling. For 22 years REGAL has meant reliable power in every type of marine engine—*at the rock-bottom price.*

REGAL GASOLINE ENGINE CO.
Hudson Street, COLDWATER, MICH.

Herman Pope Passes On

By One of His Pupils

Losing his balance while in the act of gaffing a muskey, Herman Pope, veteran guide and outdoorsman, who for the past twenty years was known to every nimrod and angler visiting Vilas County, Wisconsin, fell overboard from a boat and was drowned in Wild Cat Lake, September 24.



Herman Pope—Guide and Philosopher.

Herman had sold his fishing resort on High Lake and was guiding for Les Wilson, proprietor of Wild Cat Inn. With two passengers he had set out early and had nearly completed a very successful day's fishing when one of the men he was guiding hooked a big one.

Unmindful of the approaching storm they continued to play the fish which gave battle for half an hour. Finally he was brought alongside and Herman leaned over the gunwale with the gaff. The fish flopped and Herman swung the gaff just as a squall of wind struck the boat, capsizing it and throwing its three occupants into the cold water.

The two passengers came up near the fast drifting boat and seized the keel, but Herman, although a powerful swimmer, was unable to make more than one or two strokes. He smiled, threw up his hands, and sank. The two passengers were saved.

Many an old-time muskey fisherman will be shocked to learn of Herman's death, as the veteran guide had taught a large majority of his patrons the rudiments of muskey fishing and had spent many a patient hour endeavoring to overcome the "dude" tendencies of men who are now considered experts.

But we sincerely hope that in his passing from this old world, Herman found that peace and solitude of the ideal happy hunting ground he mentioned in our many chats before the crackling log fire in his old cabin, and we hope that it fills his every expectation.

He deserved nothing but the best.

Big Chapters make a big Izaak Walton League—are you helping?

Are Kaibab Deer Doomed?

(*Continued from page 61*)

sufficient interest could be aroused among sportsmen to provide for the transporting of a part of the herd for restocking other areas.

The slaughter of these partially tamed animals should not be permitted.

"NO DEER STARVING"
STEPHEN S. JOHNSON

October 6th, 1924.

Mr. Stephen T. Mather,
Washington, D. C.
Dear Mr. Mather:—

I answered your letter of the 2nd rather hastily and since then have been giving the matter of the Kaibab deer a little more thought. Personally I have never seen any indication they were suffering from the lack of food. If such was the case I am quite sure the bark on the aspen trees would be eaten off. It is true the large meadows of the Kaibab look as if they were mowed, due to grazing. These constitute but a small portion of the great Kaibab and outside of the pine and hemlock area there seems to be plenty of food.

In talking with Mr. David Rust I gained the impression that the number of deer in the Kaibab had been greatly overestimated as many of the same deer are seen in different localities. In the vicinity of the V. T. Ranch, large numbers may be seen in the late afternoon. One reason for this is, that the deer come out for salt which has been placed there for cattle. The cattle men are always talking about the great number of deer and the fact they are eating the range. They, no doubt, would like to use the entire Kaibab for the raising of their stock. Deer mean nothing to them, cattle, dollars and cents. There is no doubt the deer are on the increase and are probably increasing faster than they should, due to the fact the Government is keeping down predatory animals, and that the Indians and Whites are not allowed to hunt. Just how to reduce the number of deer in this great reserve is a problem. The Kaibab is so located that if they were driven to the south it would be into the great canyon, and to the north, east or west, into the desert. If it were possible to drive these animals, preserves could be made in Zion, Cedar Breaks, Navajo Mountain and numerous other places, but I do not see how it would be possible to get these animals there.

Mr. Robert S. Sinclair, President of the Essex County Park Commission, tells me they have been troubled with the great increase of Russian deer in the Essex County Park. They have tried crating and shipping and it has proved to be a failure and these deer are nearly tame, being constantly fed by visitors in the park.

The farming of the reindeer has been a very profitable industry. Would it be possible to farm this great herd on the Kaibab, killing off a certain number every year, under proper supervision for the hides and meat? Buck-skin is valuable and good venison should have a market value.

In my early days I loved to hunt, but the thought of killing a wild creature is very distasteful to me now; and yet, I think you must look at this matter in a practical way. Nature supplied the predatory animals for the purpose of keeping down an over-production. Man has destroyed these animals and as nature will produce the great herd of deer is the result. I do not see any other way out of it but to move part of this great herd to some other place and if that is not practical to reduce its numbers. For, if it is true the range is not sufficient, deer will die of starvation and on account of not having proper nourishment would die in great numbers from disease.

If there is anything I can do for you in this matter I shall be only too glad to offer you my services.

Yours very truly,

"AN EDITORIAL FROM THE PHEONIX ARIZONA GAZETTE"

Sportsmen, real sportsmen, throughout the nation will see red if the order is issued for the slaughter of half the Kaibab deer herd, as recommended in the preliminary report of the forest service committee to Secretary of Agriculture Wallace.

It is hard to conceive in this age that the government would sanction the murdering of 15,000 deer, and murder is what it will amount to. The deer of Kaibab preserve have been the wards of the government since 1906. There will be no sport involved in the killing of them because they are as tame as calves. Hunters who will hunt the Kaibab deer will butcher them, will shoot them down with the lust of blood as their only incentive. Shoot while the betrayed deer stand gazing at them with the great hazel eyes that have paralyzed the trigger finger of many a real sportsman.

The only excuse offered for the slaughter of the deer in Kaibab is the threatened destruction of the herd because of poor range conditions. The authorities are afraid to let nature take its course, or so they argue.

Nature is a grand old nurse to wild life. In the history of the great game herds of the west, man and not nature has destroyed them, just as man would now destroy the last remaining great deer herd of the nation.

If nature is permitted to do its own thinning in the Kaibab forest she will destroy the weaklings. If man slaughters, he will take only the strong and leave the weaklings to impoverish the future generations of this great herd.

Range conditions change yearly. There is every possibility this coming winter, and spring will completely change the status of conditions in the Kaibab forest. Unless a deliberate and ruthless slaughter of the animals is engaged in man cannot change the conditions sooner.

The report, in the suggestion of permitting the removal of the deer from the preserve for the price of transportation, admits the deer can be removed from the

(*Continued on page 64*)

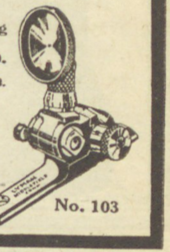
Lefever

NEW LEFEVER NITRO-SPECIAL ONLY $29.00

O. K.'ed and purchased in quantities by the U. S. Navy. Well finished, considering the price. Built to shoot right and stand as much use as the most expensive gun. Most durable lock ever put in a gun—first lock fired over 77,000 times.

Every gun proof-tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., and 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. with 14 in. stock and about 2⅞ in. drop. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for Catalogue*

Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N.Y.



For the New WINCHESTERS

Lyman Gold Bead Front Sights standard equipment. Can be replaced by Lyman Ivory Beads, if desired.

Rear Aperture Sights available and easily mounted:

No. 1A.............$4.50
No. 2A.............5.00
No. 103.............9.00

Also Folding Leaf Sight No. 6 to replace factory crotch sight...............$1.75

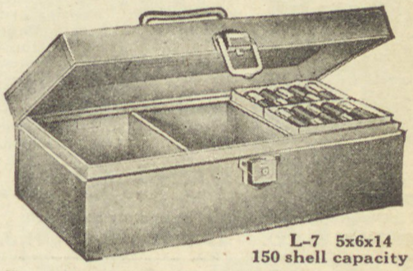
No. 1A

At your dealer's, or postpaid
Send 10c for Complete Catalog

The Lyman Gun Sight Corp.
120 West Street Middlefield, Conn.

LYMAN SIGHTS
Better Your Aim

No. 103



HOBART WATERTITE FOR SHOT GUN SHELLS

L-7 5x6x14
150 shell capacity

Even though it rains and the boat leaks your shells will be bone dry and handy when the birds come in. Strong enough to sit on.

PRICE **$4.00** (A little higher west of Rockies)

For sale by leading dealers or mailed post paid on receipt of price.

HOBART METAL MFG. CO.
16th Ave. and 8th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Are Kaibab Deer Doomed?

(Continued from page 63)

preserve to other ranges. The deer of the western mountains are sadly depleted, instead of killing the thousands of deer, the government should attempt their transportation to adjacent states. If they can be taken out in small numbers at moderate cost, large numbers of them ought to be handled more cheaply per head.

It seems entirely possible that the game departments of the western states co-operating with the forest service could take thousands of these deer and place them in their own hills. You cannot save by destroying. It isn't written in the book that way. Sportsmen know that. It is time for the sportsmen of this state and every other to find a solution for this problem.

"INCREASE BOUNDARY LINES" CHARLES McCORMICK

Bureau and Directorate,
National Park Service,
Washington, D. C.

Honored Gentlemen: Herewith you will find enclosed a copy of a letter addressed to the president of the American Game Protection and Propagation Association showing ideas held by some of our best local minds as how to solve the problem of caring for the deer on the Kaibab Forest, also a few other items of interest, but the prime object of this communication is to emphasize some topics peculiar to this region of universal interest.

The north boundary line of the Grand Canyon National Park: Present location unsatisfactory because different points of interest cannot be visited without going on to forest territory; is too diverse, etc. Recognizing these facts, the local forest officials concede a change should be made, but oppose it coming farther than the watershed on the east, dividing waters flowing respectively toward Wildcat Canyon and South Canyon north and Colorado south, and on the west to remain south of Quaking Asp Canyon north and barely excluding Thunder River on west; illy or poorly chosen because has no natural boundary, hence stock and game can cross to and fro at will to the north, while on the west it cuts out a large range for mountain Sheep, which surely need strict protection as, for example, twenty years ago, riding west from Thunder River, I saw on every principal point from six to twelve mountain sheep, while now one may ride the entire distance and seldom catch a glimpse of a mountain sheep, so scarce and shy are they now.

Presenting this thought to our forest supervisor and deploring conditions, he seemed at a loss to alter matters, being handicapped—too short handed to keep in touch with stockmen riding that territory—a very emphatic reason why it should be included within the National Park domain.

Another and, if feasible, very good boundary between park and forest is from North Canyon on the east to Sowats on the west, but so much opposition from forest officials and the general public that I now suggest a compromise boundary which ninety per cent of public will O. K. and this is:

Beginning at a point (on the east) where the north rim of South Canyon intercepts the Colorado River, follow westerly till it forms juncture with north rim of Wildcat Canyon, then follow north rim of Wildcat Canyon to its head about two miles east of V. T. Park, across V. T. almost due west between Park Lake and Indian Lake; continue west two miles to head of Quaking Asp Canyon and take north rim of Quaking Asp Canyon and follow to Stinie; keep north rim to Indian Hollow and still on north rim to Sowats, which maintain to Knabe Creek, about half-mile north of Shower Bath Springs, which by all means include. From mouth of Sowats strike west across Kanab Creek about one mile to white lime ledges, which is the forest boundary, thence to Colorado River about one mile below where the Kanab Creek empties into the Colorado.

This line forms a natural boundary, impassable except for short distance to all stock, and artificial barriers can be easily and cheaply made, and hereby map with line plainly marked.

Recent rains have caused feed all over deer winter range to sprout and grow rapidly, and prospects for saving all deer are now fairly sure, though on forest proper hawks are playing sad havoc with the white-tailed squirrels and immediate steps for their protection should be taken, as also the "wild ass" question acted on to protect mountain sheep. Space forbids more.

Respectfully,
(Signed) Charles McCormick.

AFFIDAVIT

I, Chas. McCormick, hereby solemnly swear that the hereinover statements made concerning boundary lines, etc., are the whole truth as it appears and appeals to me from a close study and inspection of the same.

(Signed) Charles McCormick.

Executed before me this 27th day of September, 1924.

(Signed) Asa W. Judd.
[Seal] 7 U. S. Com'r.

A LETTER FROM SEC. HENRY C. WALLACE TO MR. JOHN B. BURNHAM

October 1, 1924.

Mr. John B. Burnham,
Chairman, Special Investigative Committee,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Burnham:

The Department is in receipt of the report of the special Committee of which you are chairman, giving me the results of your observations as to conditions on the Grand Canyon National Game Preserve in northern Arizona in connection with the unusual number of deer found thereon.

Russell's "Neverleak" Chief

FOR years the leader among single vamp boots—the boot that old timers swear by and newly recruited outers want.

Built to measure in the good old hand-fashioned way that insures you the comfort and service which mean so much more than mere price.

Made of carefully chosen waterproofed Paris veal, chrome tanned leather, with "Never Rip" seams around the toe piece. Selected oak soles. All heights—6 to 20 inches, all sizes, army last.

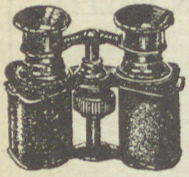
Ask any dealer who sells (or ought to sell) sportmen's boots and shoes to show you Russell Moccasin Footwear. If he cannot, write for our catalog, select the style you want and insist that he order them for you.

The W. C. RUSSELL MOCCASIN CO.
924 Wisconsin St. BERLIN, WIS.

Old time makers of ladies' and men's moccasins for tramping, golfing, yachting, camping and house wear.

"Never-rip" seam

BINOCULARS



Brand new. Clear, white crystal 8 power lenses. French make. Central focusing and width adjustment. Large field of vision. Ideal for Hunting, Camping, Fishing, Hikes, etc. Guaranteed perfect. Well made and serviceable. Will last a lifetime. Black morocco-covered body. Strong case and shoulder straps included.

8 Power Big Value $8.75 C. O. D.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded
BENNER & CO. D-6 Trenton, N. J.

BECOME A LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

Dignified, exclusive profession. Little competition. $5,000 to $10,000 incomes for experts. Easy to master under our correspondence methods. Assistance extended to students and graduates. Write today for full details.
American Landscape School, 91-HA, Newark, N.Y.

I am distressed to learn that the danger of the destruction of this splendid herd of approximately 30,000 head of deer due to congestion and overstocking of the range, which was reported as a possibility nearly two years ago by officers of the Biological Survey and the Forest Service, is now actually imminent, unprecedented drought conditions having unexpectedly hastened the crisis. The steps which your Committee recommends be taken to avoid this calamity meet with my general approval. In immediate furtherance of your plan, the Forest Service has been directed first to curtail the grazing of livestock in the future as proposed in your report, and secondly to allow the removal of deer for the purpose of stocking parks, estates, and game preserves by any one willing to pay the actual cost of capture and transportation. Unfortunately the first step will have no effect upon the immediate situation, since no stock owned by the Grand Canyon Cattle Company were permitted to graze on the Game Preserve this season, except that beginning August 26, it has been necessary to allow approximately 800 head of cattle to enter for the purpose of watering in the South Canyon, the watering places in Houserock Valley having failed for the first time since the advent of the white man in that region. It is unfortunate that this watering of stock means the consumption of a limited amount of forage, but I have not felt justified in permitting the herd to die from thirst on this account.

If the public response to the offer of free disposal of deer is not sufficient to meet the situation adequately, I have instructed the Forest Service to take such further practical steps, consistent with your recommendations, as may be possible within the limited time at their disposal.

I wish to express to you my gratitude for the services yourself, Mr. Cutting, Mr. Pearson and Mr. Tomlinson have rendered the Department as well as the people of the United States who are interested in the conservation of game. You have given your services freely and at your own expense, and I regret extremely the lack of funds from which you could be recompensed for at least your expenses. I know each of you made the trip to the West at no small personal inconvenience, neglecting your own business to serve the public and the Department. This service will be recognized by everybody, as it is by myself and the officers of the Department who have dealt specifically with this matter, as being of a very public-spirited, unselfish character and worthy of the highest commendation.

It is my earnest desire that you and the other gentlemen signing the report do not consider that the acceptance of your report terminates the connection of your Committee with the problem of game administration and protection on the National Forests. I am anxious that you continue to act as a committee to whom the Department may refer important game problems for consideration and advice, particularly problems dealing specifically with the situation on the Grand Canyon National Game Preserve. I hope that you will continue to serve as chairman of this committee. I am sending a similar letter to each of the other members of the Committee who assisted in conducting this investigation and signed the report with you.

Very sincerely yours,
(Sgd.) Henry C. Wallace,
Secretary.

Mena National Park

(*Continued from page 49*)

"Few countries can surpass Arkansas in the beauty of its mountain landscape. The hills are wooded with evergreens and broadleafs, the pines appearing as bands of deeper green. Along some of the streams are mighty cliffs with tousled cedars and scraggly pines clinging to their unfriendly sides. Everywhere are springs, the purity of whose waters are unsurpassed. In the valleys are streams, broken by rapids and water falls."

What has been said concerning the variety of forest trees also applies to wild flowers. From March to November the woods are ablaze with a riot of flowering plant and vine. To mention briefly a few—wild rose, ground ivy, wild violet, sweet pea, bindweed, black-eyed Susan, purple cornflower, golden rod, trumpet honeysuckle, May apple, moon seed and so on without number.

In his report to the Secretary of the Interior for the year 1923, the present very able Director of Park Service wrote as follows: "There should be a typical section of the Appalachian Range established as a national park with its native flora and fauna conserved and made accessible to public use and its development undertaken by Federal funds. As areas in public ownership in the East are at present limited to a number of forest reserves acquired under the provision of the Weeks Act authorizing the purchase of lands for the protection of forests and the headwaters of streams, it appears that the only practical way national parks can be acquired would be by donation of lands or acquisition of such lands from privately donated funds, as in the case of the Lafayette National Park."

The Ouachita Mountains are by scientific men classed as a part of the Appalachian Range, being the western extension of those mountains carrying the name of Ouachita Uplift. This area is typical of the Southern Alleghenies in geology, in flora and in fauna and is classified by the Forestry Bureau as a part of the Southern Allegheny Mountains.

These lands were not purchased under the Weeks Act, except two or three hundred acres, which could easily be left out without in any way injuring or affecting the park. It would merely mean the transfer by the Federal authority of this acreage from the Department of Agriculture, under which it is now operated, to the Department of the Interior, where it would be placed under the Director of Park Service. The total acreage owned by the government in the State of Arkansas is close to one and one-half million acres. Of this, approximately 900,000 acres are in that portion of the state in which this park would be situated, and approximately 500,000 acres in the northern part of the state, the northern

(*Continued page 76*)

ITHACA
WINS

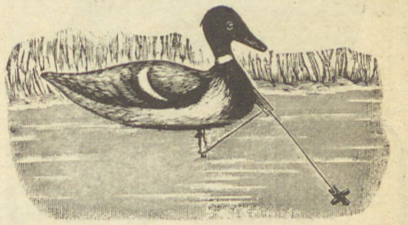
FRANK HUGHES won the Amateur Championship of North America with an Ithaca, and GEORGIANNA HOBSON, a 16 year old Kentucky girl, won the Woman's Amateur Championship with another Ithaca, in fact Ithacas won about everything worth winning at the Grand American Handicap.

Double Guns for game $37.50 to $700.
Single Barrel trap guns $100. to $700.

Send for free Catalog.

ITHACA GUN CO.
Box 14 Ithaca, N. Y.

Pneumatic Canvas Decoys



Hand painted, collapsible, air tight. Made of fine sheeting, oiled and will not rot. No rubber. One dozen weigh 10 pounds. Sold in world market 38 years. Canadian goose and seven varieties of ducks.

We sell jobbers and dealers only.

MANUFACTURED BY

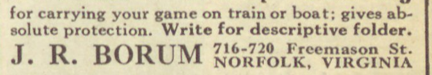
CANVAS DECOY CO.
Union City, Tenn., U. S. A.

NEW METHOD
GUN BLUER
Makes Old Guns Like New
NEW METHOD GUN BLUING CO.
BRADFORD, PENN'A

NEW METHOD
GUN BLUER
Makes old guns like new
Enough to Finish
5 guns $1.00
No Heating Is Necessary
NEW METHOD GUN BLUING CO.
Dept. L-11 Bradford, Pa.

DUCK HUNTERS
Get Borum's "Lock Up" Duck Bag
for carrying your game on train or boat; gives absolute protection. Write for descriptive folder.
J. R. BORUM 716-720 Freemason St. NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

THE WORLD'S BEST!

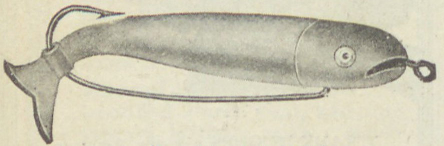


Sporting goods, binoculars, telescopes, body armor, ultra modern arms, etc. Catalog AB free.
Pacific Arms Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

There is still an opportunity before the season closes to satisfy yourself of the efficiency of

STREICH'S FLEX-O-MINO

The artificial BAIT WITH A LIVE MINNOW (body and tail) ACTION



(Pat. March 4, 1924)

The thrills of a catch of one outing will more than re-imburse you for the investment.

RETAIL PRICE $1.25 EACH

MADE IN 3 STYLES:
"A"—Red head and white body
"B"—Copper head and white body
"C"—Nickel head and white body

Your dealer can supply you, or your order accompanied by remittance of $1.25 each will receive prompt attention.

STREICH BAIT WORKS
629 Cass St. JOLIET, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE: 955 Monadnock Bldg.
PHONE Harrison 1611

FISHING
What Baits and When

fishermen-*get this book!*

Every follower of Ike Walton should have this book. If your hobby is fishing — whether it be bass, trout or muskellunge, bluegill or crappie, tarpon or sword-fish—this book will prove of unusual interest.

It is full of fishing lore. Relates fishing facts and hints compiled from the experiences of expert anglers. Tells the kinds and colors of baits to use —when and how to use them, under varying conditions of weather or water. Contains advice on the care of your tackle equipment.

Write your name and address on a postal—and mail to us for your copy. Sent without charge.

The trade-mark known for SOUTH BEND QUALITY TACKLE BAIT COMPANY dependable tackle by all Anglers

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO.
1370 High Street South Bend, Ind.

FURS TANNED and Made Into Beautiful Garments

Have a stylish fur made for mother, wife, sister or sweetheart from your raw furs. You get greater satisfaction and pride besides a lasting remembrance of your trapping or hunting experience. Over 60 years dealing in furs assures you of our reliability and of best workmanship.

FREE Catalog gives latest style suggestions, full information on tanning and shows how you save 30% to 50% by obtaining your furs this way. Write Today for your copy.

H. WILLARD, SON & COMPANY
The Old Reliable Fur House
61 S. First Street Marshalltown, Iowa

Angling Memories

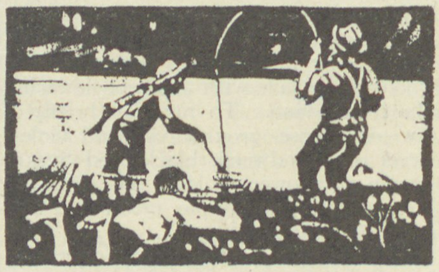
By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System

That Danged Son of Yours

By JOHN M. GOUDELOCK



WE were putting in a new saw mill near Scottsboro, in Jackson County, Alabama. The air was full of the smell of new timber and pine bark, of sweaty harness and greasy food, while all around was the hurry and confusion of trying to get two days' work crowded into one, for we were anxious to get the teams started to hauling lumber to the railroad, about five miles distant.

The camp was located on a good sized creek that was said to be full of fish and my father, who lived at the railroad station, had come over to visit me and enjoy the fishing for a few days. After reaching the years of maturity and looking back in retrospection at my Father's character I think that he only had one besetting sin and that was that he was inordinately fond of fishing, he would drop any kind of work to spend a day on the creek. However, he was usually successful and many a big fish have I seen him bring home. On this occasion he had come over the evening before, and getting up at daybreak had gone down to the creek so as to get the early morning fishing. When he was called to breakfast he put a big bait on his line and stuck the pole deep in the mud of the bank so that if a fish got hung it could not pull the pole out.

While breakfast was in progress he entertained the crowd with tales of big fish that he had caught, much to their enjoyment. I had heard many of these stories before and as I listened to them an idea came into my head. Slipping out, without his seeing me, I went down to where the pole was set and taking the pea from an old steel yard I lifted up the line and tied this to the end, throwing it in so that it looked just as if a big fish was on the line and had become snagged to the bottom. Everyone who has lived in the country will recall that the steelyard (commonly pronounced Stily'rd) was the scale used on all farms while the pea was the weight used on the beam.

After Father had finished his breakfast he came down to where I was working and very innocently I asked him where he was fishing, he walked to the door of the "shack" to point out to me the place and saw the pole bent down with the weight. Instantly he thought there was a big fish on it and running down to the creek, he tried to lift the "fish" up; but the weight was so heavy that he thought the line was hung. When he found that he couldn't pull it straight up he swung the pole away over to the left and then as far over to the right, all the time shaking his head as much as to say, "I must be very careful." Then setting the pole deep in the mud of the bank he came up to where I was and with his voice trembling with excitement said, "Sam, I've got a WHALE, but I'm afraid that I'll never land him as he's snagged to the bottom. I'm going to take one of these long poles and stir him up so that he will untangle himself." Just then Cal Cunningham, a long, lanky, mountaineer came along and, not being onto the joke, gladly went with my Father to help land his catch. Taking a long pole they went down to the creek. Father says to him, "Cal, I've got a mighty big one, but I'm afraid that I'll never get him out," his voice shaking so that he could hardly talk. They took the stick and poked around in the water trying to make the "fish" untangle himself, while every few moments Father would take hold of the pole, move it about and say "ho-old steady, Cal, I can feel him move."

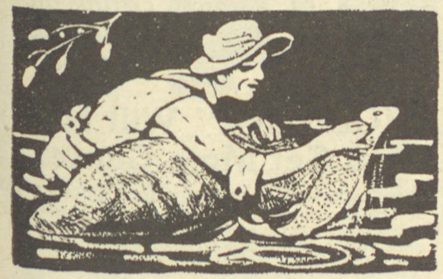
My Father had one cuss word that always came out when he was under great mental strain, "DANGED," and when he said to Cal, "I believe that is a danged mud turtle," I had to roll on the ground to keep them from hearing me laugh. However, they were both so busy and interested that they heard nothing of my laughter. Every few minutes Father would say "Ho-old steady, Cal, I'm afraid that we'll never get him out," or "Easy, now, Cal, I'll die happy if we can only get him up to where we can see him." To this Cal would reply, "If we ever get him up that far I'm going in after him." "Cal, if the danged line doesn't break maybe we can drag him out," so slowly, with the sweat pouring down their faces, and their whole bodies trembling with excitement they pulled the pea out on the bank.

When Father saw what was on the line he stood perfectly still for a moment and then turning to Cal, with amazement written all over his face and deep disgust in his voice, said, "That's the work of that DANGED son of mine," then pulling out his knife he cut the pea off and throwing it as far out in the water as he could, wound up his line, stuck it in his pocket and pulling his hat down over his eyes, he went by me without saying a word.

By this time everyone in the camp had come down to the entertainment and all were yelling with laughter when it was over. In our hilarity it was several hours before we noticed that Father was nowhere around. I looked everywhere, without finding him, and finally decided that he had gone home. This proved to be the case; he had walked the five miles, getting there about two o'clock, tired and very hungry; but the first thing that he said when he saw my Mother was, "That DANGED son of yours certainly put one over on me."

The Luck of Andy Wright

By RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN



ANDY WRIGHT knew how to cast a fly. There was little lacking in his knowledge of the fishing game. Notwithstanding, he was "out of luck." The trout would not accept his offerings. Artificial and live bait were of no avail. Juicy grasshoppers, lively crickets, darting minnows, dry and wet flies, spinners and the humble though succulent earth worm—all were scorned. Once more, as the season advanced, he returned to his art of fly casting, but the trout did not rise to his skillful nature-like presentations. The twentieth of August rolled around in the course of calendared events and he still had ten days before the season's close to creel his first fish of the season. He was game and of the sort that never knows when he is beaten—the true qualities of a Waltonian. He would for the next ten days fish early and late and would not quit the stream until the law so decreed on the thirtieth.

It was the evening of the twenty-eighth when Andy climbed out of Ten Mile River, sad of heart and weary of limb. It had been a strenuous day for him, wading through the rough water and climbing over rocks and making detours through thick underbrush. Arriving home about mail time he was attracted to a group of men surrounding a man whom he recognized by the picturesque garb he wore. This man was Mr. Jerome, who had spent the summer in Brentonville because of the good fishing that place had to offer. Mr. Jerome, clad in hip boots, corduroy breeches and coat, an old felt hat on his head, the band decorated with flies and leaders, was telling an exciting story, judging by the way he waved his arms and the attention of his audience. Andy caught the word "fish" and joined the circle of auditors.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jerome, "It was the largest fish I have ever seen. He jumped for my flies time and time again and I finally hooked him and played him for a little while, but he was too much for me and he got away."

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Andrews, the local lawyer.

"Down in that pool where the river takes a turn, where that old pine tree hangs over the water," answered Mr. Jerome, continuing, "and his home is under the roots of that pine, way under the bank where the earth has been washed away."

"That's my fish," said Andy to himself as he left the group and started home for a late supper and an early bed. He would get to the bend of the river around daybreak and try for that fish. It was an opportunity to make good with one large fish after his summer's work. As he dropped off to sleep he was formulating plans for the capture of the morning—plans that meant business with a fat minnow and a new silk line. They were plans no less important than those of a Napoleon on the eve of Waterloo or a Foch before the Marne.

Andy awoke with the sun shining in his eyes, the din of barnyard fowl in his ears and the scent of a new dew-kissed day in his nostrils. It was the dawn of the day of days. It was the beginning of a day toward which a fisherman's heart leaps. With all the hope, born of a good night's rest and the anticipation of another opportunity, Andy hastened to the business at hand, such a mundane thing as breakfast not included in the scheme of things. One is always sure of breakfast, but not the largest fish of the season. Armed with rod and creel and a landing net, he took a back-lot route through the dew-drenched grass to the pool of his hopes and the arena of his success or failure. But he did not hurry. It was a keen pleasure to think about the coming battle. By a peculiar mental twist he knew that so long as he delayed the game he was the victor, not having as yet suffered defeat. When on a hunting or fishing expedition there is much to looking forward to the adventure, the hope and expectancy of it all, more wonderful than actual achievement. Nevertheless, if he did not hurry, neither did he lag. Arriving at the pool he busied himself, about ten yards below, with a small hook and worm and patiently angled for minnows, catching three before he began the actual job of fishing. True, he would much rather cast a fly and add to the glory of catching a record fish by that more sportsman-like method. But it must be remembered that he had toiled all summer and taken nothing. Only a few days remained of the trout season. It was now or never. Carefully adjusting his minnow, preoccupied with the delicacy of the task, he became oblivious of his surroundings when—

Splash! Splash!! Splash!!!

Andy jumped.

Splash! Splash!! Splash!!!

Again, Andy jumped.

Splash! Splash!! Splash!!!

This time Andy did not jump. The sight that met his eyes riveted him to the spot. To move was impossible. He was hypnotized. There above the pool, in the shallows, he saw something that made his heart stand still. It was a sight worth going miles to see. What Andy saw was the kind of trout he had read about in the out-door papers, but never dreamed of creeling. Of course it was a whopper, but not near so large as he afterward described it. We must allow something for shrinkage when a fish story is told. Not that a fish story is

Dewey's Metal Folding Decoys

Life-size, accurately colored, fold flat; give full bodied view from any angle when open.

CROW KILLER Combination
Includes one spring-leg Owl Decoy, two spring-leg crow decoys, one three-tone crow call, complete in case $7.50

Dewey's 3 Tone Crow Call
Aluminum; perfect imitation, fools the wisest.
Each . . . 85c

Crows, $1.00 each.
$10.00 per doz.

Folding Duck
$1.75 ea.
$18.00 per doz.
Accurately colored; durable; convenient to carry. Carrying case for one dozen decoys with anchors, 8 x 13 x 17 in.

OWL, $5.00
Full-size, great horned Owl, Spring leg.
Dewey's Folding metal decoys are the most durable and life-like made.

FOLDING GOOSE DECOY
Spring Leg or Floating; most life-like.
Each, $3.75; per dozen, $42.00.

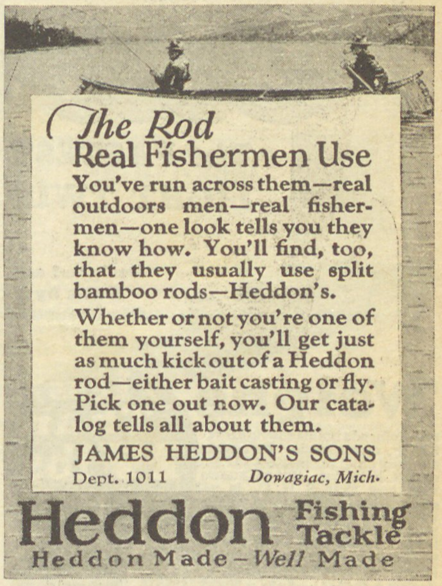
FOLDING SNIPE DECOY
Spring Leg which gives life-like action in the wind. Carry a dozen in your pocket easily.
Each, $1.00; per dozen, $10.00.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Special Introductory Offer! If your dealer cannot supply you, we ship on approval. Send no money, just name and address. Postman will collect. Money back if dissatisfied.
FREE circular on request.
DEALERS write for proposition. AGENTS and DISTRIBUTORS wanted in open territory.

OUTING MFG. CO.
558 East Jackson Blvd., Elkhart, Ind.

ELKHART, IND.



The Rod
Real Fishermen Use

You've run across them—real outdoors men—real fishermen—one look tells you they know how. You'll find, too, that they usually use split bamboo rods—Heddon's.

Whether or not you're one of them yourself, you'll get just as much kick out of a Heddon rod—either bait casting or fly. Pick one out now. Our catalog tells all about them.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
Dept. 1011 *Dowagiac, Mich.*

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Heddon Made—*Well* Made

High-Grade Split Bamboo
FISHING RODS

Write for Special Booklet describing
Thomas Special and Dirigo Rods
Made at the Rod Shop of
THOMAS ROD COMPANY
BANGOR, MAINE
Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

NEARLY **10,000**

Fishermen have written for HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS on Fly and Spinner fishing. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it today.

The John J. Hildebrandt Co.
4115 High St., Logansport, Ind.

Let Us Tan Your Hide

Save your trophies. Moose or deer skins tanned with hair on and made into rugs; or dressed into buckskin glove leather. Bear, dog, cow, horse or any kind of hide tanned with fur on, finished soft and odorless, and made into rugs, robes, coats, caps, vests, gloves or any garment for men or women.

TAXIDERMY AND HEAD MOUNTING

All kinds of game, fish and birds mounted. FINE FUR SKINS such as fox, coon, skunk, mink, muskrat, etc., made into garments of latest style. REPAIRING AND REMODELING. Estimates if desired. We sell at factory prices coats and furs made to order from high grade skins we carry in stock. Deal direct and save middlemen's profits. **FREE CATALOGUE AND STYLE BOOK** gives prices, tells how to take off and ship hides, etc. Write today.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY
Largest custom tanners and taxidermists in the world.
570 Lyell Ave. Rochester, N. Y.

Elto

The FASTEST LIGHT TWIN

Designed and Built by Ole Evinrude

Weighs Less Than 17 lbs. per H.P.

Ole Evinrude builds the lightest 3 H. P. motor made. He could as easily build the lightest 1 H.P. or 2 H. P. motor. But he knows that less than 3 H. P. is not enough for the speed you want or the safety you have a right to expect in rough waters, or with heavy loads. In the Elto Twin you get not only ease in carrying, but one half more power and much more speed.

"STARTS with a TOUCH"

No other outboard motor gives you instant starting every time, and safe rudder steering, leaving both hands free to troll or cast. The Elto is the safe family motor. No danger of sudden capsizing of boat while reversing. Weed-free self-tilting propeller. Trouble proof carburetor. The Elto fits in carrying case without taking apart. Write for free catalog.

Elto Outboard Motor Co.
Manufacturers' Home Bldg. (2)
Dept. 42, Milwaukee, Wis.

FREE SPORTING CATALOG

Write *today* for **FREE** copy of **New 1925** Catalog. It will *save* you real money on Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Outdoor and Athletic Supplies. *All Brand New—Fully Guaranteed.*

SPORTSMEN'S EQUIPMENT CO.
Dept. 8 1418 Vine Street, CINCINNATI

GUNS and SPORTING SUPPLIES

COLLECTORS, ATTENTION! I carry large stock of Curios, such as Stone Age specimens, old and modern Indian Trappings, rare old guns, pistols, daggers, etc., rare coins, rare stamps, minerals, fossils, pioneer china, brass and pewter ware, etc. Ill. lists, 10c- **N. E. CARTER, Elkhorn, Wis.**

SIGNS, BANNERS, CARDS

Easily painted with the aid of Letter Patterns. Write for Free Samples. **JOHN F. RAHN, 2433 Greenview Ave. Chicago.**

all lies, but poetic license must be given. When an angler gets excited over his narrative it is just as we would have it. A story should lose nothing in the telling if it is going to be a good story. If it is not a good story it is not any kind of a story. Suffice it to say that Andy saw a big fish, all of eighteen inches long, with a wide tail and gaping jaws. The fish was splashing around in the shallows, getting its breakfast. It was feeding on minnows. A school of minnows was throwing itself out of the water attempting to escape those mad rushes and plunges and the crush of those monstrous and greedy jaws. Again and again the trout thrashed the water, darting here and there and yon with lightning rapidity, a beautiful specimen of pink shading into red, iridescent spots, against a background of lace-like spray. Nothing short of a moving picture camera could do justice to such a scene.

Andy recovered from the first shocks of surprise and dropping his rod, made a wild leap for the shallows and plunged into the water bent on capturing that fish. The fish saw him and made upstream. Andy plunged, stumbled, fell, picked himself up, gave pursuit. A large rock protruded out of the water toward the friendly shelter and surrounding pool of which the fish made its way. Andy started around this rock and leaning over saw his enemy hugging the sides, in about three feet of water. Carefully reaching down, determined to make a capture Andy endeavored to reach the prize. The water trickled down his body of all of which he was unaware. What's a little water amount to when a record fish is to be had? Inch by inch his hand came nearer his coveted prey. Then he touched the smooth sides of the fish, causing it to wiggle and hug the rock the closer. Then, inch by inch, Andy's hand made its way to the head with the purpose of getting his thumb in those red gills. Would he succeed? His heart was in his throat. His arm ached. The strain of the reach was beginning to tell. Would he be able to hold out? The blood was rushing to his head and it felt as though it would burst. One false move, one move too quick, one move and—

The fish was his! Just how he got out of the water and up the bank he could never tell. But he made the capture. Exhausted, panting, trembling, he lay prone on his captive, not daring to move. But he knew he would have to get up and take that fish away from the stream. Worming his way along he finally deemed it safe to get on his feet, not for a second letting go of his hold on the squirming object of his chase. As he stood there, the fish curling around while he held his thumb in the gills, Andy had the most beautiful dream ever vouchsafed to man. He had a vision of himself going home the longest way around, showing his captive to all and sundry whom he knew would praise, admire, congratulate, envy. He would have his picture taken with an appropriate setting of creel and rod, landing net and fish. He would have the fish mounted against a background of birch-bark. The county paper would contain a paragraph or two. These thoughts flashed through his mind, one upon

"Brings the view close to you"

A "GENEVA" Will Help You Get More Game!

A high-power Geneva Superior binocular will enable you to quickly spot distant game that you would never have seen without it. A Geneva adds to the sport—and to your game "bag".

The Geneva Superior line of binoculars contains the best value for the money you can find anywhere. There's a glass for every use; priced for every pocket-book—$12.00 to $60.00. Quality of workmanship and performance challenges comparison with any glasses in the world, at anything like the same price.

Hunters, yachtsmen, motorists, bird students, travelers, all lovers of the great outdoors —let a Geneva binocular "bring the view close to you." **Absolute guarantee with every glass.** Send for descriptive circular.

GENEVA OPTICAL CO., 30 Linden St., GENEVA, N. Y.

GENEVA
Superior
BINOCULARS

TRADE MARK
M A STRAND SKI
ESTABLISHED 1896

Most exhilarating of all out-door sports

60 SIZES, WOODS and STYLES

The STRAND SKI was the pioneer of America's winter ski-sport.

Recognized Leader for 28 Years

STRAND SKIS FOR EXPERT JUMPERS USED ALL OVER THE WORLD

Special Models for U. S. Army Service in National Parks and elsewhere.

FREE Sent to any Sports Club: Plans for Ski Jumping Tower and Tournament Rules

SOLD BY DEALERS "EVERYWHERE IT SNOWS" OR WRITE

MARTIN A. STRAND
126 STRAND ST., NEW RICHMOND, WIS.
STRAND ADULT AND "KID" TOBOGGANS
STRAND PADDLES FOR CANOEING

Powerful Telescopes

All Metal—Brass Finish

See mountains on moon, stars, people, ships, cattle and objects not visible to naked eye. This big telescope is the ONLY ALL METAL glass sold under several dollars. Large lenses, brass finished draws, black enamel body. Do not confuse it with paper telescopes having half size lenses selling for similar price. Order today. Guaranteed satisfactory or money back. **$1.85**

DuMAURIER CO. Dept. 1011 **ELMIRA, N. Y.**

SPORTSMEN—ATTENTION

Give us a trial on your next game head, birds, animals, fish or open-mouth rugs. We work with the latest, improved museum methods. Send for free lists.

MICHIGAN TAXIDERMY STUDIO
131 East Allegan St. LANSING, MICH.

A Masterpiece—
FREE

Our beautiful new catalogue—a masterpiece of printed art with 32 richly illustrated pages—will charm you and give you a new conception of what Art in Taxidermy can accomplish in the mounting of your trophies. Send for this catalogue today — it is free.

JONAS ·BROS·
1026 BROADWAY
Denver Colorado

SENSATIONAL SALE
GUARANTEED TYPEWRITERS
Limited quantity fully guaranteed standard make typewriters. **5 Days Free Trial.** Lowest prices ever offered. Some at $45.35. Easy payments as low as $3 monthly. Send today for **FREE booklet** of Valuable Typewriter Information and Special Sale Bulletin.
Smith Typewriter Sales Co.
251-360 E. Grand Ave. Chicago. Ill.

PEARLS SLUGS BAROQUES
Pearl hunters will do well to ship by registered mail to H. Willard, Son & Co., Marshalltown, Iowa, who are large dealers in fresh-water pearls.

Cal. 30
U. S. ARMY KRAG CARBINES
All Carbines have the new model 1898 stocks. The barrels, actions and parts are either new or have been refinished by the Government and equal to new......... $15
Krag Rifles........ $12.50 Krag Sporting Rifles $14.00
Calibre 45 Shot Guns 4.50 Calibre 45 Carbines. 3.50
SEND FOR CATALOG
W. STOKES KIRK, 1627-CM, North 10th Street, Phila., Pa.

EVERDRY
Especially Prepared for Hunters and Trappers
TO SOFTEN AND WATERPROOF LEATHER
BOOTS, PACS, SHOES, COATS, Etc.
(Not a Liquid)
KEEPS THE SNOW WATER OUT
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Price, 50c and $1.00
Wm. L. LEMMON, 2143 E. 19th St., Cleveland, Ohio

TAXIDERMY AND FURS Raw skins tanned and made into two style neck pieces (animal shape and choker style). Fox or coon, $9.00 each; muffs and caps, made up, $9.00 each. Deer heads, mounted, $15.00. Hoofs and horns polished and made into gun or hat racks or other useful articles. The same skins or specimens you send me returned parcel post or express, C.O.D.
J. G. BURST Ridgewood, N. J.

PATENTS Send sketch or model for preliminary examination. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer
644 G Street Washington, D. C.

another quicker than it takes to tell. Then came the reaction. Intoxication was followed by sober judgment. The reversal of viewpoint was just as rapid. The thing was all wrong. It was wrong from whatever angle you looked at it. It was neither sportsmanship or conservation. The game was not played according to the rules. The world, of course, need never know, but Andy knew. And that was enough. Quickly walking to the edge of the pool, he eased the fish to the surface of the water. For a second it stayed there, breathing with difficulty, endeavoring to adjust itself to its changed condition, perhaps not sensing that it was free. Suddenly it gave a flirt of its broad tail and like a shot it was gone. Was it a tear that stood in Andy's eye or just a drop of water from the stream? We do not know. This we know: Andy was not so unlucky after all. True, he had a fishless summer. Better a fishless summer than not be able to look the world straight in the face. Besides, there would be another summer and plenty of fish. But honor once gone, what angler, be he ever so skillful, can capture that anew?

The Legend of Big Springs

By R. A. KIRKPATRICK

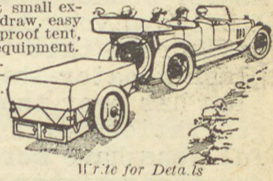
THIS page is written for fishermen, any and all. The barefoot boy of twelve with his willow pole and can of worms, the city guy with his fashion-plate clothes, enameled rod, vari-colored lure and highly developed system of landing 'em and the plain every-day, honest-to-goodness sort, of any age, who sees fish and dream fish for fifty-two weeks of every year of his blessed existence.

If you are a fisherman you have imagination and if you have imagination you are a fisherman. Perhaps you don't know it, have never dreamed of its being so, have been wondering what ails you and have tried to feed your imagination on moving pictures, golf or poker and have never suspected that what you need is a real day's fishing some place in God's great out-of-doors where the wind whispers dreamy things to you and the sun shines soft and warm. If so, try it. It will unloose the inherent tendencies of your ancestors, the fighting, hunting, daring days of your forefathers. On the other hand, if you haven't any imagination, all the fishing tackle in the world cannot make a fisherman out of you. You're simply hopeless, that's all, and you haven't any business reading this article. Better just pass it up and confine yourself to the stock market, mah jongg and statistical reports. You're in the same class with the poor devil who doesn't love

BASS
Woc-O-Mocs

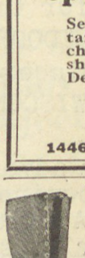
800 Miles in Lion Country
And just notice the uppers—not a seam started and still good for many miles more. The man who wore them on an East African hunting trip says: "The trails were simply frightful —I walked more than 800 miles—Your boots despite their light weight outlasted other boots twice as heavy."
For all outdoor wear Woc-O-Mocs are best Send for Style Book O—It's Free
G. H. BASS & CO.
SHOEMAKERS
WILTON, MAINE

The "Auto-Kamp" Trailer
If you are motoring south this winter an "Auto-Kamp" to trail your car will give you safety, comfort, convenience and camping joys at small expense. Easy to draw, easy to put up. Waterproof tent, real beds, full equipment. Guaranteed. Thousands of enthusiastic owners.



AUTO-KAMP TRAILER CO.
3826 Sheridan Ave.
Saginaw, Mich.
Write for Details

Sportsmen and Hunters
Send us your raw furs and have them tanned and made into beautiful chokers, neckpieces, etc. Workmanship and style guaranteed. Write Dept. 21 for prices.
M. GELLER
Furrier and Tanner
1446 St. Johns Place Brooklyn, N. Y.



Wear Hand-Made Boots
Built Strictly to Your Measure
TOUGH, FLEXIBLE, WATERPROOF
Built by J. B. Thomas, formerly factory manager of Putman Boot Co.
Send for Literature
OUTING FOOTWEAR CO.
714 W. Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn.

STATE SERVICE STATION FOR REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY
Extra barrels and all parts carried in stock and fitted in our own shop. Our workmen have taken a special course on care of Remington guns.
We repair any fishing rod.
307 North Broadway Forest's Okla. City Oklahoma
ROD AND GUN HOSPITAL

FOREIGN MONEY! COINS! BONDS!
$1.04 Brings a pound of samples. 10 Countries, 57 varieties, 100 pieces. Browse and rummage to your heart's content! Agents making big profits. Wholesale catalog free. Cheapest rates on earth.
HIRSCH BROS., 70 Wall Street, N. Y.

NATURAL FOODS FOR ATTRACTING WILD DUCKS

You can have a thousand wild ducks on your waters to every hundred that come there now by providing plenty of their favorite foods.

WILD RICE—WILD CELERY—SAGO PONDWEED SEEDS

which are guaranteed to grow and produce satisfactory results can be planted NOW. Large healthy seeds of a high germination at a lower price. Liberal discount on early orders. Write describing Waters and Conditions and receive free expert planting advice, Literature and Prices.

WISCONSIN'S AQUATIC NURSERIES, Box 331, OSHKOSH, WIS.

More Results from OUTDOOR AMERICA!

WISCONSIN'S AQUATIC NURSERIES

WM. O. COON, PRESIDENT H. E. KALBUS, SECRETARY-TREASURER

AQUATIC ARCHITECTS

We specialize in the Development of Better Hunting and Fishing Grounds

523 BOYD STREET

OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.

Oct. 3, 1924.

Mr. M. A. Bergfeld,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Bergfeld:

We have been so well pleased with the results obtained from our advertising in OUTDOOR AMERICA that I cannot keep the good news silent. I discover myself telling the following story to every person I meet who manufactures or sells a product which interests the outdoors man. It sounds too good to be true, but, so help me God, it's the honest truth.

During Sept. we advertised in ten outdoor magazines, using a two inch display in OUTDOOR AMERICA. We were able to trace the source of 35 per cent of our inquiries direct to your magazine. As for orders, Sept. was a corking good month, but the queer part of it was that over 50% of our orders came from the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. You may count on our using space every month in your publication.

As for conservation and the saving of a great nation, I believe your league is only in its childhood. Time will prove that the Izaak Walton League will accomplish greater things than any other outdoor organization has ever thought of undertaking. The future generations will thank the great writers whose forceful pens have scratched the pages of OUTDOOR AMERICA for their mighty works, which are breaking the sword of destruction and saving a portion of our woods, waters and wild life for them.

With many thanks to OUTDOOR AMERICA, I remain

Very sincerely yours,
WISCONSIN'S Aquatic NURSERIES.
By WM. O. COON, Pres.

P. S. Not only can an advertiser increase and enlarge his own business by advertising in OUTDOOR AMERICA, but he can also feel he is doing a bit for conservation at the same time.

THE FIRE BIRD

By GENE STRATTON-PORTER

Every child in America—and many of us no longer children—are debtors to Gene Stratton-Porter. Her books of the Limberlost are wonderful tales, and her thousands of readers will welcome her as an American poet.

Price $1.75

Published by

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., NEW YORK

music, or horses, or dogs or Roquefort cheese and you should speak to your doctor about getting some one to sort of watch you and see if you are acting just right. Well, anyway, here is the legend.

Millions of years ago when this old sphere of ours was cooling down and slipping itself into place and getting ready to be occupied by the various forms of life, the crust cooled and shrank and enclosed the terrific subterranean fires that were burning in the center of the earth. The immense accumulation of gases generated by the stupendous broiling, seething furnace exploded with a force so terrible that it bulged the side of the earth and lifted the whole American continent, folding and slanting and stacking its crust so that an enormous seam of cicatrix was formed extending from Patagonia to Alaska. Through the great scab or crust that formed on this region there burst forth gigantic ulcers fed by the seething, putrid mass of chemical compositions created by the intense heat of the internal fires and the combustion of terrestrial elements. And these ulcers oozed great streams of molten, blazing, burning rock which spread out, burying great areas with a tremendous coat of living, clinging, running fire. The brain of Dante never conceived a more terrible hell. It was as if the Creator, angered by the perversity of the elements, had decided to destroy every vestige of their existence. Records laid in beds of stone, in strata that are twisted and crumpled and stood on end and in great inland seas of molten rock tell of the mighty travail of Mother Earth when America was born.

And while the wrath of God was at its height and the sublime power of His fury was swaying and grinding and crushing the earth, the angels of Mercy and Love were hovering over the cataclysmic fires, watching and despairing and wringing their hands. And in the sympathy born of despair, Mercy stooped low and smiling, kissed the convulsing bosom of Mother Earth and there sprang forth, in the midst of that burning, seething hell, in the very spot where the lips of Mercy touched, a marvelous stream of healing, cooling, refreshing water. The fires died away. Plants came and with them trees and flowers, thriving in the great envelop of smoke and carbonic acid gas. Then the water fairies brought mosses and ferns and cress, great beds of them, and carpeted the shady places and the crevices of the rocks so that there was no other place on the earth so beautiful. And Love brought schools of trout, great Rainbow, the king of all the fishes, Cut-throat with their scarlet edged gills and little Red-Specks and Brook Trout.

Our government would not believe the legends and songs of the Indians, so it sent its experts into the region of the Yellowstone to read the story of this spring, and their reports confirm every word I have told you. Of course, they have not said anything about the angels and the fairies because government reports are meant for people who have no imagination. But the angels and fairies were there just the same and if the reader will only stop off at Big Springs, on the Short Line, the next time he goes to the Yellowstone region, he can stop at a lodge built at the very edge of the marvelous spring and can see the smiling imprint of the angelic lips. From this great spring, nearly twelve hundred feet in length, bubbles forth the north fork of the Snake River two hundred or more feet in width at its very source. Izaak Walton never dreamed of more ideal trout waters. Clear and sparkling, at an elevation of 6,450 feet, the water has a mean temperature of fifty-two degrees Fahrenheit and a stream flow of 185 second feet. I have a picture which I should be glad to show to any of you, showing the writer's son Severnius, (it was his mother's imagination that tacked that name onto him) and Nick Miller of Blackfoot, Idaho, holding a catch of thirty splendid Cut-throat trout, none of them weighing less than two and totaling approximately eighty pounds, which were caught by our party of six in about two hours in the Big Springs region last July. We did not catch a small fish that day and made several catches almost as fine during our stay at the lodge last year. Now, do you believe it—angels and all?

But the spring and the fish aren't the only attraction at Big Springs. Jack and Mrs. Kooch, who run the lodge at the edge of the spring, are the ones who draw you back year after year. In order to introduce you to these wholesome, lovable pioneers I am going to risk getting trounced by both of them when I go back this summer, and relate the following bit of philosophy of Jack's.

One evening three years ago Jack and I were sitting on the rustic foot bridge across the river just where it leaves the spring, watching the trout jump at the moonbeams playing on the water, and I incidentally remarked how tough it was to be tied to a desk for fifty weeks of a year in order to be able to come out to this wonderful spot for the remaining two. And Jack remarked, "I suppose God had a purpose in mind when He created man and put him here, something for him to do, some work for him to perform—leastwise it looks that way—or He wouldn't have put women here to drive him into doing it. But it don't seem fair and I can't make myself believe that after making this spring, these mountains and rocks and trees that He intended them for the fish. I believe He put the fish here to draw this man—the worker He had created—to this spot where the fairies could touch his heart with their magic wand and soothe the restless tumult of his soul."

OUTDOOR AMERICA
the Ideal
Christmas Present

BOOKS FOR THE SPORTSMAN

"Plantation Game Trails"

(Houghton-Mifflin)

"The best book on the deer, the alligator and the wild turkey."—N. Y. Evening Post.

Price, $3.50

"Days Off in Dixie"

(Doubleday-Page)

"The author does for the South what Roosevelt did for the West."—N. Y. Tribune.

Price, $3.00

"Old Plantation Days"

(Frederick Stokes Co.)

"Thrilling tales by a veteran hunter and story-teller."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Price, $2.50

"Heart of the South"

(The State Company)

Thirty of the author's best tales, including three prize stories.

Price, $3.00

ORDER FROM THE AUTHOR
ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE
MERCERSBURG, PA.

No Library Is Complete Without

The Book of the Black Bass

By Dr. James A. Henshall, *Dean of American Angling*

THIS scientific volume, replete with color illustrations, contains in its 550 pages, complete information on the types, habits and various methods of catching the black bass—"inch for inch, pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims."

Dr. Henshall is 89 years old. Most of his life has been spent in the study of this species of fish, and he knows his subject.

For a limited time, Dr. Henshall will autograph each book sold.

Order now from the Stewart-Kidd Pub. Co., or direct from National Headquarters, I. W. L. A., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. *Price, 4.50*

Railroad Work
Heavy Excavation
Highway Construction
Foundations

James O. Heyworth
Engineer and General Contractor
Chicago, Illinois

River and Harbor Work
Hydro-Electric Development
Concrete Construction
Industrial Plants

Collins Kennels

For Great Danes that have size and intelligence, write Collins Kennels, enclosing 15c for catalog.

GREAT DANES
Are the He-Man's Dog

— the companion par excellence for man, woman or child. Two thousand satisfied customers will prove this.

COLLINS KENNELS
Reedsburg Wisconsin

Sporting Spaniels AT STUD

SPRINGERS
Int. Ch. Horsford Harbour . . Fee $65.00
Ch. Winnebago Whirlwind . . Fee 50.00
COCKERS
Imp. Goldstream Friar Tuck . Fee $25.00

We usually have some puppies and young stock from typical matrons for sale at all times. When getting a Spaniel, get the best and breed to the best at all times. Our stock comprises the best in America.

WINNEBAGO KENNELS, REG.
Box A. 153 Oshkosh, Wis.
"The Home of Champions" (5)
DR. and MRS. A. C. GIFFORD, Owners

Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN
your dog
KEEP HIM HEALTHY
and
CURE DOG DISEASES
How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dog leads, training collars, harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES
Dept. 70 Bound Brook, New Jersey

White | Scotch Collies

like we furnished the President at the White House, arctic explorers, reindeer herders, missionaries, Northwest Mounted Police, big ranchers and thousands of American homes. A pet and guardian for your home and family. Pals for boys and girls all year round in any climate. Unrelated pair will raise $300.00 worth of puppies a year. Write to Home of White House Collie.

ISLAND WHITE COLLIE KENNELS
Dept. O. L. Oshkosh, Wis., U. S. A.

HIGH CLASS SHOOTING DOGS

1-5 year pointer female. Wide, fast, snappy; staunch, steady shot, wing; retrieves, land, water. Experienced quail, chicken, grouse $150. 2-2 year pointer male. Wide, swift, snappy; staunch, steady shot, wing; fair retriever, dead getter; absolutely broken quail, chicken $150. 3-Brace Llewellyns. Male, female; wide, fast, stylish, snappy, backs; staunch, steady shot, wing, retrieves, land, water. Thoroughly broken quail, chicken $150 each, $275 brace. 4-2 year registered pointer female. Royal bred John Proc or, Hard Cash; proven, big litters, breed soon. Wide, fast, snappy; staunch steady shot, wing; retrieves tenderly; broken quail, chicken $250. 5-2 year registered Llewellyn female. Rare breeding Mohawk, MoMoney close up; proven, big litters, breed soon. Wide, fast, classy; retrieves land, water $250. Llewellyn pups six months old; Ch. Mohawk, MarseBen, MoMoney close up $100. 8 months pointer pups Ch. Commanche Frank, Hard Cash, John Proctor breedings $100. Over 50 good ones not listed. Guaranteed sound, healthy; on trial, Cashier's Check; money wired Bank. Descriptions, pictures, pedigrees free; wire, write your wants. **L. L. FRIDAY, WINNSBORO, TEXAS.**

Pointer Puppies for Sale

Sired by Triple Int. Ch. Stylish Touchstone, Dam, Franks Queen B. Whelped June 28, 1924. 21 futurities. Enrolled F. D. S. B. The finest prospects ever seen. Ready for the field. Priced to sell.

R. E. VALBERT - GIRARD, ILL.

ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIELS

From best imported Field Trial and Show Bench strains. Puppies and young stock, usually, for sale. Eligible to registration. Prices reasonable. **DR. W. B. STEWART, Monessen, Penna.**

AIREDALE TERRIERS of RANK
Their Individual Qualities Please
DR. KNOX Box 50, DANBURY, CONN.

The Kennel Department

By ANDREW BROOKS

Former Assistant to Ozark Ripley

The Real Value of Amateur Field Trials

Dinnertime.

GENERALLY speaking, the urge among amateurs for holding a field trial unfortunately seldom comes to them until very late in fall when they have not given mature thought to the proposition and are more sentimentally interested in their individual dogs than rules of competition and the requirements in the way of judges, grounds and the bird supply. In the latter they lack most application of comprehensive thought and most of all serious study of what the game means.

One thing can be said about field trials, that they teach in a few hours more about dogs than most men learn in a life time, and better still, whether dogs of the running type are adapted to their shooting or not.

You know every owner of a bird dog thinks he has the best dog in the world. He is absolutely sold on that idea because it has probably done better work, in his mind, than ten or fifteen dogs or such a number that he has worked him with in his career. Immediately he sets a premium on his ability and right away he fancies he has a world beater.

Amateur field trials are good things to take the conceit out of the owners of many valuable bird dogs, and invariably they show up faults which many considered perfections. They elucidate real bird work, range, bird finding ability, staunchness and tractability to man. No dog's real merits are known until they have been up against stiff competition in a country where neither of the competitors have hunted before, and amateur trials also add to the owner's efficiency in handling his own dog.

Probably we are stepping on many tender toes when we say that very few men know how to hunt and handle a broken high class dog. They do not know what range is when a dog is pointing to body or foot scent and what is real classy work. There are many expert handlers of dogs among amateurs and many inferior ones, and usually the inferior ones are those that blow about their dogs because they have never been in competition with anything but dubs. One feature amateur trials bring out—though rarely it is spoken about—it certainly teaches a man how dogs should be conditioned and that is something most hunters need to learn, as so many cannot detect the difference between good condition and natural stamina and the bold heart that carries a dog over the hardest going though it is suffering physical pain all the time.

About speed, the amateur until he competes with other dogs often has vague and unreasonable notions. He believes a dog fast because he has measured its speed under the limitations of his own observation. He may believe in speed or his opinion may be quite the contrary. He may see no value in it. His convictions rest firmly that the ideal shooting is most efficient when he works slow, carefully and flushes no birds. Grant this is true, the standard of merit in competition and then a little mite of an awakening comes upon the scene. Two dogs are put down together; they are equal in range, equal in bird finding ability, equal in staunchness, equal in tractability. To which dog then naturally should the judges honor with first place? There is only one answer, the dog that does it the quickest and the most stylishly, and this is the very reason how speed came gradually to enter into field trials, though we admit for a while it had placed upon it too high an estimate.

Another thing the amateur begins to find that he is short on until he has a bit of field trial experience is the thing of bird work. He has set views on the subject, like on all his other canine matters. Here they are: the dog should be careful—overly careful—and never flush a bird. He is right—partly! But all the time he has disregarded that there is a tremendous difference here, between the number of finds and the quality of bird work. Suddenly he sees light the very first day his dog is put down in competition. Never before did he realize that the high standards of bird work were so lofty that all his ideas were radically wrong. Previously he would have declared that a quality performer would never make a find and instead flush every bird in the field.

Instead of as he expected, the high class dog to work according to his view, he does just the opposite. Except for a scintillating flush of action, he races and does no perfunctory trailing, feels the wind that bolts into the birds as though he were going to flush them and suddenly freezes into a staunch point.

The performance is so spectacular it immediately registers on the amateur. In the first place he appreciates the value thereafter of a dog going right up to the birds; first because there is no loss of time; second, because against all his former conceptions, they lay better to the dog and last of all he is aware that the dog has a far better grasp on exactly where they are than his erstwhile beloved type of footscenter.

Some likely looking Oklahoma Pointer pups receiving a lesson at home.

Mac—A Llewellyn

Today I heard a partridge drum,
I felt the urge—the nimrod's call
That grips the heart and renders dumb
The dollar's voice in early fall.

I took my gun and blotchy coat
Down from the rack, but something seemed
Amiss—the lump that filled my throat
Accounted for a tear that gleamed.

I seemed to hear the phantom bark
Of my old pard who's blazed the trail
To fields unknown beyond the dark
Where peace and happiness prevail.

It seemed a sacrilege to play
Alone, without the pal of old,
So, Pard, I've put the gun away
And with it—memories of gold.

Bud Ross.

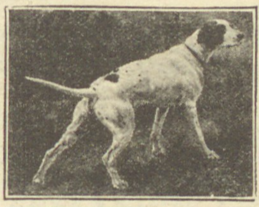
Now let us come to those things of speed and range in the merits of the very high class quail dog. Most amateurs until they have seen them combined with high class bird work, ridicule them, but become converted immediately. Speed and range, like many other things when they are overworked, were abused in the trials years ago to the sacrificing of bird work and bird finding ability. Such a thing could not last and were finally combined until their wonderful value appeared. Many an amateur believes until he sees it in trials, that speed is senseless running and range of the wide-going kind is on a par with it. Quite the reverse, speed is used by the high class dog to get him over ground quickly into bird country and combined with sensible wide ranging that does not merge into bolting, it helps the bird brain of a dog to carry him to the very places where birds ought to be. Though the amateur thinks the dog is overlooking lots of places on account of the winding ability of the animal, he is not. But he is neglecting absolutely barren places, and yet with his speed and wide going qualities, if well broken, he will find more birds day in and day out on the same territory, than the slow zigzaging footscenter that works his ground like a fine-toothed comb. The fast fellow feels the air for scent; the footscenter the ground. If birds are not moving much, that slow careful worker misses lots of covies; the fast dog none because feeling the wind only the slightest scent arising from quails within a wide radius will be carried to his quivering delicate nostrils.

When a bunch of amateurs get together for a local field trial until they have experience in the game, the most noticeable thing is the lack of condition on the part of the dogs. The owners would take offense were this even alleged because they believe their animals could not be in better fettle. Then they reason that an animal that cannot go an hour or two is not worth its fodder. Right they are! But immediately they see more than they anticipated. Dogs that worked faithfully all day at their usual gait by no means could go an hour at the speed the high class dog did and find birds. In a half hour their pet was merely following, not hunting, while the conditioned dog was not only going fast and continuing it like a well oiled piece of machinery, but finding birds, too. Condition had played its part and thereafter the amateur studies condition and goes in quest for all the knowledge he can obtain on the subject.

The friendly rivalry of amateur trials is what helps the sport go on and the increase in dog knowledge which teaches a lesson to breed more carefully and to select better prospects both for shooting and the trials. After participation in their first amateur trial, owners invariably want a dog that will beat the other fellow's and their judgment develops so fast they wonder how all their lives they have been satisfied with second raters which no longer they would have as gifts.

Two Labrador Bitches
Trained as a brace. Unbeatable on land, water and marsh. Won first and second at last Saginaw A. K. C. show. In perfect health. Strong, sound, marvelous physiques. Best breeding. All papers. An opportunity for one who wants the finest in the land. Also puppies.
JOHN KOHLER MOHR, BAY CITY, MICH.

Russian Wolfhound Puppies
Bred from the very best imported strains. Puppies ready for shipment.
PRICES REASONABLE
CATALOG 10c.
Arkansas Valley Kennels
D. C. Davis, Prop.
Cimarron - Kansas



POINTERS
Puppies, Broken Dogs, Brood Bitches, Dogs at Stud. Write me your wants, please.
U. R. FISHEL
Box W Hope, Indiana

Russian Wolfhounds
The Aristocrat of Aristocrats
Ranch Raised Puppies. Excellent Blood-Lines. On approval. Prices reasonable.
GEO. E. HINEMAN
DIGHTON, KANSAS

COLLIES
Safest dog for children.
Any age, any color, imported stock. Send for description and free lists.
JEFFERSON WHITE COLLIE KENNELS
WAUSEON, OHIO
"A Jefferson White is a Collie of a Type"

SEND FOR YOUR COPY
Two hundred page illustrated dog book about world's largest kennels and its famous strain of Oorang Airdales specially trained as companions, watch-dogs, automobile guards, stock drivers, hunters, retrievers.
Ten cents postage brings book with price lists of trained dogs, puppies, supplies, feeds, medicines, etc.
OORANG KENNELS, Box 130, La Rue, Ohio

"Strong Heart" Police Dogs
"*Character* plus Appearance"
You can pay more but you *can't* get a better dog.
SUN BEAM FARM
STRONG HEART KENNELS
New Brunswick, Eastern Road, New Jersey

German Police Puppies
WE SHIP ON APPROVAL
VON HOCHSTEIN KENNELS
ALVA - OKLAHOMA

ATTENTION Sportsmen! OAK GROVE KENNELS of INA, ILLINOIS, is the home of high class dogs. We are offering 'coon, skunk and opossum hounds that are cold trailers and tree barkers. They are real cooners and deliver the game. Have plenty of first class rabbit hounds which will please the most critical. Also offer best of pointers and setters, beagles, fox terriers. Choice young dogs and puppies, 10 days' trial. Descriptive price list ten cents.

FOR SALE Irish Setter Puppies. 3 months old. Type right.
Sire and Dam real bird dogs.
Dr. J. F. Walter McGregor, Iowa

FOR SALE
Irish Setter puppies for September shipment, from dark mahogany broken bird dogs. Type and blood lines ideal.
Write for particulars.
DR. J. FREDERICK WALTER, McGregor, Ia.

Kennel Advertising Results!

Here is what another Kennel Advertiser has to say about Outdoor America

POCKET CITY IRISH SETTER KENNELS
DR. J. FREDERICK WALTER, PROP.

McGregor, Iowa,
Sept. 29, 1924.

Kennel Department,
Outdoor America, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing a for sale ad to be run in the November issue as per cut enclosed, to read as follows:

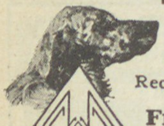
FOR SALE Irish Setter Puppies, 3 months old. Type right. Sire and Dam. Real bird dogs.

DR. J. F. WALTER, McGregor, Iowa.

Enclosed find my check.

I find your advertising medium second to none and I advertise in supposedly all the best mediums.

Thanking you, I am
Very truly yours,
(Signed) J. F. WALTER.



DELCREO DOG REMEDIES
Recommended by the leading breeders and fanciers.
Free Kennel Manual
How to care for your dog.
Dept. Z, The Delson Chemical Co.
42 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

50--Setter Puppies--50 ENGLISH and LLEWELLIN
World's best breeding. For Playmates, Pals or Bird work--we have the best that can be bred.
Enclose stamps and send for prices and descriptions.
Thoroughbred Setter Kennels, Hesner Blk., Edgewood, Ia.

DOG INSURANCE
Policy covers Death from any cause, theft and loss by escape at reasonable rates.
LLOYD'S NATIONAL UNDERWRITERS
PEORIA ILLINOIS

French Bull at Stud
King Tut A. K. C. Reg. 378455. From imported stock. Fee $[illegible]5.00.
DR. ANTHONY W. MARSH, JACKSON, MICH.

FOR SALE 4 Pups. Two of each sex
Whelped August 25, 1924. Enrolled. Ch. Nugym ex Eugenes Ghosts Betty. *Write for prices and description.*
C. O. YOUNG Toledo, Ill.

SETTERS AT A BARGAIN!
Fine 4 year Setter brood bitch in whelp to fine Llewellyn dog, $80.00. Dandy year old bitch, hunting nicely, $75.00 Llewellyn Stud, 2 years, $65.00. All registered. Write for pictures, pedigrees and particulars.
RAYMOND A. MATZ Box A-414 Carmi, Illinois

Lou Holliday's Super-Airedales
(ORIGINAL LIONHEART STRAIN)
Favorably known all over this Continent. Recommended by such men as Freeman Lloyd, Wm. Bruette, Walter Johnson, etc. Reserve your Christmas puppy now, by paying a small deposit. Seven grand litters to choose from. Mating list and literature free.
LOU HOLLIDAY, Victor, Mont.

Rondo SPRINGER Kennels
The hunting strain
Puppies 3 to 9 months old, from registered parents who are well trained, intelligent workers. Three brood bitches, two imported, and a Springbok sire head my kennel. Prices, $75 to $100.
Photos and descripiton on request.
DR. E. L. WARREN, 710 Lowry Bldg, ST. PAUL, MINN.

ENGLISH SPRINGERS
Called the poor man's hunting dog, for they hunt fur or feather and are the best of water retrievers. Get one for next fall. A beautiful lot of exceptionally well-bred puppies of field trial, bench show and working stock from imported parents. Eligible A. K. C. Sire, Banchory Mate, field trial winner. Dam, Ch. Wish of Fordyce. Shatton, Leam, Rivington, Horsford and Avendale blood. Whelped July 11th, 1924.
DONALD N. FORDYCE, Box 326, Allentown, Pa.

CHESAPEAKES
Attention Mr. Duck Shooter
Why experiment with foreign bred retrievers when we have right at our door the greatest of all retrievers, The Chesapeake? Over 150 of the most prominent breeders in the U. S. and Canada are members of the American Chesapeake Club. Why not join the club and be a booster for the greatest natural wild fowl retriever in the world?
For information write Secretary,
A. A. Felt, 130 Second St., N. W., Mason City, Ia.

Coonhounds and Combination Hunters
for coon, opossum, skunk, squirrel. Rabbit hounds. Sent on trial. Catalog ten cents.
SAM STEPHENSON Covington, Tennessee

An Ithaca Mange Cure

SOME time ago an importation of Springer spaniels from England brought with it a case of mange which later spread to a pair of fox hounds which the Ithaca Gun Co. kept on the same farm where the English spaniels were kept. The Ithaca Gun Co. consulted the best available authority and secured a receipt and instructions which quickly cured both the fox hounds and the Springers, and because many dogs suffer from mange, and because the owners of these dogs are often unable to get them cured, the receipt and treatment is being given to the public, and here it is: Mix one pound of Sherwin-Williams dry lime sulphur to six gallons of water, and it is generally better to mix up a half barrel of the solution in the beginning, which would require about five pounds of Sherwin-Williams dry lime sulphur to about thirty gallons of water. Dip your dog in this or in some other way soak the dog from tip of nose to tip of tail. Be sure every part of the dog's skin is *thoroughly* soaked with the solution, and it is well to scrub the dog with a good stiff scrubbing brush to insure the solution getting soaked into the dog's skin. Do this twice a week for about three weeks and an ordinary case of mange will generally be cured. This solution will kill dog fleas, and as a matter of precaution it might be well to repeat the bath after the three week period with a thorough soaking once every week or two, especially during warm weather.

This cure is recommended only for the more common mange. It will not cure follicular mange which one finds on rare occasions.

They Planted a Bass

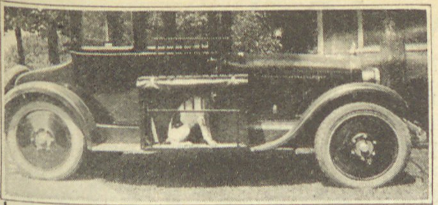
(*Continued from page 39*)

a great thing, you have demonstrated your faith in the principles of the League and have set an example for all chapters to follow. The boys and girls of today and tomorrow are assured the pleasure you men have known. May many a tight line gladden the hearts and quicken the pulses of the sportsmen of Will County." (One of the lakes, by the way, has been renamed Lake Henshall and another Lake Dilg.)

The officers of Will County Chapter are: E. C. Bassett, president; Harry Green, vice-president; Fred. R. Adams, secretary; George Blackburn, treasurer, and William B. Kemp, J. C. Adler, W. S. Wolf, Dr. W. V. Hedges (Frankfort), and George Scheibner (Wilmington), directors. Chapters seeking information or advice regarding hatchery constructions will receive both by writing any of the officers at Joliet, Ill.

Send us a Picture
of
Your Dog

Kennel Department
Outdoor America



The Bird Dog's Palace

Pat. Applied For

HOW often have you wished you had some place for the dog to ride? Be prepared for the coming season and place your order now for the Bird Dog's Palace, a comfortable ideal carrier for the hunting dog. Clamps on the running-board of any car and can be removed in one minute. Light weight, strong construction with tapered back to fit body of car; has storm curtain and is something extra nice for the sportsman who wishes his dog to go in comfort as well as himself.

Price $12.50—Two Dog Size, $15.00.

THE DWIGHT McBRIDE
YELLOW PINE SALES CO.
GOLDEN CITY, MO.

MASCOT
THE SUPER FOX
TRADE MARK
SILVER FOXES

Big Money in Fox Raising

But you must know—must plan and start right. We teach you, tell you how to select breeding stock, how to feed, house and care for them—reducing mortality and insuring profitable results.

Write for particulars, free literature and prices.

Ranch and fox-raisers' school at Prince Edward Island and Hackensack, Minn.

MAESER SILVER FOX & FUR CO.
3756 Colfax Ave., N., Dept. X, Minneapolis, Minnesota

STARDUST FOXES

Prize Winning and High Scoring Silvers Exclusively

"the glistening kind"

D. B. ARMSTRONG, Watertown, New York

Send for Booklet

Sheffield Silver Black Foxes

Won every Prize Cup but one at 1921 National Fox Show. The Sweepstake Prize Winner, "Sheffield Scout," 98 points, is the highest scoring fox in the world. Raising silver foxes is a clean, safe, permanent and profitable business, capable of rapid development. Your success will depend largely upon the strain of foxes you select to start. Investigate carefully before you buy. Pups and Proved Breeders from registered Prize Winning Stock for Sale.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Sheffield Silver Black Fox Co.
Box 3 Northampton, Mass.

SILVER FOXES

BEFORE YOU BUY
WRITE FOR MY FREE FOLDER
"60 Facts About Silver Foxes and Prices"

WESTERN RESERVE SILVER FOX RANCH
Ashtabula Ohio

For Sale Registered Silver Foxes, Canadian Government inspected stock. Also **Asiatic Karakul Fur Sheep**, that produce Persian Lamb Fur. Also **Crossbred English Bloodhound** and **Foxhound pups.** Best Fox and Coon dogs. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed. Write

Charles A. Reasbeck, Vankleek Hill, Ontario

BLACK SILVER FOXES, MINK & RACCOON
FOR SALE. WRITE FOR PRICES.
Coats Black Silver Fox Co., Inc. ESTHERVILLE IOWA

Our Annual Christmas Tree Slaughter

By
FLORENCE IDELLA HALL

This is a plea to save the Christmas Tree forests from destruction. The writer advocates tree planting to insure the perpetuation of the traditional tree at Yuletide. It is a good suggestion based upon sound thinking.

EVERY year hundreds of thousands of evergreen trees are slaughtered for the sake of carrying out the traditional celebration of Christmas. The usefulness of the tree for decoration covers about one week's time. It took Nature from three to five years to bring the tree to the proper size for a Christmas tree. Five years of work for seven days of pleasure. Not a very good balance, is it?

Last year cedars and junipers by the thousand were shipped and hauled in by truck to Detroit. The supply was greater than the demand, so by Christmas eve perfect specimens of three and four foot trees were offered for as little as twenty-five cents apiece. Even at that price the supply was too great. What happened? Hundreds of forlorn little trees that should have been flourishing in some swamp were dumped on a vacant lot and later burned. What took place in Detroit was probably a sample of what happened in many another large city. Isn't it about time that Nature lovers started to convince people that imitation trees serve the same purpose as maimed real ones, and can be made just as decorative without heedless destruction?

Every year the number of evergreens is decreasing because the tree-butchers do not have the foresight to plant new seedlings to take the place of those that they cut every winter. Consequently people trying to preserve evergreens for shade and lawn decoration are being preyed upon by the marauders. Trees are cut on the lawns of handsome estates; rows of evergreens planted for windbreaks are robbed; trees set out by nature lovers for shelters and food for birds are ruthlessly stolen and drawn away in trucks. Unless some drastic measures are taken for the protection of these trees, the stately evergreen will be lost. Many people are starting evergreen nurseries on vacant land from which the well-started trees will be transplanted to permanent sites. No greater patriotic duty could be done than to help rehabilitate our plundered forests.

Bill's Evening Call

(Continued from page 10)

mind. His seventy years have dealt lightly with his heart. There are a great many people who are infinitely worse than Bill, even in his sinful moods, and there are a great many of the professedly sanctified who are much less desirable in the world. He got tangled up with the eighteenth amendment again last fall, and he is now somewhere far away, but we hope he will come back some day and again be a part of the interesting and vibrant life around us.

BOB WHITE QUAIL

NATIVE EASTERN also MEXICAN BOBS WILD raised on large islands producing superior breeders. By express from my quail farms, Pascagoula, Miss., OCT., NOV., also next March and April.

M. E. BOGLE
Huntsville Texas

RINGNECK PHEASANTS

Large, vigorous birds of highest quality for breeding, stocking and shooting purposes.

WE ALSO OFFER

all varieties of fancy pheasants (wild and ornamental ducks and geese), peafowl, swan, etc.

Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed.

TWIN BROOK GAME FARM, Box 614, Middletown, N. J.

Sportsman! Is Bob White whistling in your meadow? Are ruffed Grouse drumming in your woods? Do you have any pheasants or wild ducks to hunt? Do you *want any?* You can easily produce an abundance of birds for your own sport and pleasure—or for profit if you wish. We invite correspondence on stocking problems—or with those wishing to raise pheasants and other game for profit. Game and ornamental pheasants, quails, partridges, grouse, wild turkeys, wild ducks, wild geese, peafowl. Finest birds for breeding or stocking.

THE POSSUM HOLLOW GAME FARM
R. 9-46 Springfield, Ohio

DON'T FORGET

to plant your WILD RICE before Freeze-Up — Nature's Sowing Season. Unusually low prices. Write

TERRELL'S AQUATIC FARM
11 L Blk. Oshkosh, Wis.

Squab Book FREE

Squabs selling at highest prices ever known. Greatest market for 20 years. Make money breeding them. Raised in one month. We ship everywhere our famous breeding stock and supplies. Established 24 years. Write now for big illustrated free book, How to Make Money Breeding Squabs.

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.
216 H St., Melrose High., Mass.

RAISE BELGIAN HARES

New Zealand Reds — Chinchillas — Flemish Giants

MAKE BIG MONEY—We Supply Stock

and pay you following prices for all you raise: Belgian Hares $2 each—New Zealands $3 each—Chinchillas $4 each—Flemish Giants $5 each. 82-page illustrated book, catalog and contract, also copy of **Fur Farming** magazine, tells how to raise skunk, mink, fox, etc., for big profits, all for 10c. Address OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., Box 48, Holmes Park, Missouri

Pheasants—Golden and Amherst

also Japanese Silkie Bantams. Quality stock.

S. M. Snyder Metamora, Illinois

WATERWEEDS REMOVED EASILY AND EFFECTIVELY from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Don't Fail to Read the

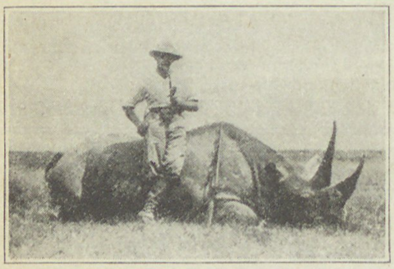
December Issue of Outdoor America

Zane Grey—Gene Stratton Porter—Dr. Henry Van Dyke—Earl Reed—El Comancho — Donald Hough — Ben East—Charles Livingston Bull —Frank Stick — Leonard Cronin— Everett E. Lowry—C. Otis Wilson— George Parker Holden—and a big surprise in addition.

15c ON NEWSSTANDS
$1.00 BY THE YEAR

NOVEMBER PRINT ORDER 110,000

RESORTS
&
CAMPS

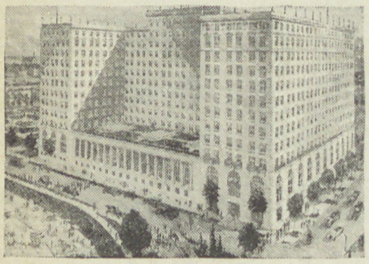


SIEDENTOPF BROS.
AFRICAN
Hunting Expeditions in Portuguese East Africa
"The Hunters' Only Paradise"

OUR 18 years of actual experience guarantees you the finest specimens of all big game as well as a full complement of antelopes and gazelles, in well conducted safaris.
Now is the time to sign up for the best reservations in 1925.
Snapshots and motion pictures of wild animals a specialty.
Temperate climate — Healthy country — Fine scenery.
TERMS: $1350 first month, $1100 each month thereafter. Everything furnished except guns, ammunition and license.

A. R. SIEDENTOPF
CANON CITY COLORADO

SPORTSMEN!
When going through Chicago on your fishing or hunting trip—north, east, south or west—make your headquarters at
THE DRAKE
Upper Michigan Avenue facing Lake Michigan



or at
THE BLACKSTONE
South Michigan Avenue facing Grant Park

These two magnificent world-famed hotels are equi-near the center of the city's activities. They are connected by the Famous Boulevard Link, an important part of Chicago's "City Beautiful" Plan.
Booklet on request
THE DRAKE HOTEL COMPANY
Managers

Millions of Mallards
will arrive this month in the vast rice field areas of Georgetown County, South Carolina. Season opens Nov. 1st, and ends Jan. 31st. Deer, wild turkey and quail in abundance. Winter climate ideal. Country Club and excellent golf course. Boating, fishing. For purchase or lease of desirable locations, address
Hugh L. Oliver, Georgetown, S. C.

Mena National Park

(Continued from page 65)

area being called the Ozark National Forest, while the southern area is called the Arkansas National Forest.

This proposed park would be much nearer to the great bulk of the population of the country than any other park now in existence, not excepting the Lafayette National Park in Maine, which is the only park east of the Rockies and having an area of but little in excess of five thousand acres. All of the great national parks are beyond the reach of the great bulk of population; so far away, indeed, that only those who possess considerable means and abundance of leisure can afford to visit them. To the rapidly growing population of Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and southern Iowa, together with Kentucky, Tennessee, part of Ohio, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Oklahoma, a park located in this area would prove a veritable boon, affording, as it would, a means of escape from the extreme heat of summer. So near is it to Mississippi, Louisiana, Missouri, Kansas, southern Illinois, western Tennessee and Oklahoma that a few hours' drive would enable the inhabitants to reach it and, in reaching it, to find themselves in a complete change of scenery and climate. There is no time when blankets are not in order at night, with complete freedom from the winged pests which infest the lowlands.

It has been estimated that over forty-four million of the population of this country would be nearer this than any other national park. The distance as the crow flies to cities of importance is as follows: Kansas City and St. Louis on the north are 315 and 350 miles respectively, while Chicago is 600 miles, Cincinnati 650 miles, Nashville and Birmingham are within easy distances, while Houston, Texas, is 300 miles and Dallas 200 miles. New Orleans is the same distance as Kansas City. In Oklahoma on the west, Tulsa is but 150 miles and Oklahoma City 200 miles. Embraced within these borders are many cities of importance which will not be enumerated in full. Suffice to say, Shreveport, La., 115 miles; Texarkana, Ark., 60 miles; Memphis, 235 miles; Little Rock, 110 miles, and Ft. Smith, 70 miles.

Good roads lead to the south to Texarkana, Shreveport, New Orleans and Dallas; to the west into Oklahoma and east to Little Rock and Memphis.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A MOUNTAIN

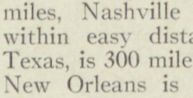
To those who have not been fortunate enough to have seen for themselves this region and who may be of the opinion that it is merely an elevated plateau topped by low lying hills, it may be well to say that a mountain differs from a hill in accordance with the relative elevations by which it is surrounded. Thus, the Grampian Hills are merely hills, because of the Grampian Mountains of which they are a part; the Berkshire Hills are hills though having an elevation of 3,500 feet, because they are a part of the White Mountains; the Black Hills are so called, though 7,000 feet in height, because of being a part of the Rocky Mountains. It may also be that an elevation of some importance, if it be merely a plateau, though standing by itself, is not a mountain. But measured by all this, if the Ozarks are merely hills, then the Ouachita Mountains are mountains in the truest sense, not only because of the greater elevation than the Ozarks proper, but because of the escarpment and precipitous form which constitute their chief characteristics, there being peaks which may be said to be magnificent in grandeur.

HISTORICAL SYMBOL

To again quote the Director of Park Service: "There should be a typical section of the Appalachian Range established as a national park with its native flora and fauna conserved and made accessible for public use and its development undertaken by Federal funds. . . ."

Not only is this view one of wisdom and statesmanship in the truest and best sense, but the government should go farther and establish not only that which is of interest in plant and animal life, but there should be set aside a section typical of the Southern Alleghenies in the interest of history, to the end that the mighty deeds of the mightiest pioneers this earth has ever seen might be kept before the eyes and minds of the country. Since the government land east of the Mississippi River may not be used for park purposes, there should be created and set aside a section typical of the best of the Southern Alleghenies. There should be a section typical of Wautagua and Nolichucky, of the Clinch and Holston settlements and of the country in which was created the state of Franklin; in order that the deeds of Boone and Clark, of Shelby and Logan, of Sevier and Robertson; of the men who, unaided by the government, won and held for the government a mighty empire; of the men, of whom nothing is now known, but the names of their leaders—who stormed and won the heights at the bloody battle of King's Mountain—shall be forever held in reverence by their government of which they asked but little and to which they gave much. The Ouachita Mountains of Arkansas is that typical region.

Try Glorieta, New Mexico
For Your Next Hunt



Silver-tip cub roped by Fisher

Wild Rocky Mountain country for 200 miles north, 50 miles east and 100 miles west, with very few settlers. Plenty of wild game, Turkey, Grouse, Deer, Lion, Bear, etc. Red-bone Fox and English Bloodhounds. Best dogs available. Good pack outfit and best horses in the West. Very little snow. Can ride trails any time. Write for rates.
S. L. FISHER (Pilot), Glorieta, New Mexico

Are you doing your part in the membership drive?

RESORTS & CAMPS
HOTELS—GUIDES—PROPERTY

GOOD SPORT IN THE SOUTH

Near Georgetown, South Carolina

Wild turkey, ducks, quail, and other game in the Sautee River section. A remarkable location for visiting sportsmen. Accommodations for ladies and gentlemen. Also an attractive winter home and plantation for sale. For full particulars and reservations address

F. E. Johnston, P.O. Box 533, Georgetown, South Carolina

FOR SALE

One of the Best Private Game Preserves in famous Currituck Sound, N. C. Duck, Goose, Snipe and Quail. Large acreage, convenient location. New, modern building and fully equipped.

To parties interested, full particulars mailed on request.

J. E. WHITE, CURRITUCK, N. C.

In the Heart of Currituck Sound

To Wild Fowl Shooters: If you want a comfortable bed, good, plain, substantial food and the opportunity to kill your limit on ducks and geese every day of the season make your reservations now. Our years of experience and wonderful stool of decoys enable us to hold our patrons year after year. Write us now for references. We prefer our satisfied guests to speak for us

SANDY POINT PRESERVE, KNOTT'S ISLAND, N. C.
F. L. Williams, Proprieter

Hunting Privileges for Five Years

on game preserve containing 5,000 acres for lease; 400 acres rice land, 300 cultivated, entire plantation under wire fence. Good for ducks, birds, turkeys and deer. Located eight miles out of Georgetown; accessible over State Highway.

Address, Box 528, Georgetown, S. C.

Black Duck and Canada Geese

Shooting Over Live Decoys

Full Particulars Dates

'Phone No., 252-R East Quogue

Guide, FRED MUHS, East Quogue, L. I., N.Y.

NOTICE

Real sport at Poplar Branch, Currituck Sound. Duck and goose shooting, baited blinds, live decoys and experienced guides. Quail shooting and striped bass fishing on off days.

Ladies may be entertained as well. Reasonable rates, eighteen miles from railroad, good roads from Snowden to Poplar Branch, near a shipping point.

Stores, telephone and other advantages. Make your dates soon.

W. E. BALLANCE, (Postoffice) Poplar Branch, N. C.

TROUTDALE CABINS

ON MOXIE LAKE

A Maine Woods Camp Moosehead Region

Worth Knowing About

DEER □ BIRDS

For Information

LEE & WIMMER Troutdale, Maine

Black Bass Fishing

that is without a doubt the best in Florida, in 1400 lakes. Good boats, guides, accommodations.

For rates and reservation, write

MAGNOLIA HOTEL, Leesburg, Florida

RESULTS!

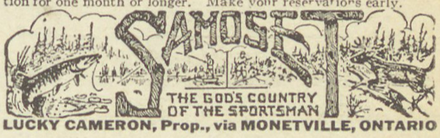
Read what another of our Resort Advertisers has to say about results obtained from OUTDOOR AMERICA

BASS AND GIANT PIKE

NORTHERN ONTARIO

The greatest fresh water fishing and Moose, Deer and Bird hunting on the American Continent today. AN ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE AGAINST DISAPPOINTMENT. Your limit of Small Mouth Black Bass up to 5½ lbs., or at least one Giant Great Northern Pike from 15 to 30 lbs., every day it's fit to fish—*or your money back*. Scenic beauty unsurpassed anywhere in Canada.

Modern quarters ashore and afloat. The best of beds, and the finest table set by any camp in America. Unquestionable references right in your own state. Rates $7.50 per day with guide; $5.50 without guide. Reasonable reduction for one month or longer. Make your reservations early.


SAMOSET
THE GOD'S COUNTRY OF THE SPORTSMAN

LUCKY CAMERON, Prop., via MONETVILLE, ONTARIO

SAMOSET
LUCKY (F. C.) CAMERON MONETVILLE, ONT.

September 25, 1924

Messrs. Izaak Walton League of America,
536 Lake Shore Drive. Chicago, Illinois.
Gentlemen:

Let me compliment you on Outdoor America, and all the Walton League stands for. My July space was simply a ''feeler''. I've traced $1000.00 worth of business back to that one ad. And you can depend on it that I'll be with you, beginning with your April issue, for the entire season of 1925.

F. C. C/R. Sincerely, (Signed) Lucky Cameron.

FOR SALE FOR RENT

COTTAGE; at PASS CHRISTIAN The year around resort on the Mississippi Coast; large hall and dining room in centre, four bedrooms, two bathrooms, kitchen, maid's room, large porches, garage. Neatly furnished, screened, electricity and gas. Sale price, $10,500. Rental, $100.00 a month.

Other properties for sale and rent. Address:

GRAYSON & COMPANY
PASS CHRISTIAN MISSISSIPPI

MAINE HUNTING

Deer, Bear, Partridge and Snow-Shoe Rabbits

Miles of good hunting forest with competent guides available if desired. Rates have been reduced for the very best part of the hunting season (now to Dec. 1st). Comfortable accommodations with best of food.

HIGH TWELVE CAMPS, Rowe Pond, Maine

DEER HUNTERS LODGE

Near the White Mountains

The place you have always wanted to know about. Make your reservations now. Partridge and duck shooting—deer hunting. Results guaranteed. Private cabins for families. Address

BEMIS CAMPS South Chatham, N. H.

Duck Shooters and Bass Fishermen

We are located on the Illinois River near Browning in the best duck shooting and bass fishing territory in the state.

WRITE

W. T. BOYD, Sheldons Grove, Ill.

TAWAS INN ON BEAUTIFUL TAWAS BAY

Adjacent to a wonderful hunting territory near the Au Sable River. Excellent wild fowl shooting on marsh, lake or bay. Bear, Raccoon, Deer and Red Fox. Some very good Ruffed Grouse shooting. Rates $5.00 per day, $30.00 per week. Guides, dogs and other equipment furnished at reasonable prices.

For reservations write

JAS. L. ALDRICH, Managing Owner, Tawas Inn, East Tawas Michigan

CURRITUCK DUCK-SHOOTERS LODGE

CURRITUCK, N. C.

Now Booking Reservations for Coming Season. Duck, Goose, Snipe and Quail. Modern and Best Equipped in N. C. Ref. in all parts of U. S. Bass and Rock Fishing Oct. Correspondence Invited.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

ADVERTISEMENTS from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 10c a word per insertion, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words.

Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1.

All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the 1st of the month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Boats and Marine Supplies

BUY your boat motor from Waltonian Grossman, 1630 Pine, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Boats and Canoes

16 Foot Flat Bottomed Rowboat. Easily made. Construction blueprint, 30c. Weesho-Uco, 31st Branch, Detroit, Mich.

ROWBOATS. Easily made. Interesting literature free. Weesho-Uco, 31st Branch, Detroit, Mich.

Camps and Cottages

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks $100; hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (3-12)

Coins and Curios

GENUINE Indian curios prepaid at following low prices—Terms cash with order. Buckskin Moccasins, $5.00. Beaded watch fobs, $1.50. Beaded belts, $5.00. Beaded hatbands or headbands, $3.00. Ladies' necklaces loom beaded, $2.50. Bow and arrows, $1.50. Chief Flying Cloud, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (9X)

RARE Coins—Silver, gold, copper and paper money of the world; Mexican bill and new catalogue 10c. Alexis Mengelle, Box 387, Colorado Springs, Colorado. (3-12)

ANTIQUES—Flint lock guns, rifles, pistols, swords, daggers; catalog free. Nagy, 32 South 18th St., Philadelphia, Penn. (3-11)

Dogs

OLD-TIME long-haired, black-and-tan foxhound puppies from premier Pioneer Pack, faithfully perpetuating the longest eared and mightiest hounds of old, renowned for their cold trailing ability, endurance, gameness and true hound character. The most distinctive hounds the world has even known. Illustrated descriptive booklet and Story of Babe, ten cents. Address: Merritt Brothers, Nichols, N. Y. Route No. 2.

POINTERS and puppies. World's best breeding. Vaccinated against distemper. Three six months old, registered pups for this fall's hunting. Also own stud dog, Broomhills Elkwood "Jack" sire Champ. Broomhill Dan. Dam Queen of Elkwood (Hal Kent ex Bell of Elkwood). Fee, $25.00. Write for descriptive circular. C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill.

TRAINED Pointer dog, 2½ years old. White and liver spotted, fast and wide; good looker; good nose; retriever. $75.00. Trained Pointer Bitch. Does the work. White and liver spotted, 2½ years. Staunch on points. Retriever. $60.00. Will ship C. O. D. on 5 days' trial. You guarantee expense both ways. We have others. Murray's Kennels, Brighton, Tenn.

ATTENTION Brother Sportsmen! ½ blood ½ coon hound pups. Sire registered English bloodhound, dams, Bluetick, Walkers. Redbones, Black and Tans. They need no flowery advertising—they please. Ship anywhere C. O. D. $10.00 and $15.00. Trained and started hounds to suit your pocketbook. Frank Reichenbach, Apple Creek, Ohio.

LE PELLEY BROS., Mena, Arkansas, offer for sale Famous Ozark Range coonhounds, 4 to 6 years old, for $75.00 to $125.00. Combination Hunters, $47.50. Good rabbit dogs, females, $12.50, males $17.50 to $25.00. Send draft for quick delivery. 12 days' trial.

FOR Sale—German shepherd puppies. We think we have one of the best litters of puppies that was ever sired by International Ch. Hamilton Erich von Grafenwerth P. H. We also have some cheaper puppies. Ray R. Shepherd, Bicknell, Indiana. (3-1)

CHESAPEAKE Puppies for sale, from registered stock. Dogs at stud. Thompson's Chesapeake Kennels, Lake Andes, S. Dak. (2-11)

Dogs

FOR Sale—Beautiful German police pups, all colors, from prize winners in Germany, police trained, best bloodlines. Sold on approval. Papers furnished. We have pleased hundreds since 1914. Dr. Almklov, Cooperstown, North Dakota. (3-1)

TRAINED rabbit hounds 1 to 3 years old, $20.00 each, C. O. D. for examination. Youngsters around year old $10.00. Am selling out. Have more than I want to keep over. Write or telegraph order. W. O. Henson, Xenia, Illinois.

PURE-BRED American Foxhounds—Suitable for coon, cat, deer, rabbits, fox, wolves, and all other fur-bearing animals. July and Walker strains, trained and untrained; 10 days' trial allowed. J. E. Adams, Montgomery City, Mo. (3-11)

FOR Sale—High class Foxhounds, Beagle-hounds, Coonhounds, bloodhounds, and Setters; partly and well broken; puppies of all breeds. I ship C. O. D., no money in advance; stamp for booklet. Landis-Kennels, Mohnton, Pa. (3-12)

BLACK, Tan, Blue Ticked Red Bone Bird-song coonhounds, $50.00. Best rabbit hounds in the south, $20.00. All dogs sold on ten days' trial. Bates Bros., Box 342, Mena, Ark. (4-2)

BARGAINS, Trained English Setter dog $50.00, with papers. Beautiful 2 month puppies. No better pets. Spaniels, Airedale Retrievers, Hounds, Bulldogs. Minnetonka Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn.

CHESAPEAKES for Sale. Grown dogs and puppies for sale. Trained and untrained. Prices reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Pedigree furnished. Harry J. Carney, New Hampton, Iowa. (3-12)

HIGH class Irish, English, Llewellyn, Gordon setters and pointers. Also Irish Water Spaniels and Chesapeakes. Puppies and trained dogs at all times. Stamps. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (3-12)

ENGLISH, Irish and Gordon Setters. Pointers and retrieving spaniels. Grown dogs broken and unbroken puppies and bitches in whelp. Prices to sell. List free. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minn. (3-11)

2 EXTRA good fast 4 year old male fox, cat, deer, coon hounds guaranteed for all game anywhere, one hundred dollars gets them. J. R. Stephens, Marshall, Ark.

FOR Sale—Trained bird dogs. All kinds pups ready for shipment. Prices right. Satisfaction or money refunded. Write Albert McCollum, Box 415, Atkins, Arkansas.

SPORTSMEN—Real cooners, Redbones, black and tans and Blueticks; also gun and field broken rabbit hounds. Fifteen days' trial, reference, square dealing. Leo Adams, Ramsey, Ill.

SHEPHERD (Police) dogs. Very choice litter, born July 25. Pedigreed, eligible to register in A. K. C. $40.00 up. Justa Farm Kennels, Charleston, Ill.

FOR Sale—Three Pedigreed Beagles 18 months old. Live Bird Patch stock. Well started and ready for the field. A. C. Alexander, Kahoka, Mo.

6 LLEWELLYN Setter, bitch pups, whelped July 2nd. Black and white and ticked. Mother registered. Price $20.00 each. Geo. W. Shaw, Linneus, Mo.

GUARANTED tree dogs and running hounds. Raised and trained in the heart of the Ozarks, where hunting is real. Write your wants. C. L. Currier, Ozark, Ark.

WIREHAIRED Pointing Griffon puppies. Champion bred. Shooting strain. Centerfire Kennels, 222nd St. and Boston Post Road, New York City.

FOR Sale—English Bull Terrier puppies. Three to six months old. Best breeding. Eligible to A. K. C. Priced right. Homer C. Rainault, 336 Maple St., Holyoke, Mass.

FOX terriers, $12.00 to $15.00. Some registered Eskimo Spitz, $15.00. Fox Hounds, $45.00. Want to buy pug dogs. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wisconsin.

Dogs

FOR Sale—Police Pups Sired by Artur Von der Grunhalde, imported January, 1924. Sold on approval. H. H. Barbour, Hazelhurst, Wisc.

FOR Sale—American Brown Water Spaniels. Guaranteed to hunt at one year of age or money refunded. Wolf River Kennels, New London, Wis. (3-1)

FOR Sale—Beautiful German Police pups from trained prize winning European dogs of highest quality. Wolf and silver grey. Dr. Almklov, Cooperstown, N. Dak. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Five high-class coon, skunk and opossum hounds. Not culls, but real tree dogs. Also six Red Bone pups. Prices reasonable. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo. (2-11)

FOR Sale—Chesapeake Bay Retrievers and English Springer Spaniel puppies. Best blood lines obtainable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Goodspeed's Kennels, Waverly, Ia. (3-12)

KEEP in touch with the United National Beagle Club Field Trials. Write Bloodlines Journal, Kalamazoo, Michigan, for free information. (3-11)

ARKANSAS best Coon, Fox, Deer, Wolf, Bear, Squirrel and Rabbit Hounds. Thirty years' dog experience. Price list and terms free. W. B. Caraway, Alma, Arkansas. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Pair of male beagles. Quality sort; type and breeding. Field winner at stud. James Whalen, Loraine St., Plattsburgh, N. Y. (3-11)

FOR Sale—American Brown Water Spaniels. Guaranteed to hunt at one year of age or money refunded. Wolf River Kennels, New London, Wis. (3-11)

FINE English and Irish Setter Puppies and grown dogs for sale. All registered or eligible. Registered English and Irish Setters at stud. D. A. Estep, Clearwater, Neb. (3-11)

IRISH Water Spaniels. Pups ready to train. Dam raised. Priced dirt cheap. Ralph Harris, La Crescent, Minn.

FOR Sale—Gordon Setter pups, Inglehurst Joker—Kelly N. strain from my pair registered shooting dogs. C. S. Townsend, Nevada, Mo.

EVAN HUMPHREYS, Decatur, Illinois, Route 7—offers Fox, Coon, Skunk and Rabbit Hounds on ten days' trial. Price list upon request.

ENGLISH Setters, 5 months. Highest bench and shooting strain. All papers to register. E. Phillips, Ledge Road, Newport, Rhode Island.

POLICE dogs and puppies; sired by a son of the International Champion Dolf. The Rice Kennels. Spencer, Ind.

FOR Sale—Registered grayhound pups, two months old. From fast parents. Peter Bielen, Springfield, Minn.

FOR Sale—Started Coon and Skunk hounds. Real Cooner. Route 2, Frank Carpenter, Lake City, Minn.

TRAINED Stag hounds for sale, all guaranteed; also pups from a 32-inch sire. W. A. Carlisle, Cherokee, Okla. (3-1)

FOR Sale—German police dogs, best of pedigrees. Arthur Anson, Mose, North Dakota. (3-1)

BEAGLES and rabbit hounds well broken. Trial. Clarence Martin, 33 Union Ave., New Holland, Pa.

LABRADORS, incomparable retrievers of feather and fur. Bertsch Labrador Kennels, Glasgow, Mont.

LARGEST kennels of Smooth Fox Terriers in America. Will please you. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill.

FOR Sale—Airedale puppies, pedigreed; best hunting strain. Wm. Jordan, Hermann, Mo. (3-1)

FOR Sale—Fine Llewellins, 10 months old; females $20.00, males $25.00. F. O. Gardner, 715 Lincoln St., Cadillac, Michigan.

BROKEN Beagles, Rabbit, Coon, Fox-hounds. Trial pups. M. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (3-12)

If it appeals to Sportsmen, advertise it in Outdoor America

Dogs

FOR Sale—Registered bloodhound pups; earage and wrinkled. David S. Inglee, Whitehall, N. Y. (2-11)

AIREDALE Pups, bred to hunt. 5 months old. Papers furnished. R. Pierne, R. 4, Box 284, Tacoma, Washington. (3-11)

REGISTERED English Setters, Champion Stock, 4 months old. Two females one year old. Guaranteed. S. S. Shriner, Flora, Ill. (3-11)

COON and rabbit hounds, young stock. Unsolicited testimonials. Postage please. Jas. H. Grisham, Wheeler, Miss. (3-11)

AURORA Airedale Kennels—Swivelle blood direct, hunters, fighters, guards and companions; write for what you want. Aurora, Mo. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Trained rabbit hounds. Beagle at stud puppy stock. V. Hershey, Orrville, Ohio. (3-11)

ENGLISH setters, field and bench show type. All papers. G. D. Simpson, York, New York. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Pointer Puppies, $10.00 to $20.00. W. F. Herron, Houston, Mo.

GREAT Dame Registered pups. $40, $50. Wayne Light, Steamboat Spgs., Colo.

AIREDALE pups, Laddie Boy breeding. Gun Hummer, Iowa City, Iowa.

AIREDALE, Fox, Coon and Rabbit Hound Pups. Fred Kucera, Clarkson, Nebraska.

WANTED—Bird dog for quail. No papers. Price. Wm. Wetton, Slater, Mo.

HIGH Class Cocker Spaniels, pedigreed. E. Roberts, Sinclairville, New York.

ENGLISH Bull puppies, Fox Terriers, Collies, $10.00. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (3-1)

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds cheap. Trial catalogue. Beck, D-45, Herrick, Ill. (3-11)

SALE—Foxhound, six pups, female setters. John Matlack, Haddonfield, N. J. (3-11)

HIGH class Bostons for sale and service. 2252 Orchard St., Chicago. (3-11)

Dog Remedies

SACOL Canine Remedies are the best that can be had when real scientific and successful dog treatment is desired. In a class above the ordinary dog remedies. Endorsed by the most prominent dog breeders and veterinarians, including the famous dog trainer, Capt. Engerer. Send stamp for our booklet and supply of pedigree blanks. Sacol Laboratory, Box 24, Ridgewood Sta., B'klyn, N. Y. (6-3)

WORMS—The Government found Carbon Tetrachloride chemically pure, 100% effective against hook and round worms in dogs, and also the safest. Insoluble non-breakable capsules for dogs and puppies, 18 doses, $1.00. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (11X)

SIXTY-MINUTE Worm remedy for dogs. Vegetable compound administered with food. Harmless; results guaranteed. Prepaid, 15 doses, $1.00; 36 doses, $2.00; 75 doses, $3.50. Chemical Products Co., Ellsworth, Minn. (5-2)

Firearms

The New OVRUNDA Double.

THE New Christoph Funk Over and under has wonderful balance and workmanship, the result of 90 years of manufacturing fine arms. The acme of perfection for trap or field.

Regular doubles, three barrelled guns and double rifles in stock and made to order at very moderate prices. Send for illustrated circular.

BAKER & KIMBALL, 38D South St., Boston.
Sole American Agents.

Sauer Shot Guns and Sauer-Mauser Rifles

Your safety lies in your dealing direct with the factory's Sole and Only Agent in America. By doing so you will receive Genuine NEW goods of Pre-War quality and at Pre-War Prices. You have the Guarantee of J. P. Sauer & Son, as well as our own, back of every transaction. Address (3-12)

The Milford Co., Milford, Delaware

SAUER SHOTGUNS AT CUT PRICES

CLOSING out our small stock of genuine J. P. Sauer guns at less than wholesale prices, to make room for our new line of FUNK arms. Send for list. BAKER & KIMBALL, 38D South St., Boston.

SELL—10 gauge Ithaca, Smith, Winchester Lever, Baker, Parker, Super Fox, Duck, Goose Guns. Heavy Duck, Goose and Fox Loads any gauge, High Power Rifles. Firearms list 100 guns 10c. Frayseth's Hardware, Milan, Minn.

Fishing Tackle and Bait

RODS wound and refinished with Bercelen guaranteed enamel. Introductory offer, $1.50 a section. Leon Derr, 5065 Claxton, St. Louis.

For Sale or Exchange

SPORTSMEN Exchange—We exchange guns, rifles, field glasses, cameras, watches, etc. Or will buy for cash. Write us what you have, what you want, or send us the article with a letter, and will make you an offer by return mail. E. Wanger, 502-A Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. (3-11)

SWAP Guns, Hounds, Anything! Largest, oldest trader's magazine. Hundreds swap offers. Sportsmen's stories, articles. Sample 10c. Special: 20-word exchange advertisement in Christmas Annual free with year's subscription 50c. Swapper's Friend, 422 Louise, Mansfield, Ohio.

BUY, sell, and trade all makes of Guns, Fishing Tackle, Binoculars, Field Glasses, Watches, Diamonds, Old Gold, Gold Bridges, and Platinum. Watch repairing and diamond setting. Sam Efron, 170 E. 4 St., St. Paul, Minn. Bankers' references if required. (3-11)

PEDIGREED Airedales, for guns, tents, motors, cash register or offers. Ben Jackson, Carlos, Minn. (3-1)

GUARANTEED Pocket Telescope, $1.00. Peek, 108 Grove St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

Game Birds and Animals

REGISTERED Silver Foxes, Canadian Government inspected animals. Priced at Fur Value. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed. Can ranch foxes for you and guarantee you one hundred per cent increase. Also Asiatic Karakul Fur sheep which produce Persian Lamb Fur. Reasbeck's Fur Farm, Vankleek Hill, Ontario.

FERRETS—I specialize in raising ferrets. Thirty years' experience. November prices. Single male $3.50. Single female $4.00. Per pair, $7.00. Yearling females special rat catchers, $5.00 each. Will ship C. O. D. Instruction book free. Levi Farnsworth, New London, Ohio.

HOW to Attract Ducks. Grow their favorite foods, Terrell's Wild Rice, etc., in your waters. Seeds for every condition ready for fall planting. Write for free illustrated booklet giving expert advice on what and where to plant. Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 10-L Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-12)

FOR Sale—Few English call ducks six dollars pair. Extra drakes only, two fifty each. Cross Mallard and English call ducks four dollars pair. Satisfaction guaranteed. G. C. Schuler, Orfordville, Wisconsin.

CHINCHILLA Rabbits. Winning Colorado state fair, 1924, in hot competition. Grand champion. 5 firsts, 2 second prizes. Exhibition, utility stock. Reasonable prices. Jagger's Rabbitry, P. O. Box 1061, Pueblo, Colorado.

WE buy, sell or exchange silver foxes. Write for our plan of purchase. Snowbound Silver & Black Fox Ranch, Hazelhurst, Wisconsin.

SALE—Canadian Geese, grey, black mallards, teal, spriggs, English call decoys, wild turkeys, peafowls, pheasants, animals all kinds. Clinton Game Farm, Ina, Ill.

SPORTSMAN—We sell live cotton tail rabbits, squirrels, quail for stocking, also dead rabbits for kennels. Tarman's Fur Farm, Quincy, Penna. (3-1)

CHINESE Ring-neck and Fancy Pheasants, Wild Turkeys, Grouse, Quail, Waterfowl, Deer and Elk. Eggs for Spring delivery. E. Jaser's Pheasantry, Walhalla, Mich. (3-11)

LIVE Decoys, Callers, English Call Ducks, $7.00 pair. Wild Mallards, $5.00 pair. Wild Canada Geese. J. E. Robar, Walworth, Wisconsin. (3-11)

CANARIES—Pure blooded rollers. Choice mating stock. Splendid singers; prices reasonable. Frank Caduff, 317 Sixteenth Ave., Newark, N. J. (3-11)

BREEDER of Pedigreed Rabbits, Flemish Giants, New Zealands, Belgian Hares. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa.

WILD Mallard ducks, extra loud callers, for hunting. $2.50 each. $4.50 pair. L. D. Ford, Shawnee, Okla.

FOR Sale—Silver, Patch and Red Foxes. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, N. S., Canada.

DECOY ducks, any number, $1.50 each. Carl Olcott, Marengo, Ill.

Miscellaneous

BROTHER Coonhunters and Trappers, all of you, to get your name and address to me at once. Don't fail; investigate; be successful. Important information for you. Increase your knowledge; don't miss this. Send me name and address at once for particulars. A post card will do. Write plainly. No obligations. Address: Raymond Bingaman, Batavia, Ohio. Route. 1.

Miscellaneous

FOR Sale—Navajo Indian rugs. The most unusual Xmas present that you can buy, hand woven from pure wool by Navajo Squaws, will last a lifetime, prices $7.50 up delivered. Illustrated descriptive folder upon request. Buel H. Canady, Box 393, Winslow, Ariz.

FOX Hunters and Trappers: Seven out of every ten Foxes you go after. A set that rain, ice, snow or rabbits never destroy. Try my method. Sample snare, illustrations and instructions all for $3.00. A. F. Josco, So. Paupack, Penna.

CIRCULATION list of newspaper "Trapper." About one thousand "live" trappers' names in Newfoundland and Labrador for fifty dollars. Also newspaper "Trapper." Owner retiring. J. W. McGrath, Muir Bldg., St. John's, Newfoundland. (3-11)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can show any reader of this magazine how to get them. Just drop me a card for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-2)

WES-LET—New invention "Wes-Let" stationery. Combined envelope and letterhead. Distinctive; convenient; original. Your name and address on 100 for $1.00. Wes-Let, Ballston Spa, N. Y. (3-11)

SPORTSMEN! Articles, stories typed, proper form; 50c 1,000 words. Revision—arrangement, author. Protection. Market suggested. Walter H. Sonnenberg, Lock Box 474, Rochester, Minn. (3-11)

JEWELRY, sporting goods, Kohlman player pianos, Waltham sewing machines, check protectors, typewriters, adding machines. Address, Samuel Paul, Lock Box 196, Valley View, Pa. (3-11)

MEXICAN made dog collars, harness; pistol holsters and cartridge belts. Fancy goods, low prices; list free. Ingersoll Leather Co., Prince Bldg., Houston, Texas. (2-11)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y. (6-2)

OREGON Homesteads—Recently opened offer, exceptional opportunities. Map and details, $1.00. F. G. Thompson, Sheridan, Oregon. (3-11)

MEN wanting forest ranger, postal clerk and other government positions; particulars free. Write Mokane, Dept. A-57, Denver, Colo. (3-11)

WILD Game Pictures for your den, office or home. Natural surroundings. Thirty-six subjects. Send for descriptive circular. Neumann & Liek, Gardiner, Montana. (3-1)

LANTERN Slides of superior quality, plain or colored, from your negatives. A. G. Eldredge, Box 83, Univ. Sta., Urbana, Ill.

GINSENG and other medical plants. How to gather, buyers' addresses, etc. Book 30c. O. Twitchell, Berlin, New Hampshire.

HIGH Blood Pressure easily, inexpensively overcome, without drugs. Send address. Dr. L. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (2-12)

DESIGN patents—$30.00 total cost. Patents for sale. Patent News, 210 Washington, D. C. (3-1)

GENUINE Indian baskets and beads; wholesale catalog. Gilham, Kelseyville, Cal. (3-11)

Real Estate

80 Acres of good land five miles out on road with lake and stream, some pine, hunting and fishing, $1,000. E. G. Sauld, Pembine, Wisconsin.

Taxidermy

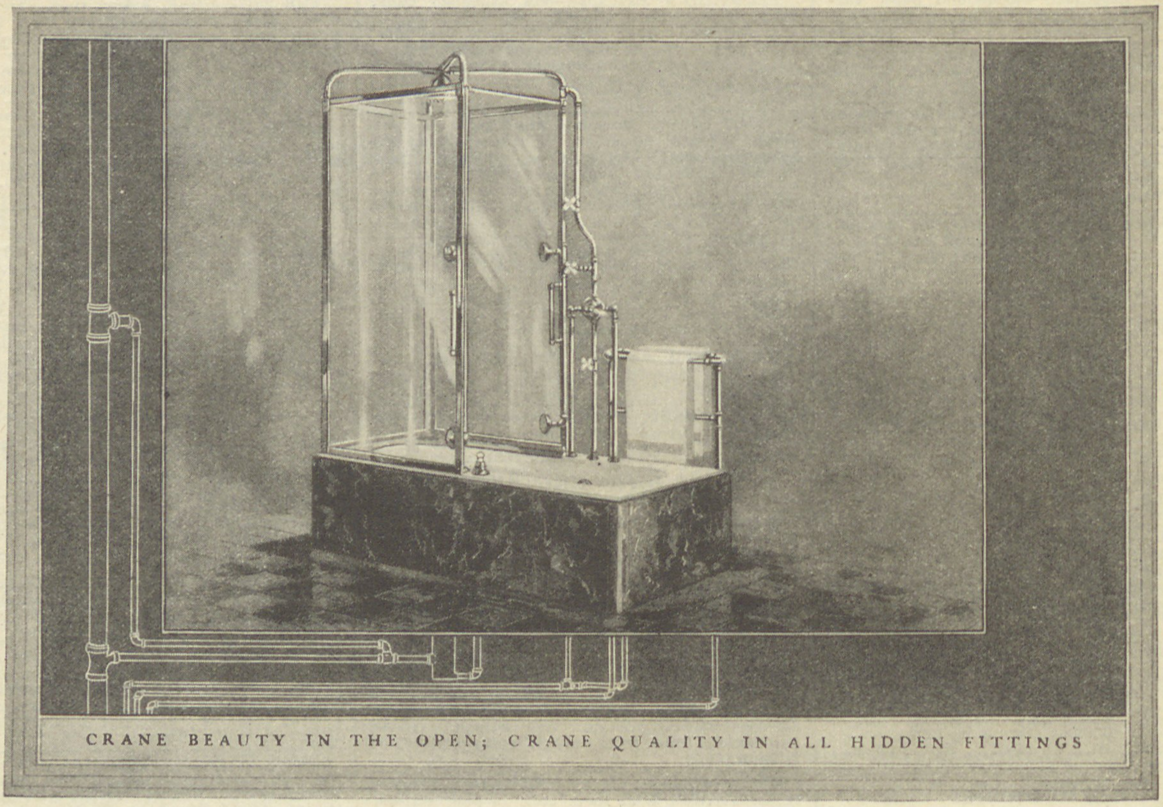
LIFELIKE plastic Taxidermy. Prof. Stainsky of National Reputation. To be sure your trophies are preserved true to life, they should be mounted by Prof. Stainsky, originator of Plastic art in Taxidermy. Send for price list. We save you money. Colorado Springs, Colo.

ALLIGATOR skin, tanned, four feet long, $7.00; 3 feet $4.00. Splendid mountain lion skins, tanned, good for rugs or wall decorations, $16.00 each. Other skins. Write for list. Albert Gerlach, New Orleans, La.

FOX Horns—30 days' trial—money back guarantee—illustrated booklet. Karl W. Kahmann, 2513 Lincoln Avenue, Box 61, Chicago, Illinois. (3-1)

FEW uncalled for first class mounted Deer heads at cost of mounting. Stainsky's Fur & Taxidermy Co., Colorado Springs, Colo. (2-12)

MOUNTED Trout. Natural, Artistic. Permanent. Choice specimens. $10.00 up. Theodore Langguth, Boise, Idaho.



CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

The ease with which the combined *Tarnia* bath and *Crystal* shower can be adapted to any arrangement is a notable advantage in planning your bathroom.

They can be installed in either of the three usual positions—right or left corner or recessed alcove. But their distinction and convenience are fully brought out only when they are set against a wall with both ends free, or in the open entirely away from the walls or corners.

Inclosed on three sides in plate glass, the *Crystal* shower eliminates clinging curtains, yet is splash-proof. Cold or tempered water is supplied to the shower, the four horizontal sprays and the tub by the same mixing faucet.

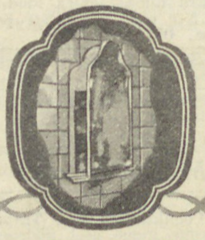
Crane fixtures, sold only through plumbing contractors, include types and styles that are within reach of all. Write for an interesting book of color suggestions, "The New Art of Fine Bathrooms."

CRANE

GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO
CRANE LIMITED: CRANE BUILDING, 386 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Forty-seven Cities
National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco and Montreal
Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Trenton and Montreal

CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, SHANGHAI, CHINA
CRANE-BENNETT, LTD., LONDON
CIE CRANE: PARIS, NANTES, BRUSSELS



Crane Mirror Cabinet, C26886

Are You Planning a Hunting Trip?

Do you want a good place to camp—prospect—explore? Do you seek new fishing grounds? Do you wonder about distant lands, strange people, odd customs? Adventure will tell you—for Adventure's service covers the world. In the farthest corners of the globe, as well as in our own country, there are Adventure experts who will gladly answer your questions.

Adventure will tell you—

ASK ADVENTURE is "a free question and answer service bureau of information on outdoor life and activities everywhere, and upon the various commodities required therein." It is conducted for Adventure by a staff of experts chosen not only for their experience and knowledge, but for their integrity and reliability. Each is an authority in his field. ASK ADVENTURE is a unique service in a unique magazine.

Do you know Adventure? If you like it you will read it forever. It's a magazine for those who like the out-of-doors, who like clean, well-written stories of action—stories of adventure in all countries, at all times, written by those who know,—worthwhile, interesting tales of men who do things.

Such famous authors as Rafael Sabatini*, Talbot Mundy, T. S. Stribling, Hugh Pendexter, J. Allan Dunn, Leonard H. Nason, Arthur D. Howden-Smith, Thomson Burtis, etc., are Adventure authors.

In Adventure you will read the *best* adventure stories,—stories of gold-hunting in Australia, Viking-faring in Norway, flying on the border, man-hunting in Haiti, revolting in Mexico, conspiring in Morocco, of land grabbers in the desert, doughboys on transports, knights-at-arms in medieval France, pearl divers in the South Seas, moonshiners in the mountains, aviators, train robbers,—of adventurers the world around.

Find out about Adventure. Sit in on its Campfire—listen to the experiences of others, and, if you will, contribute your own. Send your questions to ASK ADVENTURE experts. Read their answers to the questions of others. Get a copy of Adventure and see for yourself what it offers.

Adventure is not a "highbrow" magazine,—yet it's read by admirals, generals, bankers, college professors, business and professional men, railroad men,—men in all walks and stations of life.

We want you to know Adventure. We believe you will like it. The coupon below will bring you a copy of Adventure—free. Fill it out and mail it now. There is no obligation. Send for your copy *today*.

Adventure

THE RIDGEWAY COMPANY,
SPRING & MACDOUGAL STS.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

ADVENTURE, Dept. D
THE RIDGEWAY COMPANY,
Spring & Macdougal Sts., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I'd like to read a copy of Adventure. Please send a sample copy to the following address. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

Name ....

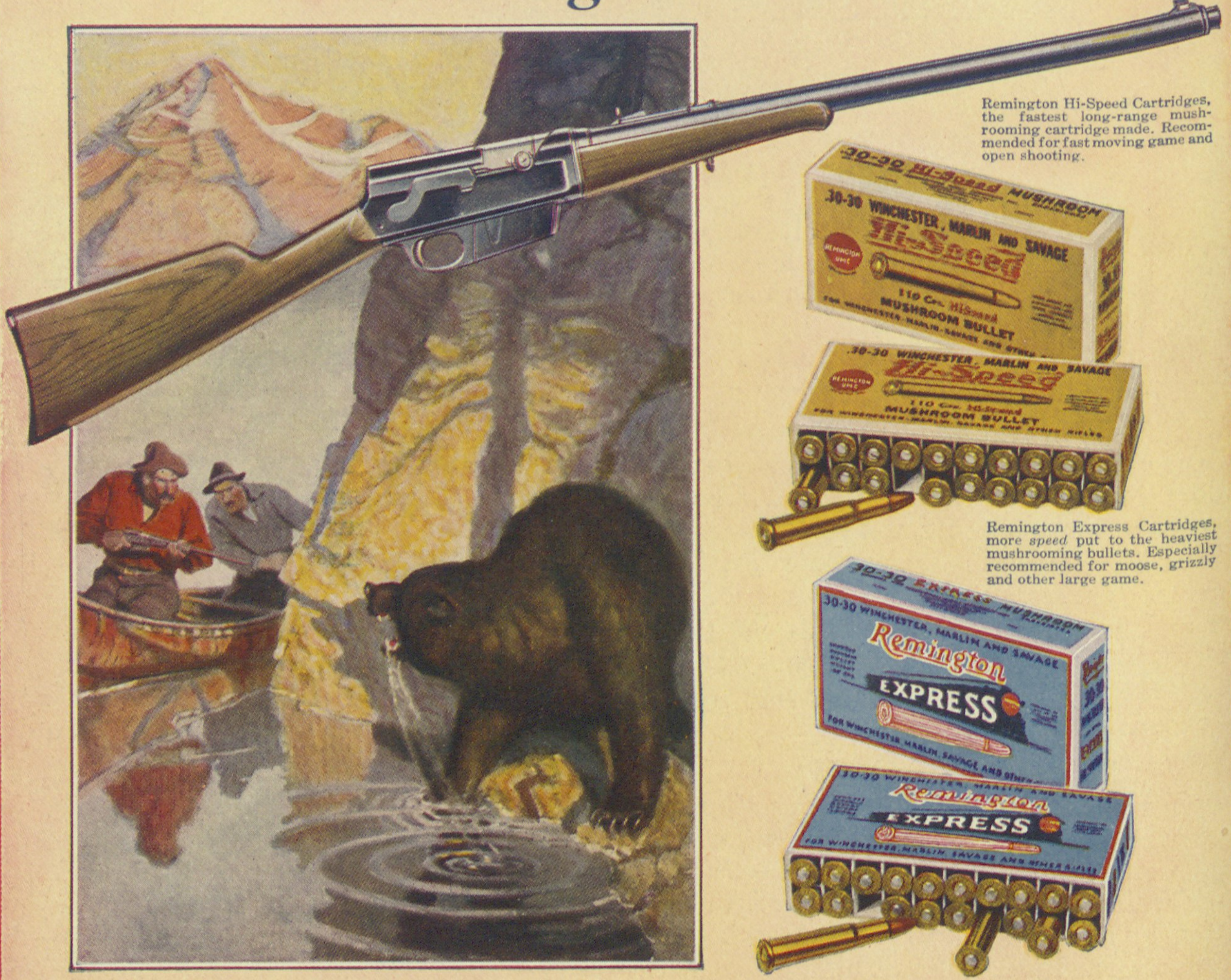
Address ....

City .... State ....

---

* *"Captain Blood" and "The Sea Hawk," two of Sabatini's most famous works, were both first published in Adventure.*

You Can Bet the Limit on a Remington Rifle


30-30 Hi-Speed Mushroom
30-30 Winchester, Marlin and Savage
Hi-Speed
110 Grs. Hi-Speed
Mushroom Bullet
For Winchester, Marlin, Savage and other rifles
30-30 Express Mushroom
Remington
Express

Remington Hi-Speed Cartridges, the fastest long-range mushrooming cartridge made. Recommended for fast moving game and open shooting.

Remington Express Cartridges, more *speed* put to the heaviest mushrooming bullets. Especially recommended for moose, grizzly and other large game.

AND men do every day. Put a Model 8 Autoloading Remington in the hands of a sportsman and he knows he's ready—ready for anything from moose down to a pack of timber wolves.

He has the power he needs, and the range. He has five quick shots without reloading—sure, clean, fast action.

The Model 8 wasn't made yesterday, nor the day before. It took 108 years' development in the art of rifle making to bring a rifle to the high plane of mechanical precision and quality shown in the Model 8 today.

And most gratifying to Remington are the letters we get in right along from exacting sportsmen telling us how the Model 8 and Remington Ammunition stood by them in an emergency.

Chambered for .25 Rem., .30 Rem. and .35 Rem. Cartridges.

Remington Arms Company, Inc., *New York City*
Established 1816

Remington

FIREARMS—AMMUNITION—CUTLERY—CASH REGISTERS